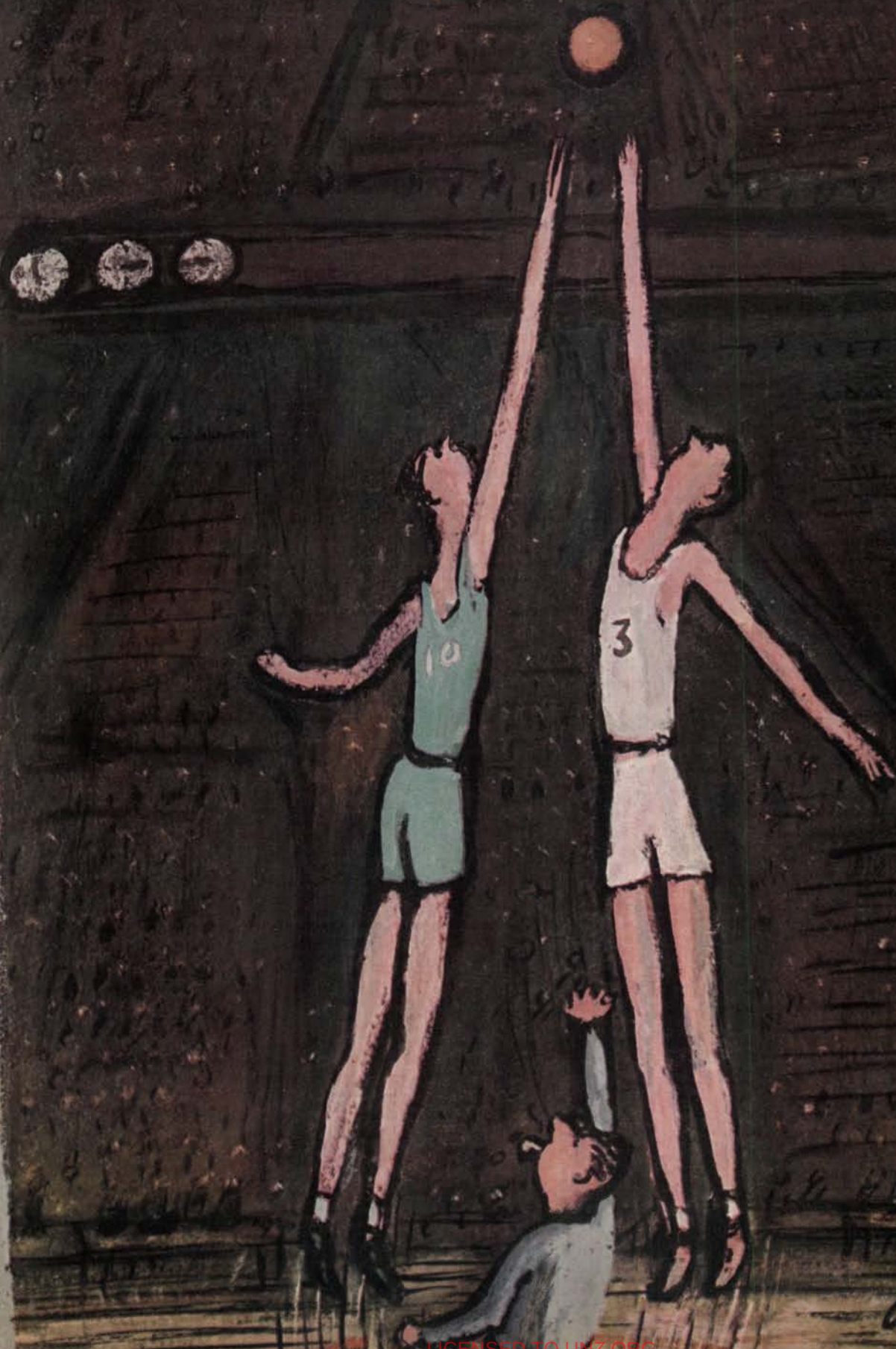


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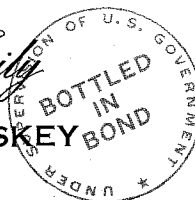
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 ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AFFAIRS OF STATE—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ANGEL IN THE PAWNSHOP—It's hard to figure out just what this fantasy by A. B. Shiffrin is getting at, even though Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken put up quite a struggle to make some sense of the proceedings. The play's most lucid moments occur when Willie Lewis settles down to tootling happily on a clarinet. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE—Lilli Palmer makes a captivating amateur sorceress and Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer in John van Druten's first-rate comedy about thaumaturgy in Manhattan. Scott McKay, Jean Adair, and Larry Gates are also mixed up in the magic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, March 11.)

BILLY BUDD—This adaptation of Herman Melville's novel is half nautical melodrama and half philosophical discourse, and it is not quite satisfactory on either level. Dennis King plays the captain who reluctantly causes the hero to be hanged, Torin Thatcher is the villainous master-at-arms, and Charles Nolte has the title role. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 17.)

THE COUNTRY GIRL—Uta Hagen gives a magnificent performance in Clifford Odets' rather uneven play concerning a drunken actor and his long-suffering wife. Paul Kelly is highly satisfactory in the other leading role, and Steven Hill, Louis Veda Quince, and Joseph Sullivan provide competent support. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DARKNESS AT NOON—Sidney Kingsley's adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel about the life and death of a revolutionary may easily be the most distinguished play of the season. Claude Rains does a splendid job as the tragic hero, and there are fine supporting performances by Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE HIGH GROUND—A leisurely but fairly interesting melodrama, in the course of which a nun comes to the assistance of a lady accused of murder. Leueen MacGrath, Margaret Webster, and Tom Helmore figure most prominently. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—Christopher Fry's comedy about a man who wants to be executed and a girl who doesn't offers some praiseworthy verse and some that is just soporific. John Gielgud and Pamela Brown are very fine in the leading roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 17.)

THE ROSE TATTOO—Like his previous plays, Tennessee Williams' latest is laid in the South, but his heroine this time is neither doomed nor demented, and the result on the whole is very appealing. Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach are amazingly good in the leading roles, and Boris Aronson has designed a high-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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ly apposite set. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SEASON IN THE SUN—A comedy, and a good one, written by Wolcott Gibbs and based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SECOND THRESHOLD—This posthumous work by Philip Barry, somewhat edited by Robert E. Sherwood, has to do with a man who has come to the end of his rope, and it exhibits most of Mr. Barry's qualities as a playwright, both good and bad. Clive Brook is superb as the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY—José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson head the cast of this revival of Hecht and MacArthur's enormously funny comedy about some queer doings on a famous train. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

LONG RUNS—THE HAPPY TIME: A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednes-

days and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING**: Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St., PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 17.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE AUTUMN GARDEN—Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Jane Wyatt, Ethel Griffies, and Kent Smith in a new play by Lillian Hellman. Directed by Harold Clurman, and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MARY ROSE—A revival of the James Barrie play, produced by Helen Hayes. The cast, directed by John Stix, is headed by Patricia Collinge, Leo G. Carroll, and Bethel Leslie. The sixth of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesday, at 8:45. Matinees Thursdays and Saturday at 2:45. Closes Friday, March 16. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call JU 2-2660.)

MUSICALS

CALL ME MADAM—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the songs; and in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest musical comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the delightful music and lyrics, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are just right in the leading roles. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this musical about Jupiter and his amorous carryings on in modern Greece, but, except for Lemuel Ayers' stylish sets and costumes and a fine comic performance by Charlotte Greenwood, the evening is pretty much of a disappointment. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St., CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES: Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St., CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **KISS ME, KATE**: Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have the leads in this Cole Porter show. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **SOUTH PACIFIC**: Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton is currently playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **WHERE'S CHARLEY?**: Ray Bolger and Allyn McLerie in a musical that has returned to Broadway after a tour on the road. Frank Loesser did the music and lyrics. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., CI 7-2887. Nightly at 8:30. Matinee Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 10.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE MOON IS BLUE—A comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, with Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson. Produced by Al-

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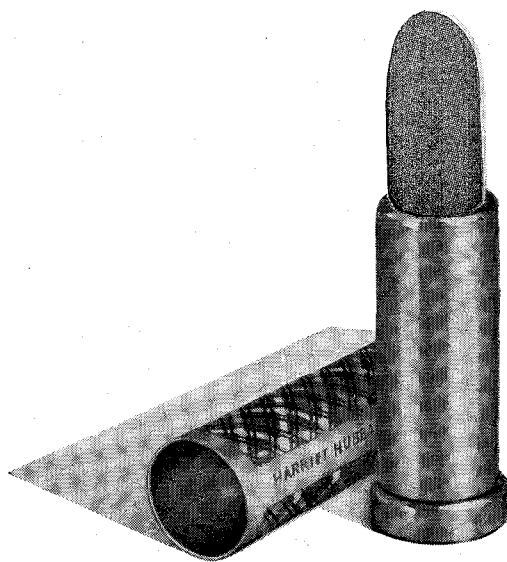
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drich & Myers in association with Julius Fleischmann and Otto Preminger, and directed by Mr. Preminger. Opens Thursday, March 8. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Olivia de Havilland starring in Shakespeare's play. A production of the late Dwight Deere Wiman, directed by Peter Glenville. Opens Saturday, March 10. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Edward Everett Horton and Haila Stoddard in a revival of the farce by Benn W. Levy. Produced by Harald Bromley and George Brandt in association with Richard Doscher, and directed by Mr. Bromley. Opens Wednesday, March 14. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A new production of Marc Connelly's comedy, first seen here in 1930. Directed by Mr. Connelly, and produced by the Wigreen Company in association with Harry Fromkes. Opens Thursday, March 15. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Final performances of the season, tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 8: "Lady of the Camellias," "Prodigal Son," "Card Game," and "Firebird."... Friday evening, March 9: "The Duel," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Age of Anxiety," and "Symphony in C."... Saturday matinee, March 10: "Serenade," "Mazurka," "Firebird," and "La Valse."... Saturday evening, March 10: "Symphonie Concertante," "Orpheus," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... Sunday matinee, March 11: "The Duel," "Pas de Trois," "Symphonie Concertante," and "Firebird."... Sunday evening, March 11: "Illuminations," "La Valse," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

CHARLES WEIDMAN THEATRE DANCE COMPANY—Presenting a dance program. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.... Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, March 11, at 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, dancing in the Trianon Room to the soothing ministrations of Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras at dinner and supper.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Mischa Raginsky's orchestra appears at dinnertime in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, and at cocktail time "under the clock," where it is quiet Sundays. No dancing.

Café Theatre, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317)—Opens Monday, March 12, with Jackie Gleason and Carol Bruce in a condensed version of "Billion Dollar Baby," at dinner and supper. At supper only, Josephine Baker. Ah, memories, memories!

Gogi's LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—One of the hanging gardens of Babylon, now in the hands of Gogi, an expert at life-after-dark, and Ted Straeter, an expert at luxurious dance music. Gogi's peripatetic band of dreamy violinists is on tap, too. Monday nights are recess; Friday nights are black tie, s.v.p.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's Latin band underscore the conversation of cabbages and kings.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-

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1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's another new ice show, in which Joan Hyldoft is the girl with the most arresting figure and figure eights. Dance music by Bernie Cummins' band. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Larry Storch, an unsubdued comic, and Mario and Floria, who dance, at dinner and supper except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show. The scene is the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Closed Mondays.... Every night, Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, Jean Sablon, the smoothest and wisest of all the crooners, and the dance team of Pierre D'Angelo and Ana. On Thursday, March 15, Dorothy Shay, a singer whose approach to life and love is very different from M. Sablon's, takes over the show. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's bands turn out jolly dance music. Closed Sundays.... The Rendez-Vous Room, a worldly and sumptuous bower, is full of Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty.... The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—At dinner in the ancestral Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's soft-spoken music, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra does the honors.... Mr. Sandler's music is also audible in the Palm Court, from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill at dinner and supper, dancing to the music of the Three Suns and Bernie Mann's hippity-hop orchestra. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Russell Nype drops in at the Maisonette on his way home from "Call Me Madam"—or maybe a Hasty Pudding Club rehearsal—to display his horn-rimmed glasses and a few songs at suppertime. Evalyn Tyner toils over a solo piano at dinner and heads a dance trio that alternates with Milt Shaw's band all evening. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnival Room, a fairly fancy peacock alley, has dinner and supper dance music by Hugo Pedell's band and Jan Brunescio's gypsies. Closed Sundays.... Dilon Petrey rambles along at the piano in the café bar, from six to twelve, except Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Dancing to Freddy Martin's band in the Café Rouge, during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play dance music, and most of the customers play grownup.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Joan Edwards sings and the Chandra Kaly dancers—that's right, Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band operate in twentimes.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Nancy Donovan, a singer with a nice, clean voice, and Ross Harvey, a dancer with nice, clean footwork, at dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room. Emil Coleman's

orchestra, with which Mischa Borr's band alternates, is the mainstay of the dance-music department. On Sundays, no show, and Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until midnight.... Michael Zarin's orchestra functions for dancing in the Flamingo Room from six-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, considerably more spacious than the Gobi Desert, is open for cocktails and listening music. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone is CI 6-5800. Open from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, dean of Manhattan's piano professors, conducting his dinner and supper classes in modern offbeat piano. Sundays, Sam Hamilton is on the podium.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays.

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A jovial throwback to the social habits of the Noble Experiment. Except Sundays, Ira Brant's trio after ten. Except Mondays, Charlotte Sande at the piano during dinner and supper.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A clubby hideaway, where everyone knows everyone else and is delighted by the wonder of it all. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **VIEUX CARRÉ**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins, a disarming host, presides over this bit of Deep South, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant, sprinkling his piano music and his conversation pieces lightly over his audience from dinnertime through supper.

EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays.... **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): A new establishment, opening Thursday, March 15, that will offer the music of Cy Coleman's Trio and the Gallic singing of a *gamine* named Marjane. Dancing....

NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the shooting-star school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays.... **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Upstairs at cocktail time, Laurie Brewis's piano beside a glowing hearth; downstairs, Wayne Sanders' piano at dinner and, later on, Nicky Holden's stylized songs, plus more of Mr. Brewis. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez treats his dinner and supper guests to an absorbing session of guitar strumming and a fair supply of by-play. Closed Tuesdays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, Bart Howard rolls up his sleeves and turns out some solid work at the piano, taking over from Jim Mahoney, who does the honors during the dinner hour. Closed Mondays.... **Café Madison**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

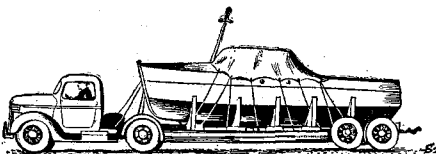
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Billy Eckstine, uttering his glissando and resonant moose calls. Dancing.... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Period-piece melodrama of no great moment, plus (fortunately) Paul Killiam's impish commentary on senile movies. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **Café Society**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Rose Murphy, a cheerful big earful; Arthur Blake, a rather salty impersonator; and Eddie Heywood's happy-go-lucky band. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second year as the interlude pianist. Dancing.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): This showgirls' undressing room is much more entertaining since the masterly Señor Wences and his puppets set up shop.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Well, let's see. There's Pearl Bailey, who may well



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be the most wonderful girl in town; Charlotte Rae, an artful satirist; the Mad Moisesles, three comic girls who overcome one of the worst team names yet devised; and the lush and lovely voice of Portia Nelson. On Sunday, March 11, Miss Bailey gives way to the King Odom quartet, who sing; on Thursday, March 15, Miss Rae gives way to Dorothy Greener, a new humorist. The Page Cavanaugh Trio and Stuart Ross provide the music. ... Except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack play bright double piano, in the lounge after the theatre. Earlier in the evening, except Mondays, John Kelley, Jr., operates singlehanded. ... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Michael Brown, that macabre minnesinger, is making a brief return to Julius Monk's school of comedy. The Three Riffs, Abbott and Dell, and Sylvia Sims contribute to the merriment. On Wednesday, March 14, Kirkwood and Goodman, two eminent funnymen, will replace Abbott and Dell. Norman Paris, the boy genius, and his trio, a whole school of modern music in themselves, are the backdrop. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Wally Cox, a funny and disconcerting historian of our contemporary mores; Royce Wallace, a girl with a vivid blue voice; and Hillel and Aviva, Israeli folk singers. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Mondays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Herb Corey's breezy parodies, and Mimi Kelly's songs. Double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies Sunday nights; Mondays are amateur nights. ... **BY-LINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder and other modernist composers, is in her parlor upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar Mondays through Saturdays. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist. ... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mildred Bailey is back in harness again. There's also a lot of flip nonsense from Alice Ghostley, and from Jimmie Daniels, who runs the joint. Double piano by Luther Henderson and Reggie Bean. Closed Mondays. ... **CHEZ VITO**, Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-0083): Except Mondays, Pat Rainey, a barely domesticated lady panther, whispers some lush-life lyrics. Ellis Larkin does the piano work behind her. ... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual bar, where Spivy, when she's in the mood, stirs up a batch of her single-tendre ditties. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, swinging from the floor with his trumpet. He is urged on by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo work, a pretty demonstration of fifty-finger piano exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer bedlam. Closed Sundays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is sounding off here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. ... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Joe Mooney's jazz organ at cocktails, Art Tatum's piano and Joe Bushkin's band, with Sid Weiss, Buck Clayton, and Billy Rule, after nine. Altogether, a pretty remarkable lineup. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Conrad Janis's band, with Elmer Schoebel on piano and Fred Moore on drums. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Slim Gaillard's trio, Slam Stewart's trio, and Gene Ammons' band. On Thursday, March 15, Erroll Garner's trio will take over the chore of trying to blow the windows out. ... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rocking-the-boat parties are still going on. On March 9, Wild Bill Davison, Red Allen, Joe Sullivan, Jimmy McPartland, and George Wettling. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-

night barbecue, serving up (on March 9) Conrad Janis's band, Big Chief Russell Moore, Sol Yaged, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LOUIS BOUCHÉ—Recent oils, as usual exploring the pleasures of summer rusticity with delicacy and understanding. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 10.)

DIRECT METAL SCULPTURE—Hammered, melted, cut, and carved materials, worked by such sculptors as José de Creeft, David Smith, Alexander Calder, and José de Rivera. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5, and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10; through March 24.)

PHILIP EVERGOOD—Recent paintings. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through March 17.)

EXPRESSIONISM—A survey of this movement in Europe, with works by Beckmann, Marc, Feininger, Kokoschka, and others. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through March 17.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's twenty-second annual show of paintings and sculpture, in which about forty artists are represented. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through March 10. ... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through March 17. ... **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Morris Graves, Norman Lewis, Charles Seliger, David Smith, and Ezio Martinelli; through March 24.

PETER HURD—Landscapes of New Mexico done in water color and tempera, along with a few in oil. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through March 17.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Fourteen canvases by Picasso, Dufy, Delaunay, Villon, and others; through March 10. ... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Bombois, Dufy, Picasso, and Rouault are among the artists represented in a collection of twenty-four paintings; through March 24.

MONDRIAN—A compact and very illuminating study of the development of his non-objective style from 1909 to 1943, the year before his death. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 17.)

MARGARET PETERSON—Paintings in tempera, bold and somewhat abrupt in design, and mainly based on Northwest Indian motifs. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through March 10.)

RUBENS—A loan show, for the benefit of the Public Education Association, and, rather amazingly, the first really comprehensive exhibition of the great Flemish painter's works in this city. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 31.)

EVERETT SPRUCE—Paintings by a Texas artist who can catch the feeling and atmosphere of the Southwest with skill and economy. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through March 17.)

FLORINE STEITHEIMER AND CHARLES DEMUTH—Oil paintings, all portraits, by the former, and water-color flowers, as well as water scenes, by the latter. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 24.)

EMILIO VEDOVA—The first showing in this country of paintings, well organized in spite of their rather kaleidoscopic appearance, by one of the younger Italian abstractionists. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through March 10.)

WILLIAM ZORACH—Sculptures, characterized by all his sureness, delicacy, and address, in his first exhibition in three years. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through March 10.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57th St.: Henry Moore; through March 31. ... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Alvin C. Sella. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; and Sundays, 2:30 to

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5:30; through March 23.... **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Theo van Doesburg. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through March 31.... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 130 E. 56th St.: Sidney Simon; through March 19.... **PIERRE MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Miró; through March 31.... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Henry Koerner; through March 31.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Jean Lurçat; through March 31.... **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Henry Varnum Poor; through March 24.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A display of primitive Indian art of Alaska and Canada. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through April 15.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Early Renaissance painting (Italian, French, and Flemish), from the museum's collection. ... ¶ A show of costumes arranged by the Costume Institute, calculated to inspire fashion designers. ... ¶ Water colors, drawings, and oil paintings portraying Paris during the early nineteen-hundreds, including more than fifty water colors by Pierre Vidal; through April 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive and instructive survey of abstract painting and sculpture in America since 1912. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through March 25.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl; through May 1.... ¶ Water colors by David Payne of rooms in the New York houses of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, the Billy Roses, Gloria Swanson, and others; through March 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through April 1.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A selection of oils, water colors, and drawings from the permanent collection; through March 11.... ¶ The museum's 1951 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings opens on March 17 and will run through May 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 8, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Kirsten Flagstad, Margaret Harshaw, Günther Treptow, and Paul Schoeffler.... ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Regina Resnik, Patrice Munsel, Brian Sullivan, and Charles Kullman.... ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Fidelio," with Kirsten Flagstad, Nadine Conner, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler.... ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayao, Lois Hunt, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Giuseppe Valdengo.... ¶ Monday, March 12, at 7:45: "Siegfried," with Astrid Varnay, Karin Branzell, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler.... ¶ Tuesday, March 13, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Astrid Varnay, Margaret Roggero, Kurt Baum, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Kurt Baum, Francesco Valentino, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 8:30: "Fidelio," with Kirsten Flagstad, Nadine Conner, Günther Treptow, and Ferdinand Frantz.... ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Zinka Milanov, Regina Resnik, Jan Peerce, and Paul Schoeffler.... ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8:30: "Fidelio," with



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kirsten Flagstad, Nadine Conner, Set Svanholm, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayao, Lois Hunt, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Eugene Conley, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 22—Wednesday evening, March 14, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 15, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 16, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17, at 2:30: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 17, at 8:15: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, March 8, at 8:45, and Friday, March 9, at 2:30 (both with Jascha Heifetz, violin); Saturday, March 10, at 8:45 (with Menahem Pressler, piano); and Sunday, March 11, at 2:45 (with Jascha Heifetz, violin). . . . ¶ Victor de Sabata conducting: Thursday, March 15, at 8:45, and Friday, March 16, at 2:30 (both with Claudio Arrau, piano).

OLD TIMERS ORCHESTRA—Frieder Weissmann conducting. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Saturday, March 10, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Winifred Cecil and Sara Carter, sopranos, and other vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Monday, March 12, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Solomon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 13, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Münch conducting the final performances of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8:45, and Saturday, March 17, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 16, at 8:30.)

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Frederick Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8:40.)

VINAVER CHORUS—Chemjo Vinaver directing. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, March 10, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

PAGANINI QUARTET—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, March 8, at 8:30.)

ANATOLE KITAIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8:30.)

MARIA KURENKO—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

SZYMON GOLDBERG—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Sunday, March 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

VYTAUTAS BACEVICIUS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 8:30.)

RUBEN VARGA—Violin. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 13, at 8:30.)

JENNIE TOUREL—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8:30.)

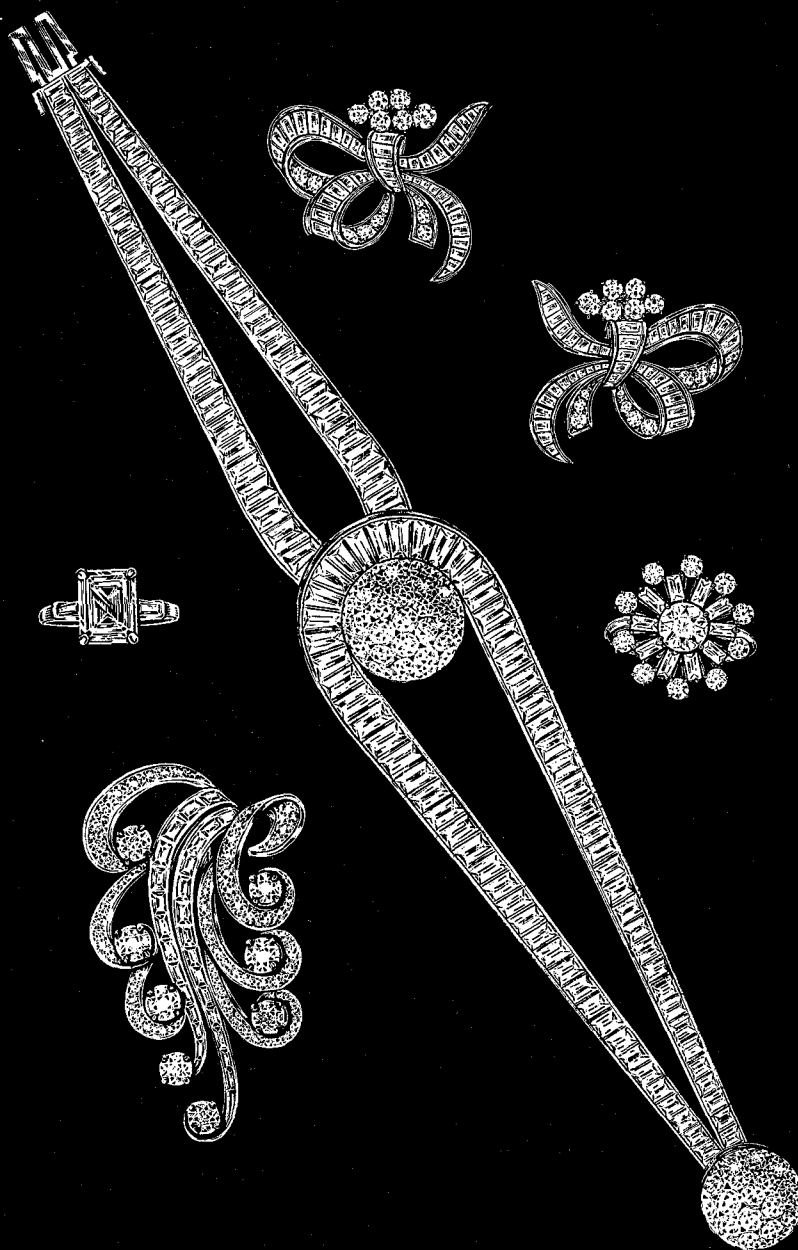
EUGENE LIST—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 17, at 8:15.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

NEW MUSIC STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Clifford Curzon will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 18, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, March 13, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—Alan Hovhaness conducting a group from the Philharmonic-Symphony in a program of his music, with Maro Ajemian, piano; Anahid Ajemian, violin; and William Vacchiano, trumpet. For the benefit of the Armenian Cathedral and Cultural Center Project. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 5:30.)

AMERICAN BACH SOCIETY—Martin Bernstein directing vocal and instrumental soloists, a chorus, and an orchestra. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Tuesday, March 13, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 9: Rex Layne vs. Bob Satterfield, heavyweights, 10 rounds. ... ¶ Friday, March 16: Ike Williams vs. Fitzie Pruden, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—National Invitation Tournament: Opening games, District Attorney Hogan *volente*, Saturday, March 10, at 2 and 7:45. ... ¶ Quarter-finals, Monday and Tuesday, March 12 and 13, at 7:45. ... ¶ Semi-finals, Thursday, March 15, at 7:45. ... ¶ Final, Saturday, March 17, at 7:45.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Minneapolis. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 8, at 9.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 11: Rangers vs. Canadiens. ... ¶ Wednesday, March 14: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Games begin at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Saturday, March 10: Final of the National Intercollegiate Championship and opening round of the Eastern Twelve-Goal Championship. ... ¶ Saturday, March 17: Semifinal matches of the Eastern Twelve-Goal Championship. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Nina Fonaroff, dancer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 10, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.) ... ¶ The Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 17, at 11.)

PLAYS—By the PLAY-MART: "Sleeping Beauty." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) ... **JUNIOR THEATRE**: "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) ... **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE**: "Robin Hood." For the benefit of B'nai B'rith. (Joan of Arc Auditorium, 154 W. 93rd St., at Amsterdam Ave. Sunday, March 11, at 3. For tickets, call TR 4-0705.) ... **HANS MANN'S CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE THEATRE**: "Max and Morris." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, March 11, at 3.) ... **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 17, at 3.)

MISCELLANY—A dance program by the Charles Weidman Theatre Dance Company. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, March 11, at 3.) ... ¶ A program of magic. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 17, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.)

MOVIES—"Sleeping Beauty." For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, March 10, at 3.) ... ¶ Features and short subjects. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2nd Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, the Trusteeship Council will meet daily, except Saturday and Sunday, through (tentatively) Friday, March 16. About five hundred onlookers can be accommodated at each meeting. Also, there may be occasional open meetings, Mondays through Fridays, of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW—The ultimate in horticultural achievement, where, in addition to displays of flora ranging from the daisy to the orchid, you'll find tools, outdoor furniture, and many other concomitants of gardening. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, from 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

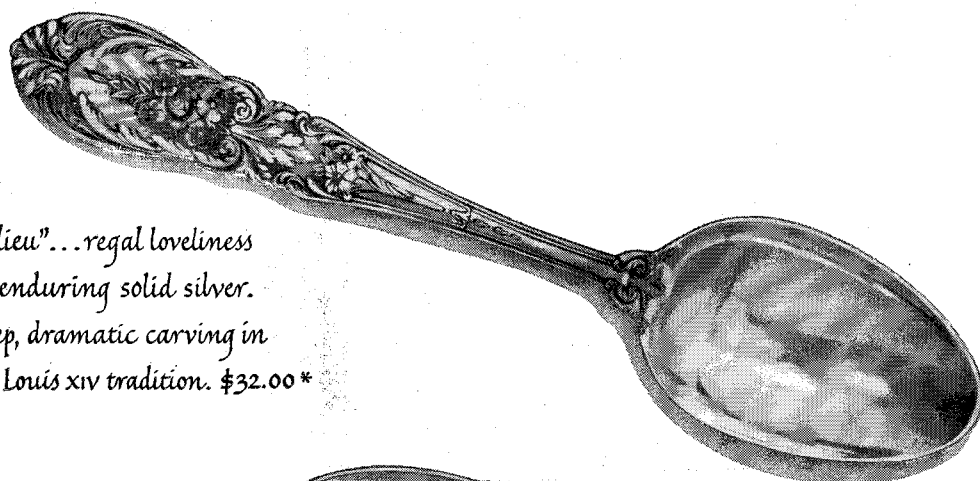
NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—The annual affair, with exhibits by more than a hundred and fifty dealers. This year, along with the usual furniture (chiefly American) and objects of art, such curiosities as the first safety pin, a group of antediluvian hats, and the original Teddy bear, owned by Theodore Roosevelt, will be on hand. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 11, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: English and American furniture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; Staffordshire, Whieldon, and other pottery; and paintings and prints, owned by Joel B. Liberman and others. (Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, at 1:45.) . . . Paintings by Watteau, Gainsborough, Greuze, Goya, and other Old Masters, the property of Mrs. A. N. Benedict and others. (Exhibition Saturday, March 10; Monday, March 12; and Wednesday, March 14, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, March 13, from 10 to 8. Auction Wednesday, March 14, at 8.) . . . **KENDE GALLERIES**, 119 W. 57th St.: Modern paintings, drawings, and prints by, among others, Renoir, Modigliani, Picasso, Rouault, and Toulouse-Lautrec, owned by Miss Thérèse Vogel and others. (Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

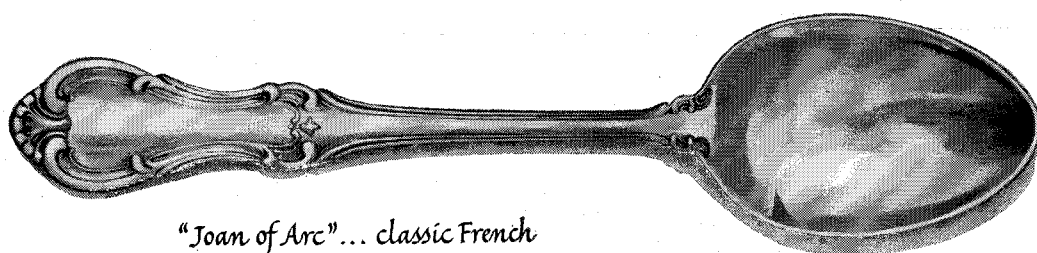
BOCK BEER—Season starts Monday, March 12.

NOTE—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few demand professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aids, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. All hospitals and precinct police stations and most district firehouses are now able to handle applications for enlistment. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4289), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIBraltar 7-1000, Ext. 32), in Richmond. . . . Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000.

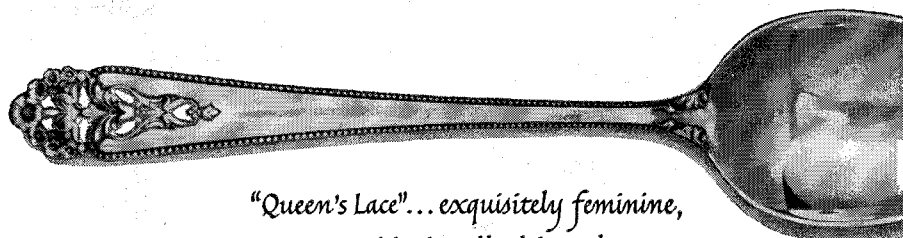
Because You Believe in Beauty...



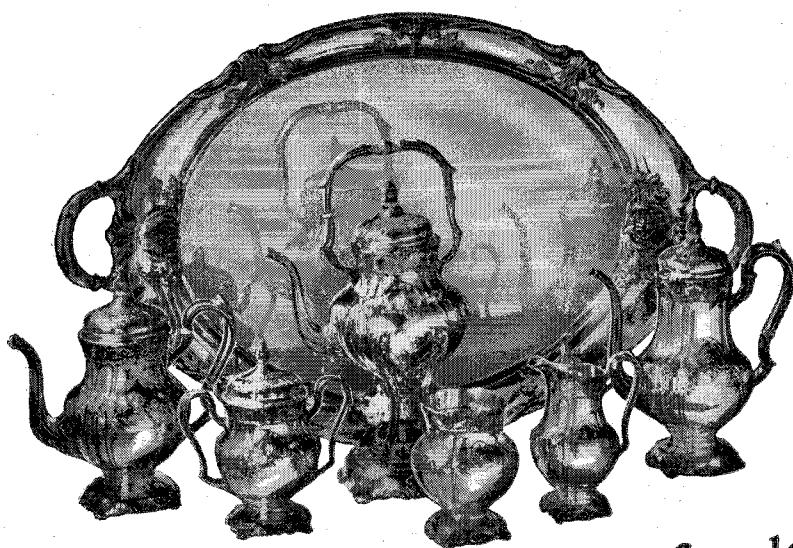
"Richelieu"...regal loveliness
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Deep, dramatic carving in
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"Joan of Arc"... classic French
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"Queen's Lace"...exquisitely feminine,
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Solid silver tea and coffee service with
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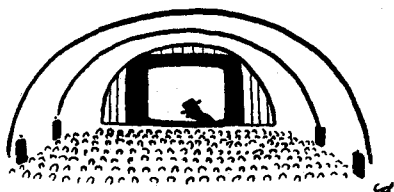
*Prices shown are for one 6-piece place setting (Federal tax included). Copyright 1951, The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



the hard adult world begins to impinge upon his fantasies. A cut below "The Fallen Idol," to which it bears a slight resemblance, but nevertheless worth while. William Fox is excellent as the boy. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE MUHLARK—A picture having to do with a poverty-stricken lad who visits Windsor Castle and cures the Queen of the megrims that have afflicted her since noble Albert passed away. Irene Dunne makes a very stiff Victoria, but Andrew Ray is delightful as the boy. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through March 10. . . Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting March 14.)

SEVEN DAYS TO NOON—The mad-scientist theme. This time, the distracted expert is loose in London with a sort of minuscule atom bomb and is planning to blow up most of the city if the government doesn't agree to stop making the weapon. A British picture, worth seeing if only because it shows how efficiently a modern metropolis could be reduced to deathly silence by one well-equipped man. With Barry Jones and Olive Sloane. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

STORM WARNING—A glimpse of the Ku Klux Klan at its grisly pastimes. Not a very penetrating film, but one that doesn't lack for excitement. With Steve Cochran, Ginger Rogers, and Ronald Reagan. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

THE 13TH LETTER—Charles Boyer, as an old doctor, and Michael Rennie, as a young one, caught up in a tangle of poison-pen letters. First-rate acting, and enough excitement to keep you around until the finish. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

TRIO—Another batch of Somerset Maugham short stories on film, similar to "Quartet." The picture, an English one, has in its favor some topnotch acting by Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, but one begins to wonder whether this device is sturdy enough to last until a possible "Solo" appears. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

ADAM'S RIB (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy

Holliday. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 10-12.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Raimu in a lively French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 8.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 13, tentative.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through March 9.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen version of Dostoevski's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 9-12.)

THE IDIOT (1948)—A French interpretation of another of Dostoevski's novels. With Gérard Philipe. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 9-12.)

MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE (1948)—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas caught in various housing dilemmas. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; March 13.)

A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a couple of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 14, tentative.)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY (1944)—Tears and laughter on the home front during the Second World War. With Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 10.)

SITTING PRETTY (1948)—Baby-sitting, with Clifton Webb and Richard Haydn. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 13-14.)

THIS HAPPY BREED (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through March 9.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 14, tentative.)

THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 8.)

THE YEARLING (1947)—An adaptation of the novel about a boy and a fawn in the Florida hinterlands. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; March 10.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through March 11: "A Fool There Was" (1914), with Theda Bara. . . Starting March 12: "Way Down East" (1920), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, and Richard Barthelmess. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

ALL ABOUT EVE—How a young and despicable lady gets to be the equivalent of a Duse on the stage. Witty, entertaining, and, by and large, highly satisfactory, though perhaps overlong. Among the participants are Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Celeste Holm, and George Sanders. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 14, tentative.)

BITTER RICE—A violent Italian account of the way the lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is superb as the steamiest of the workers. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

BORN YESTERDAY—A movie version of Garson Kanin's play concerning a junkman's mistress who learns about democracy and throws the old man over because he's a Fascist. Judy Holliday repeats the hilarious performance she gave in this comedy when it was on Broadway. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—A wheezy run-through of the old Rostand drama, enthusiastically, if footlessly, enacted by a large cast, headed by José Ferrer. The picture is faithful to all the hokum, from rakehell swordplay to poetic gags about the hero's nose, but by this time none of it seems very interesting. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—An accurate, if sometimes lethargic, adaptation of the Tennessee Williams play. Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy, Jane Wyman, and Kirk Douglas have the leading roles. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 80th, SA 2-2478; through March 9. . . Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through March 10. . . Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 11-12. . . Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting March 14.)

HALLS OF MONTEZUMA—The Marines doing their celebrated stuff in the South Pacific. Pretty stimulating, except for some moments when the action is stopped to permit the sound track to give vent to some extravagant flag-waving rhetoric. Richard Widmark leads the leathernecks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through March 10. . . Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; March 11-13. . . 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 13.)

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE—A comic English film about the unexpected merger of a boys' school and a girls' school, with Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford leading the little ones through all kinds of confusion. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 14.)

MACBETH—Orson Welles' demonstration of how the noble and doomed Scotsman might have behaved if he had had at his disposal the facilities of Republic Pictures Corp. Outrageous but rather funny. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 9.)

THE MAGNET—An English picture that tells of the troubles of an imaginative small boy when

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Fourteen Hours," Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through March 14: "Three Guys Named Mike," Jane Wyman, Van Johnson, Barry Sullivan.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through March 12 (tentative): "Target Unknown," Mark Stevens.
From March 13 (tentative): "The Groom Wore Spurs," Ginger Rogers, Jack Carson.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"No Orchids for Miss Blandish," Jack La Rue, Linden Travers.

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
IN THE SECTION ABOVE

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"The Last Illusion" (in German and English), Fritz Kortner, Rosemary Murphy.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Dodge City," revival, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland; and "Virginia City," revival, Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Royal Wedding," Fred Astaire, Jane Powell.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Molly," Gertrude Berg, Philip Loeb.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE 13TH LETTER.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through March 13: "U.S.S. Teakettle," Gary Cooper, Jane Greer.
From March 14: "Bird of Paradise," Louis Jourdan, Debra Paget.

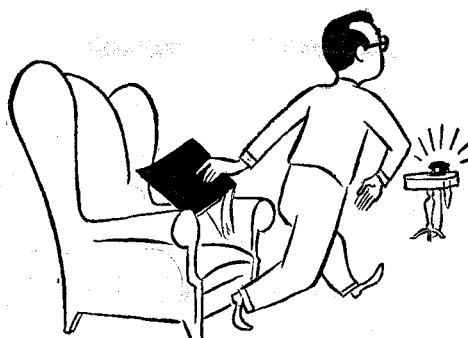
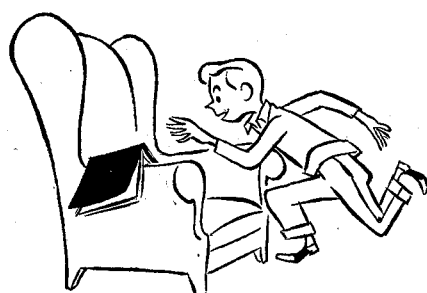
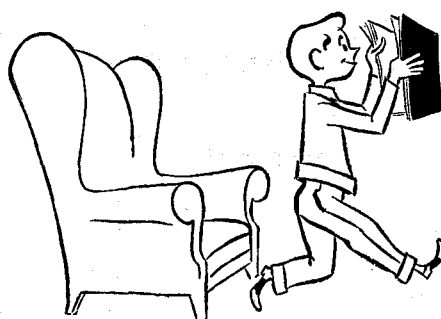
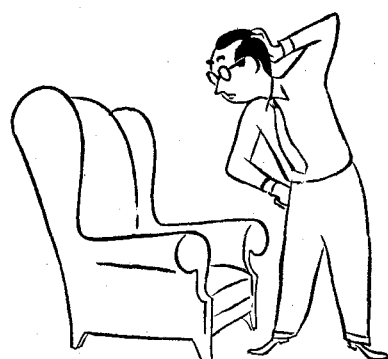
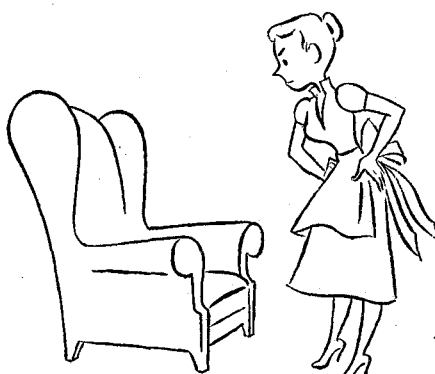
STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Tomahawk," Van Heflin, Yvonne De Carlo.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
STORM WARNING.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

(Advertisement)

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The CAPITOL LIMITED, Baltimore and Ohio streamliner, uses Simtex napery that stays flower-fresh through frequent launderings, due to the exclusive Basco finish process. Handsomely-styled Simtex napery for your own table, too. At leading stores everywhere.



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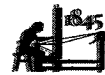
Barbizon

Broadloom...

For the timeless grace of its textured shadow pattern... for the luxury of its deep, rich pile underfoot... choose Barbizon broadloom. You see it here in Gold. You will find it, too, in green, beige, grey, rose, beige-on-green, and pearl grey... priced at about \$15.95* a square yard.

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Where there's news

in texture and design

you'll find

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Acetate Rayon Yarn

- Colorful as confetti, this rich, tweedy fabric by Juilliard owes much of its luxurious texture to Celanese acetate yarn. Morris Carmel of Carlane adapts this fabric in a deftly-tailored, softly-mannered suit with every sign of spring clearly showing. In beige, blue and lime. Sizes 10 to 20. About \$70. At all Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Best's Apparel, Seattle; Harold's, Minneapolis. For other stores write: Dept. 14-A, Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

French classics for Spring...
our Tréfousse gloves

Just arrived . . . this traditionally favorite pull-on glove in soft suede (navy, beige, black, brown, grey or pink) or supple kid (white, navy, black, brown or beige), designed and made with the finest French skill. Sizes 6 to 7 1/2. pair **5.85**

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment.

NO significance was detected in the cover design of this week's issue when it was put into the hands of our engraver, two or three months ago. It was regarded as absolutely pointless. It has occurred to us that subsequent events may have given it a point, however, and, on the chance that they have, we are offering a prize of fifty hatching eggs and a firkin of ale for the best explanation of what it is. All entries should be double-spaced and addressed to the New York Board of Higher Education, 695 Park Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

A STATE trooper stopped at a filling station in Blackwell, Oklahoma, one day not long ago and took on some gas. He told the owner of the



station to send the bill for \$1.50 to the Department of Public Safety. When the state received the bill, they returned it unpaid and instructed the man to resubmit it in triplicate, according to regulations. Shortly thereafter, the state got the following letter, which we reproduce here because it is a bright cry in the wilderness of paperwork that threatens to swallow us all:

In regard to this little transaction be advised that the patrolman that made the purchase assured us that this ticket & statement was all we needed to receive payment. However this one purchase is all he made from us and I don't know just why. He surly had a regular place to by Gas that month. If in the future any patrolman wants credit from us I had rather it would be regular or not at all. Our profit doesn't warnt to much corispondance by mail for so little purchase. If you see fit to pay this charge as is, OK, if not thro away & forget same.

Oklahoma paid the bill, and a bright

golden haze settled down again over the meadow.

IT is more than a year since we helped rescue the captive commuters in Grand Central from the public-address system that was befouling that noble hall. In New York the fight is won; in Washington it still goes on. Buses and streetcars of the Capital Transit Company, protected by a ruling of the Public Utilities Commission, still force radio broadcasts on their unwilling passengers. Two Washington lawyers, however, have appealed the ruling, and the American Civil Liberties Union has filed a supporting brief. The latter is a meaty document and contains the piquant and stirring challenge: "The Bill of Rights can keep up with anything that an advertising man . . . can think of." (We got a chuckle out of that one.)

The role of the advertising man in this modern drama is unique, for he not only dreamed up the technique of catching the consumer when he was helpless but made the fatal blunder of calling his victims by their exact name, "captive audience." This phrase, coined in a moment of triumph, turned and bit the advertising man, and it will live to bite him again. There is just something in the American temperament that doesn't like captivity—even the mild captivity of a streetcar ride with a radio that can't be turned off. In the words of the brief, "The transit company is in the position of having sold for money the attention of its riders."

Riders, revolt!

It's Cold Inside

ONE blowy morning last week, we made our way over to the Naval Clothing Depot, at Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue, Brooklyn, and had a talk with Salvatore Gianola, the Navy's leading authority on cold-weather clothing. As such, Gianola

spends a good many hours in the course of a month in a big refrigerator, finding out whether he can keep warm in the apparel he and his staff design or are assigned to try out. This refrigerator—or cold room, as the Navy officially calls it—can be chilled to eighty degrees below zero, and, to make things more uncomfortably realistic, it is equipped with a wind machine that blows to beat hell. "Time hangs pretty heavy in there," Gianola told us. "The compressors chug and rattle, and the wind screams. We usually go in two at a time, but we can't talk, because of the wind. Sometimes, when we're trying to simulate a high level of activity, we play catch with a soft rubber ball,



which the cold makes as hard as a baseball, or do knee bends. It's no use smoking. At sixty below, you don't know whether you're smoking or not. And of course you can't play cards in all that wind—the cards would have to be made of lead." Once, back in 1944, just after the cold room was built, Gianola and a colleague got locked in at forty below, the door having frozen shut. "We'd been warm as toast up to the time we tried to get out," Gianola said, "but right away we got very cold, even though we were getting plenty of exercise pounding on the door, trying to get somebody to let us out. Fear makes you cold. That's one thing we've found out here. In a few minutes, somebody came by and pried the door open with a crowbar. No one's been locked in since then, but, just in case, we've rigged up an alarm system, with a push button, inside the room and a good, loud bell outside."

Gianola, who is a civilian employee of the Navy, has the title of Director of Research and Development at



"Boy, I'd hate to have his hands tomorrow morning!"

the Depot. He graduated from the Straubenmuller Textile High School, on West Eighteenth Street, in 1937, and went to work for Macy's Bureau of Standards, inspecting and testing textiles. He was hired by the Naval Clothing Depot in 1943 and soon afterward was picked to supervise its cold-weather-clothing program. "At the time, the Navy's whole textile-evaluation project consisted of me, so they didn't have much choice," Gianola said. He now keeps an eye on some twenty testing programs, but the development of cold-weather apparel is his particular pet. On occasion, he tests clothing under real field conditions. His two most recent trips were to Alaska and the top of Mount Washington. One of his aides took a thirty-day arctic cruise on a submarine last year. Standing watch in winter on the bridge of a submarine, where there isn't any room to move around and waves sometimes break right over your head, is rated as one of the coldest jobs in the Navy.

Gianola and his staff take pride in an item they have developed lately called the thermo-boot (or, in tentative Navy nomenclature, Boot, Insulated, Shipboard, Arctic), which is going to be made standard cold-weather equipment for the Marines, who have

suffered terribly from frostbitten feet in Korea. "It's the best cold-weather footgear ever made," Gianola assured us, and explained that the insulation is sealed between layers of rubber, so it can't get wet and lose its insulating value. He tested the thermo-boot in the cold room at sixty below zero, without socks, and his feet remained warm. "We took some of these boots up to Alaska," he said, "and ran into an old sourdough prejudice against rubber. The first fellow we could persuade to wear them was an Eskimo scout. We gave him a pair, and when he liked them, everybody else fell in line. I doubt if that Eskimo has had his boots off since."

Gianola advised us that the Navy has developed a complete outfit of clothing that weighs only fifteen pounds and affords the wearer protection at sixty below, provided he keeps on the move. The Navy's present cold-weather outfit weighs more than twice as much and isn't effective at more than twenty below. The new suit has a nylon-fleece lining, and its zipper tracks are of nylon, metal tracks having a tendency to balk in low temperatures. It is estimated that as much as thirty per cent of the heat lost by the body in extreme cold is lost in the process of inhaling cold air and heating

it in the lungs. The new outfit has a fleece-lined hood with a conical projection over the nose and mouth. This traps the wearer's warm exhaled breath and preheats the cold fresh air before it is drawn into the lungs. Gianola and his staff also have a new waterproof immersion suit for sailors. "In arctic waters, if you fell in, your life expectancy was about ten minutes," he said. One problem that up to now has baffled Gianola and other experts in his field is how to design a glove that will keep the wearer's hands warm and still permit him to use them. Gianola experimented with electrically heated mittens in Alaska, the power being supplied by a dozen or so batteries carried in a special vest. The mittens didn't work very well; they kept getting short-circuited and burning up.

As far as Gianola knows, he has suffered no ill effects from his periods in the cold room. Sometimes, following a long session, he feels a bit groggy and has a hard time staying awake at his desk, but he had the same trouble before he ever started fooling around with low temperatures. Occasionally, after coming out of the cold room, he finds that his hair stands on end for an hour or so. He has no idea why.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Peter's Backyard Restaurant, on West Tenth Street, has changed the name of its Moscow Mule to Missouri Mule.

A canned-goods item labelled Early June Midget Petit Pois Peas has appeared on the market.

The All Languages Typewriter Company and the Babel Piano Company are within shouting distance of one another on West Twenty-third Street.

Spots

WE'VE had a talk with a young man named William Markham, who is what is called a location spotter for what is called video, and so far video's only one. The locations Markham spots are background settings for "Big Town," a Thursday-night television show produced by C.B.S. for Ruthrauff & Ryan on behalf of Lever Brothers. Ruthrauff & Ryan is the advertising agency whose copy intimated a while back that televisionless homes are underprivileged. Mr. Markham, a modest, alert-visaged location spotter of thirty, was brought to our notice by the office of Mr. Benjamin Sonnenberg, the public-relations counsellor, one of whose clients is Lever Brothers. This is an age

of specialization, so it would have been improper for Mr. Ruthrauff or Mr. Ryan to call Mr. Markham to our attention, since they deal only in paid-for publicity. Mr. Ryan, whose nickname is Barry, is a Yale man and a redoubtable squash-tennis player. He is not related to Mr. John Barry Ryan, who married a daughter of Otto Kahn. We don't know anything about Mr. Ruthrauff. Mr. Kahn, in his lifetime, occupied, at various times, underprivileged homes on Fifth Avenue, on East Sixty-eighth Street, in Cold Spring Harbor, near Morristown, in Palm Beach, on Upper Saranac Lake, and in London, with a total of several hundred rooms. Very well.

"Big Town," in case you live in an underprivileged home, concerns itself with the adventures of Steve Wilson, a newspaperman on the staff of the *Illustrated Press*. It employs, in part, a documentary technique. Films made in authentic settings form a part of the programs. The town Wilson snoops is New York, but it isn't identified as such, for fear of offending the xenophobic sensibilities of a national audience. "Big Town" started early last October, and the scripts have called for such back-grounds as a cheap movie house, a tenement, a pawnshop, the scaffolding of a building under construction, a sinister doorway, and a home in a quiet residential district. In locating his settings, Mr. Markham has become footsore and weary, even though he wears crêpe soles. He told us that his chores, which generally have to be completed on a day's notice, are beset with difficulties. He must get "clearances," or permission to use premises, in a hurry. He has to avoid scenes that are recognizable, and must therefore duck skylines, Elevated trains, and other tipoffs to locale. And he has to avoid shots that include any stretch of sky, for the real scenes have to tie in with studio shots, and television's technical people haven't as yet been able to produce a realistic sky in a studio. "For the construction scene," he said, "I spotted a splendid building going up at Eighty-third Street and the East River. The story was about a loan shark who preyed on steelworkers. In order to avoid the sky, we had to shoot from the roof of the Brearley School, where you could get the scaffolding against another building. We wanted to start shooting at nine in the morning, but we weren't allowed in the school building until classes were over, at one-thirty. Clearance is a big problem. One time, we needed a low-down bar. A murder was supposed to have taken place in it. I found a fine ratty

joint, just what the script called for, on Avenue B, with a bunch of real sordid characters inside. The proprietor was out and I couldn't talk to him, but when I called up a few hours later, I was told everything was O.K. Well, I went back with our movie crew, and the proprietor said, 'Nothing doing. I've spent four years making this place respectable, and you're not going to ruin me now.' It turned out that the man Markham had talked to was a jocular customer. Markham hurriedly got a clearance from another, more accommodating pleasure dome, down the street, but it wasn't as satisfyingly ratty.

Markham was born in Chicago, and is a University of Michigan graduate and a Columbia M.A. He and his wife live in Forest Hills. He was a Signal Corps captain in the war, and has acted on the subway circuit. His current career has made him realize that there are fewer pawnshops on Third Avenue than most people think, that Forest Hills is the best place around here for a quiet home atmosphere, and that there is no use asking Robert Moses for per-

mission to shoot in the parks. "It's all very difficult. We're constantly being messed up," he said. "One day, just as we were ready to shoot a really beautiful dirty street, a street-cleaning truck came along."

Feet of Clay

TO celebrate the establishment of a new office in Montreal, the Prudential Insurance Company of America, whose slogan is "The Prudential Has the Strength of Gibraltar," recently imported chunks of the renowned Rock and sent them to Canadian businessmen, one of whom informs us that his came in a package marked "Fragile."

Parking

FOR some time, we've been running in this department a weekly count of automobiles parked on various stretches of no-parking thoroughfares in midtown Manhattan, proving—to our satisfaction, at least—that the vio-



lation of parking regulations is flagrant. To wind up for the time being our modest effort to improve the traffic situation, we've been to see Police Commissioner Thomas F. Murphy, who agreed with us as to the flagrancy, and assured us that something is being done about it and that more will be done. Most of his views on the subject, he told us, he expressed in an interview with him and Assistant Chief Inspector George A. Loures, head of the Traffic Division, that appeared in the *Times* one day last week. According to this interview, the Commissioner has been occupied with other police matters since coming into office, but now he is studying the traffic situation; the twenty-four-hundred-man Traffic Division will be strengthened; forty per cent more summonses were handed out in January of this year than were handed out in January, 1950; and ten three-wheeled, low-speed motorcycles have been ordered for officers assigned to enforce parking regulations. These will have a kind of built-in writing desk, so the cops won't even have to dismount to do the paperwork involved in handing out a ticket.

The Commissioner, who seemed, if anything, a square yard or two bigger than he did at the time of a previous talk we had with him, stroked his thicket of a mustache and observed that, at bottom, the trouble is selfishness. "New Yorkers are like Parisians," he said. "They're born individualists. Regulations are for the other fellow. They want to park as close as they can to where they're going, and they don't care what the signs say. And if they get caught, they don't care about the fine. When I took this job, I thought that solving the parking problem would be just a matter of handing out more summonses, and that a hard-working cop could hand out hundreds of summonses a day. [That's what *we* thought, too.] The fact is a hard-working cop can hand out only about forty summonses a day, because of the paperwork. He's got to fill out the ticket and two stubs, and make out an affidavit for every violation, and then he has to make out a daily 'activity report,' telling in detail what he was doing on his tour of duty. There may be a way of simplifying this. I've been trying to think of some better system—maybe just requiring a sticker on the windshield and one stub for a simple parking violation, or some such—but the Department had experts in to figure out a way of cutting this work down and they didn't come up with anything better. We have to be prepared to make our charges stand up in court every time."

Commissioner Murphy is in favor of

continuing the parking regulations as they are in midtown and lower Manhattan, and is considering the possibility of recommending increased fines for violations. A million three hundred thousand cars are registered in Greater New York, and a good fraction of them show up daily in midtown and lower Manhattan. An unknown number of these belong to salesmen and small businessmen dealing in precious goods—furs, jewelry, textiles—that they carry around in their cars. They figure they can afford an occasional fine in their line of business. "A diamond salesman will take a chance on parking right in front of the Empire State Building," Murphy said. "He rushes in, makes a sale, comes back, and finds he has a summons. What does a fifteen-dollar fine mean to him, compared to having closed a big deal so quickly?" Another class of violators consists of those who appear in court and break the magistrate's heart with a good story. "You know the stuff," Murphy said, shaking his head. "A guy is tagged and he tells the judge he only parked a minute so he could run into a drugstore and get some medicine for his dying mother. What can the judge do?" The Commissioner cited the figures on the number of tickets handed out for parking violations in 1949 and 1950. The totals were 472,421 and 551,324, respectively. "This year the percentage of gain should be still greater," he said.

We dropped in on Inspector Loures after our talk with the Commissioner. Of his twenty-four hundred men, we learned, about a thousand are assigned to Manhattan. On a given day, a hundred of these are having their day off, three hundred and sixty more are nailed down to duty at intersections, and a lot of others are on night duty. A hun-

dred men are on foot duty during the day tagging cars for parking violations. Fifty-five are on motorcycles, with the primary job of keeping traffic moving. Inspector Loures has no complaint about the number of summonses handed out by beat patrolmen, who work out of the precinct stations and aren't under his command. They are too few to do more about parking than they do, he thinks, and too busy, what with having to regulate traffic at school crossings, cover the opening and closing of banks, escort people carrying payrolls, and perform a number of other special chores.

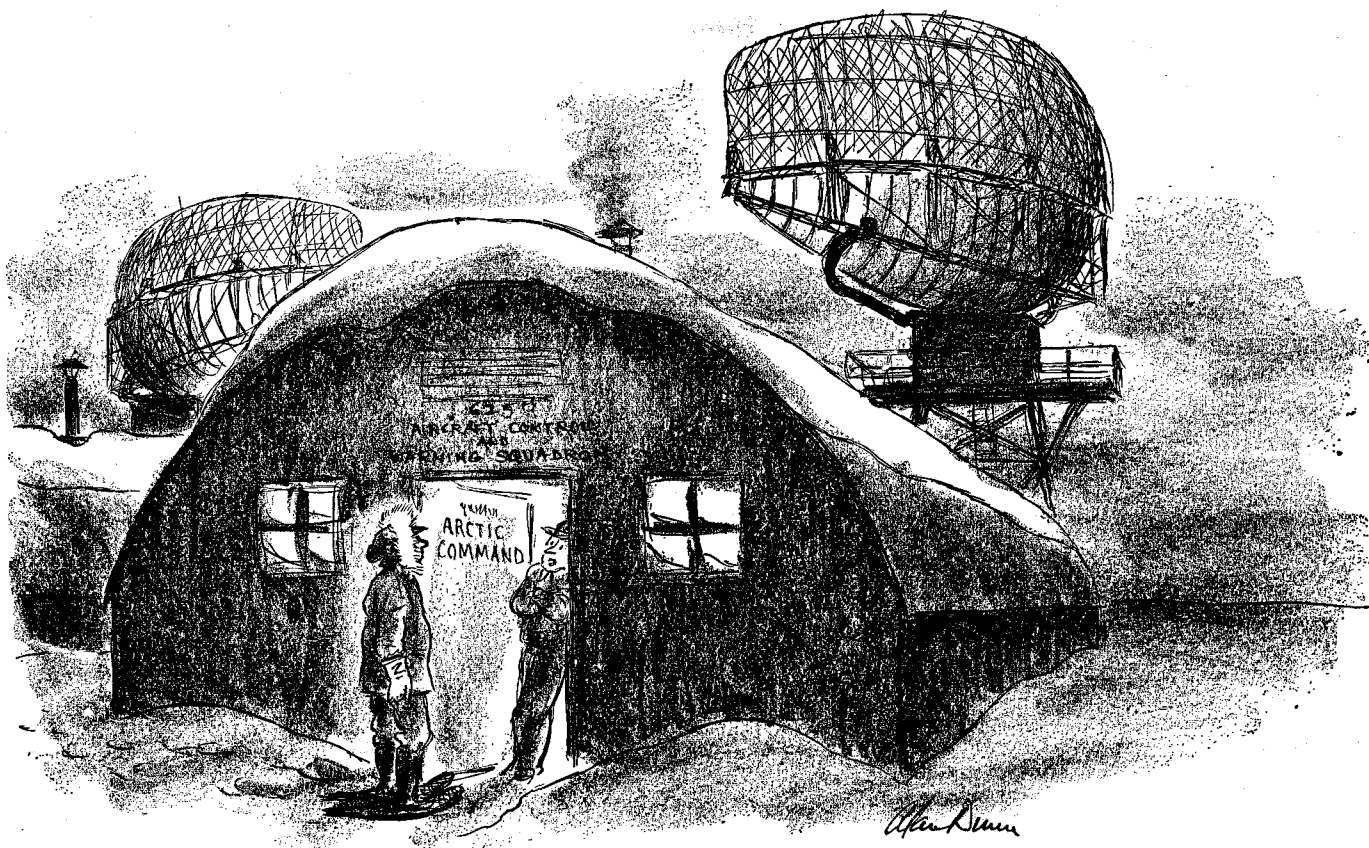
The Other Half

FELLOW went into Mark Cross's to buy a leather-bound budget book as a birthday present for his wife. After examining a case in which were displayed address books, telephone-number books, and memorandum books but nary a budget book, he explained his mission to a lady clerk, who told him the store doesn't carry budget books. "No budget books!" he exclaimed. "If there were a demand for them, we'd carry them," said the saleslady, "but so few people budget these days."

Art Expert

SIR KENNETH MCKENZIE CLARK, former director of the National Gallery in London, and one of the world's foremost art authorities, was in town recently, and we caught him one morning at the home of his American hosts, the Ronald Trees, finding him a modest but confident man of forty-seven. He is the possessor of a large fortune in England but, owing to the British currency regulations, was so strapped here, he informed us, that he was depending on his lecture fees for taxi money. His father founded the thread-manufacturing firm of Clark & Co. Having got this business on a solid basis by the time he was forty, his son told us, he retired and devoted himself to yachting, golf, shooting, and gambling. As a boy, Sir Kenneth spent his winters in Scotland, his summers in Cap Martin, near Monte Carlo, where his father was phenomenally lucky at roulette, and some of his autumns in Suffolk, where his father shot pheasant. He began to develop a freak interest in art when he was nine—freak in the sense that no one else in the family had such an interest. "My father encouraged me in it," he said. "He never did take business too seriously. We have a branch in Newark, by the way." We asked Sir Kenneth, who has been to this country





"Well, no news is good news, I always say."

several times but accents the last syllable of Newark, whether he had ever visited this "branch." He looked at us in astonishment. "No," he said. "I'm a *rentier*." He smiled a *rentier's* smile.

Sir K., who went to Oxford, subsequently spent two years in Florence with Bernard Berenson, the renowned art adviser, as an apprentice in *expertise*. Returning to England, he wrote a book, "The Gothic Revival," which was well received, and then served for three years as keeper of the Department of Fine Art at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. "I didn't really need a job," he said, "but I thought it would be nice for my parents to be able to say that their boy was doing something. Actually, they were faintly distressed, because it meant I had less time to play bridge with them." While in his Ashmolean post, Sir K. made a catalogue of the drawings of da Vinci, placing them, for the first time, in chronological order. The Ashmolean was followed by twelve years—1934 through 1945—as director of the National Gallery. Sir K. was, at the age of thirty, the youngest man ever to occupy this position. "I got it through a series of accidents too complicated to relate," he said. "A lot of people quarrelled, and I got the job. In my opinion, it was a mistake. You don't really know how

to deal with people at thirty—at least not if you've been brought up soft, as the saying goes, which I had been. I *did* buy what seemed to me the best pictures available." Concurrently, Clark held the post of Surveyor of the King's Pictures. This involved looking after the world's largest private collection—some three thousand paintings, in Hampton Court, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and various other places. "I've dealt with three kings," he said, "George V, Edward VIII, and George VI. The member of the Royal Family most interested in pictures is the present Queen, who buys good modern paintings."

Sir K., who is the only Englishman ever to have been elected a member of the Conseil Artistique de la Réunion des Musées Nationaux of France, which runs the Louvre, resigned from the National Gallery in order to have more time for reading and writing. He then became Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford. He remained there five years, during which he wrote three books. He has just finished another, on Piero della Francesca, and is about to write a short one on Henry Moore, the sculptor. "After that, in 1953," he said, "I plan to write a largish one based on seven lectures I'm booked to give that year in

the Mellon Gallery. I'd rather not mention the subject just now." Sir Kenneth is married, the father of three, and the owner of a house on Hampstead Heath, where he has a collection ranging from predynastic Egyptian art to contemporary British. Most of this, for reasons of space, he keeps in storerooms. "I send a great many pictures out on loan all the time," he said, "which is a great curse. The danger of a collection is that it gets to own you." Lady Clark joined us, and advised her husband it was time for them to keep a date at the Morgan Library with Frederick B. Adams, Jr., its director. "We never seem to have time for a *walk*," she complained, "except, of course, walks in museums."

Conversation Piece

DIALOGUE between progressive-school five-year-old and her mother:

MOTHER: "What did you do today, darling?"

DAUGHTER: "Oh, mostly we just played pool."

MOTHER: "You *what*?"

DAUGHTER: "You know—jumping in the sandbox and pretending it's water."

REMOLD IT NEARER

TO say that Elinor Potter was all duty and deference when her mother told her, one raw, sleety Saturday night, that she'd best stay in and coddle a cold would do less than justice to Elinor's alerted principles of self-determination and would strain the credulity of anyone who had more than a passing acquaintance with the generality of fifteen-year-old girls. Each Saturday at 8 P.M. (the afternoon having been sacrificed, at the request of the local P.-T.A., to a program of animated cartoons on the early-juvenile level), a new feature began a week's run at the Criterion, the leading motion-picture theatre in the Potters' home town. To Elinor and her cronies, the recurring occasion had a significance beyond that of entertainment. For them, a fresh, charming world full of coincidence, passionate contretemps, incorruptible coiffures, and other properties notably absent from public high schools and private family bosoms was created every seven days. To miss the weekly picture or to delay seeing it until, vulgarized by the gaze of hoi polloi, it had lost its pristine quality was to break a link in the chain of existence.

Nor was the miracle confined to its own circle of time. As far into the ensuing week as, say, Thursday, its trailing ribbons of light provided conversation in study halls and Donut Dinettes and—to the despair of such subscribers to the telephone system as wished to consult physicians or arrange bridge games—on the party lines; and even before the miracle occurred, its imminent presence, like the mysterious palsy that affects a leafy tree in the moment before sunrise, trembled in the air. Regularly on Saturday, as the hour for the movie approached, Professor and Mrs. Potter watched a sort of spell descend upon their daughter.

After an early dinner, during which Elinor would withdraw into a trancelike state, she would retire to her boudoir. From that retreat she would presently emerge, varnished into something rich and strange, to await the arrival of the boy called Bucky, perhaps, or Choo-Choo, or Pat Junior, who was to be her squire for the evening. Perched on the edge of the old sofa in the living room and wrapped in a cloud of exotic scent that must soon, her troubled parents felt, assume her bodily into a higher sphere of experience, she would appear oddly

dissociate from her surroundings—like Browning's famous bird that lit, in transit, upon a poor lowly spray. She wouldn't deign to speak except at intervals—her mother suspected that she was afraid of disarranging the painted outline of her lips—and then only to express fashionable dissatisfaction with her perfectly lovely yellow hair. ("It's falling," she would say—a complaint that had once wrung sympathetic alarm from her father, who was himself inclined to baldness, but that he'd long known referred merely to a certain relaxation of the ridges into which Elinor had pressed her locks.) Eventually, a motor horn would sound in the driveway. The elder Potters, having decreed that their daughter wasn't to be becked or called by any mechanical noise, would pretend to ignore the horn. They would pretend, as well, to ignore the gaze that Elinor trained upon them—a piteous gaze suggesting the glassy reproach in the eye of a shot dove—but they would speculate uneasily upon the mean position they would be left in if, as they'd been warned to expect, the honker of the unanswered summons should back away, discouraged, into the dark. Mercifully, however, the honker never did. In due course, a youth always condescended to present himself at the Potters' door, and under his protection Elinor would depart for the Criterion Theatre. There, one of a flock of similarly protected maidens, who looked and smelled uncannily like herself, she would again discover how marvellous life was meant to be.

Left behind, the Professor and his wife would open a few windows to let the fumes of *My Sin* or *Tigress* escape from the house, and as they shivered in the cleansing currents of air, they would exchange doleful comments upon the artificial excitement—the folly, they called it—that was in store for their child.

But they never contemplated keeping her, by command or by strategy, from that excitement. The Potters, quiet as their tastes and habits were, were not unacquainted with folly. They had encountered it in the pages of history and poetry, in generations of college students, and among their most erudite friends. In a world bursting with sin and sorrow, they would, they felt, look rather priggish making a great fuss about Elinor's attachment to the cinema. Moreover, they weren't entirely at ease

with Elinor. They loved her and were frequently refreshed by the artless comedy she introduced into their household, but the notion of spending several hours with her—a reluctant, injured, and possibly belligerent companion—scared them.

WHEN, on the evening in question, Mrs. Potter decided that Elinor must not venture out, she was motivated solely by a regard for the girl's health.

"Do you mean you won't let me go to the show?" Elinor demanded in reply to her mother's tactfully worded suggestion that a heavy cold bore watching.

"I shouldn't like to put it that way," Mrs. Potter said. "Your own good sense will tell you . . ."

Elinor said that her mother's attitude was preposterous, that she had lounged around all day conserving her strength for the evening, that Bucky Weathers was celebrating the occasion of having secured his first driver's license by coming to fetch her in his father's personal car—an Oldsmobile eight with white sidewall tires that would do a hundred miles an hour—and that Tyrone Power was starring at the Criterion in a picture about guerrilla fighting that was highly educational, because the same sort of warfare would shortly obtain in every corner of the earth.

Mrs. Potter said that such a movie would be calculated to produce a rise in Elinor's temperature.

"Reality doesn't make me sick!" Elinor retorted.

"You're a remarkably tough-minded girl, then," Professor Potter said. "I congratulate you." He added consolingly that Mr. Power's vehicle would likely return to town and that Elinor could see it then.

"At a second-run house, I presume," Elinor said disdainfully, as if she'd been offered water from a public dipper.

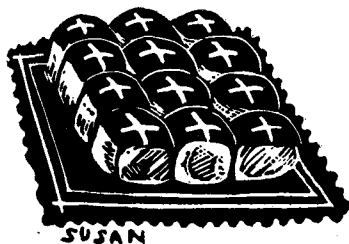
"Daddy and I will stay here to keep you company," said Mrs. Potter.

Elinor was not impressed by the magnitude of her parents' sacrifice. "Where would you go if you didn't?" she inquired. "To a lecture, or over to the Adamses', just to talk?"

Mrs. Potter, who should have known better, felt called upon to defend the variety of their diversions. "Sometimes we go dancing," she said.

"Once a month, and this isn't the night," Elinor said. "And I don't believe you and Daddy enjoy dancing anyhow. You just do it because you think you ought to make a social effort."

"That's to our credit," her father said.



"Maybe," Elinor said, with a shrug. Her eyes glinted. Evidently she felt she could risk being impudent. "Know what Randy Adams calls that faculty cotillion group? The Charley Horse Club!"

"Young Adams is too clever by half," said the Professor. But he was obliged to smile when he thought of his colleague, Randy's father, as he appeared on the dance floor, pumping up and down and slinging plump matrons about with abandon, as if the object of his exercise were to generate a purifying sweat.

Unexpectedly, Elinor smiled, too—and very sweetly. She hadn't, her mother perceived, hoped to win more than a moral victory; she had wished simply to avoid setting a precedent for future submission, and with that prudent end accomplished she was ready to be affable.

"Bucky's mother probably won't let him out in this weather," she confessed. "He has a sore throat. I'll give him a ring, and then I'll catch up on my literature assignment."

Elinor completed her call with dispatch. In a few minutes, clad in flannel pajamas and a quilted dressing gown, she returned to the living room. She settled herself on the sofa with a novel by Jane Austen.

At ten o'clock, Mrs. Potter realized that she had seldom passed a pleasanter Saturday evening. She was sitting in a rocking chair with her shoes off when this happy thought occurred to her. She had her feet propped against the warm flank of Brandy, an ancient Irish setter, who lay catercorner to the hearth, dozing in the honorable repose one likes to associate with the fireside years of heroes; she was thumbing through an illustrated seed catalogue, letting her fancy run ahead of the season down the green lanes of spring. At a round, book-strewn table in the middle of the room, the Professor was writing letters to the two Potter boys, who were away at boarding school, and on the sofa, in the diffuse illumination of a floor lamp, Elinor lay under an afghan with her small brown-backed volume open in her hands. Her hair was brushed smoothly, without any attempt at effect, off her clear, untroubled brow; her face wore the look of calm absorption that had once—before Elinor had begun

warily to disguise her native intelligence—been its prevailing expression; the sole fragrance emanating from her person was a faint odor of Vicks Vapo-Rub. It's a kind of pity that the child can't catch cold oftener, Mrs. Potter thought.

Beneath a composed exterior, Mrs. Potter had been low-spirited for some weeks. The financial inflation, an ever increasing threat to her small domestic economy; the animosities spreading like plague between nations; and each new morning's nagging reminder that her sons were one day closer to the age for military service weighed upon her mind, and although her anxiety was no worse than that of ten million other women, it was perhaps peculiarly hard for her to bear. She was so sanguine by nature that she hadn't acquired the usual cushions of callus against despair, nor did she possess the temperament, common in academic circles, that derives comfort from frilling a sorry prospect with words, elaborating its structure until it becomes too Gothic and fancy to appear more than the castle of an ogre in a fairy tale. In her simplicity, Mrs. Potter took the troubles of the world for what they were. Being a lady, with a lady's respect for tranquillity, she forbore to discuss these troubles (especially in the

presence of children), as she would have forborne to recount the details of an unpleasant disease. But her silence was far from phlegmatic. At odd, solitary moments she was seized by an animal terror, an impulse, physical in intensity, toward panic flight.

But now, in this familiar room, with the fire burning, the curtains drawn, and all the creatures whose fortunes were hers within easy reach (for the Professor's epistolary activities seemed to bring the boys back into the fold), Mrs. Potter felt that life was snug and safe and scaled down to a manageable size that almost fitted in her hand. The banjo clock on the wall ticked complacently, as if it had Time trained to heel.

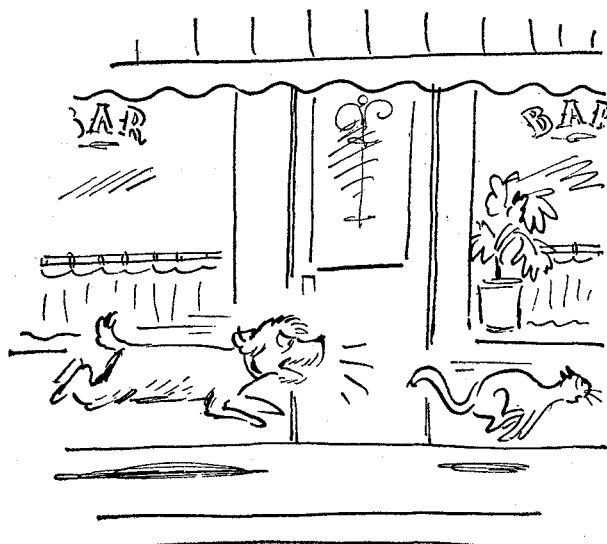
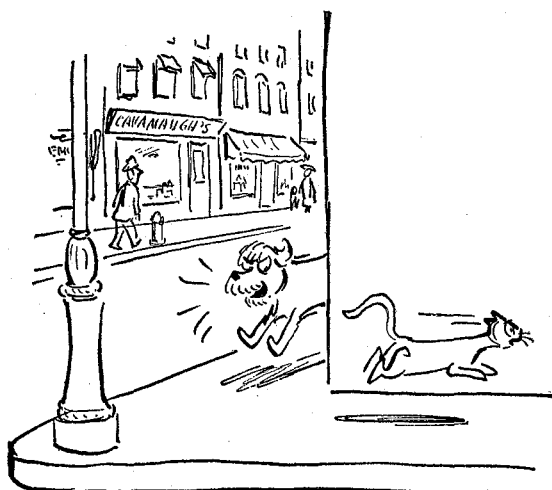
"This is a good book," Elinor said, "even if nothing happens in it that couldn't happen in ordinary life. People sit around in parlors, you know, and gossip, and go to walk. There's this girl named Emma, who's always messing in other people's romances, and her dumb friend, Harriet. And there's this man, Mr. Knightley, who sort of reminds me of Daddy."

Professor Potter looked up from his letter. "I'm charmed by the comparison," he said.

"It wouldn't make an A-grade mov-



"Go ahead! Take it all! Take everything!"



ie, though," Elinor said ruefully. "Hollywood would ruin it. The trouble with the movies is—" She hesitated, like a medical man about to extract from a clutter of secondary symptoms the true diagnosis of his patient's malady.

Mrs. Potter and the Professor fixed their full attention upon their child. Never before had they heard her admit that anything at all ailed the film industry.

The doorbell rang.

Mrs. Potter put on her shoes. "Who on earth, at this hour?" she said.

Her husband laughed in the silent, affectionate way he reserved for the foibles of his friends. "The Adamses, probably," he said. "Under the circumstances, I've been half expecting them."

Mrs. Potter sighed. She knew that by "circumstances" her husband meant one of those spells of abstinence from the bottle with which the Adamses occasionally mortified their nerves. She was fond of her neighbors, but she thought them pompous about their habits. Neither of them drank enough to worry about (they were, in fact, among that elect of society in whom the moderate use of alcohol releases optimism and amiability), and yet from time to time they embraced austerity as desperate men fly to the arms of Bacchus. These "temperance toots," as Mrs. Potter termed them, never lasted long, but they were tiresome. They commenced with pious platitudes about plain living and high thinking and how alcohol numbed the cortex of the brain, progressed through a week or so of elevated and rather touchy temper, and ended in some friend's house, where the Adamses, after a broad hint and a feeble show of resistance, allowed, in Professor Adams' arch way of putting it, their arms to be twisted.

"I don't know what we can offer them," Mrs. Potter said. The Potters themselves had been enduring a dry season—not from choice but from the stodgy, middle-class ethics that had impelled them to pay a plumber's bill.

"I have my nest egg," her husband told her. "The pint I won from Adams on the election returns."

"We were saving that for an emergency," Mrs. Potter objected, "or until we had something to celebrate."

"Liquor in the bottle never solaced the soul," said the Professor. He went into the hall, toward the front door.

"I'd better scoot," Elinor said to her mother. "I look repulsive. No lipstick, and my hair's fallen."

"Please stay," Mrs. Potter said. "If you're here, they may leave early."

"Huh?" said Elinor.

"I mean they're afraid of germs," Mrs. Potter said. She added, not wishing to set Elinor an example of ungraciousness, "It's nice to have friends drop in, but, somehow, tonight . . ."

Elinor nodded. "It was so peaceful," she said.

There were voices in the hall—Professor Potter's hearty with welcome, and Professor Adams' saying that he'd breasted the storm to return a borrowed book and that on such a night Christians would have to give him shelter, even if he were their enemy's dog who had bitten them.

Elinor glanced significantly at her mother, allowing her eyes to droop in a recognizable, if somewhat ludicrous, imitation of Miss Bette Davis being cynical. "Randy says whenever Mr. Adams stops drinking, he gets on a talking jag," she said.

"That isn't very loyal of Randy," Mrs. Potter said. "I trust you wouldn't speak so of *your* father."

"Daddy doesn't talk phony," Elinor said.

From the hall, Mrs. Adams was heard explaining that she'd accompanied her husband out of a thirst for intellectual stimulation.

Elinor giggled. "Intellectual!" she muttered.

"Careful, now," said Mrs. Potter as her husband ushered the guests into the room.

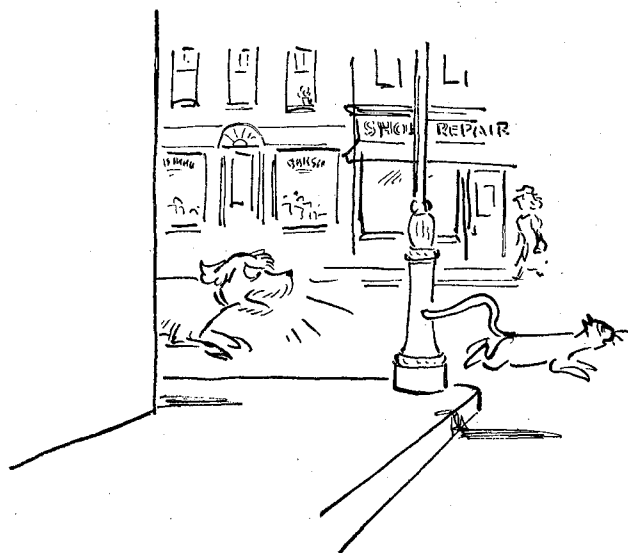
THE Adamses were a florid, fleshy couple who gave the impression, generally, of finding life juicy in the mouth. Professor Adams was a harmless exhibitionist—the kind of teacher who cultivates a mellow bonhomie with his students and poses before the camera with a pipe between his teeth and his hair mussed; his wife was a languid woman who still affected the vaguely Pre-Raphaelite style of dress that had symbolized sensibility in her youth. But this evening they both had a badgered look that might, to a stranger, have suggested the ravages of prolonged dissipation.

Mrs. Potter went forward to greet them. "Why, Madge! And George!" she exclaimed in accents of cordial surprise.

"*Carissima!*" said Mrs. Adams, making a noble try for airiness. "My, but you're cozy!"

"A quiet English evening at home, eh?" said Professor Adams. He kept his voice free of praise or blame, like a cagey theatregoer who hasn't read the reviews of a play he's been to and doesn't care to commit himself upon its merits until he has. He let his bright eyes rove the room. (He was hoping, Mrs. Potter guessed, to discover that the quiet evening was being enlivened by a festive glass.) "And behold proud Beauty on her sacred couch! Why aren't you with

3



4



the other nymphs, Elinor, gathering rosebuds in the balcony of the Criterion?"

Elinor flushed. The girls who sat in the balcony were known as "cruds" to her set, and she thought, mistakenly, that Professor Adams was cognizant of that fact.

Adams interpreted Elinor's change of color as a bashful response to his gallantry. Bending forward from the waist and with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand describing a broken oval, like a crab's claw, he approached the sofa. He had reached an age that is marked in many men by a compulsive urge to pinch a blushing cheek.

Mrs. Potter recognized the tweaking reflex as an innocent manifestation of nature. She pitied George Adams much as she pitied his son, Randy, who suffered from adolescent acne, but she didn't expect like charity from her daughter. "Elinor has a respiratory infection," she said quickly.

Professor Adams stuck his hand in his pocket and backed away. "Can that be a *book* you are fondling?" he inquired, beaming at Elinor from a safe distance.

Elinor squirmed, as the young do when impaled upon the spit of an elder's approval. "It's a school parallel, sir," she said. (She had learned to say "sir" from her schoolboy brothers and, guessing that middle-aged men weren't flattered when a pretty girl used the stiff title of respect, she kept it for occasions upon which she wished to be offish and didn't dare be uncivil.) "Required outside reading. A dumb thing called 'Emma,' sir."

"But you were saying you liked 'Emma,'" her father said. "And you were about to tell us what was wrong with the movies."

"There's nothing wrong with the movies except that I'm not *at* them," Elinor said. She managed a perfunctory smile. "If you'll all excuse me, I'll just lie here and get on with this book. I'm supposed to report on it Monday."

"I bow to Jane," said Adams.

"'Emma,' sir," said Elinor.

Professor Adams moved toward the fire, near which the ladies were already seated. "Now, what, in this lurid twilight of the human experiment, can 'Emma' be said to parallel?" he asked rhetorically.

"What indeed!" murmured Mrs. Potter. She thought with envy of Miss Austen's power to hedge her fancy in bosky villages where placid pools of custom were scarcely rippled by the thought that a world might be ending just across the English Channel.

Professor Adams stooped to pat Brandy. The dog rose to his thin, rheumatic legs and stalked away; he sank down beside Elinor's sofa, muzzle on forepaws, eyes closed. Adams looked hurt. "Dogs and children seem not to like me," he said.

"Brandy's a very old party," Professor Potter apologized, drawing up a chair for his friend.

"So are we all," Adams said. He ran his fingers through his thick hair. He was, as he hoped to be reminded, a year the junior of Professor Potter.

Mrs. Potter was anxious to start the conversation on a rational plane. She retrieved the seed catalogue that she'd let slip to the floor and flicked it open to a colored photograph of an incredibly perfect spike of blossoms. "I've been planning my annual border," she said brightly. "Here's a new improved nicotiana called 'Starlight'—"

"What a joy you must find in gardening!" Mrs. Adams said. "To touch, at

this time of confusion, the simple, elemental roots of things! How I wish I could do something with my hands!" Her tone implied that her mind, neither sleeping nor slumbering, was a hard mistress.

"You'll touch the elemental soon enough, my love, if the inflation continues, as it doubtless will," her husband said. He gave her a glittering look that was part malice and part gratitude for the opportunity to be unpleasant. "Those lily hands will be seamed with the grime of toil."

"Oh, George!" Mrs. Adams cried in real dismay. Her long, elegant hands were her great vanity. They lay on her lap, white against the dark velvet of her full skirt, looking more like possessions of sentimental value than useful members of her body.

"We have reached the peak of our standard of living," Professor Adams declared. "Now for the descent." He waved his arm in an inclusive gesture. "Consider the room in which we sit. Adequate. Decent. But no more than my own living room an apartment to boast of."

Inwardly, Mrs. Potter bridled. She thought her room far nicer than the Adamses', which was cluttered with cloisonné jars, Florentine boxes, and trailing sprays of jaundiced ivy.

"The day will dawn when we shall recall an hour in these modest surroundings as an hour in the lap of luxury," Adams continued.

"I'm comfortable now," his wife said politely.

He ignored her remark. "The Potters will still hug their hearth as they do tonight, but with a difference. Their furnace will have given up its ghost. Their roof will leak. A lone, naked bulb, giving a gibbous light, will dangle

on a cord from the ceiling. The whole aspect of this room will be changed."

"I can feel it changing now," said Mrs. Potter.

Professor Adams gave her a sharp glance, as if to judge whether she was poking fun at him. He switched his attention to his host. "Those pants that clothe your nether limbs," he said, "—they aren't your best pants?"

Professor Potter looked down at his decent but baggy gray flannel slacks.

"No," he admitted. "Not quite."

"They will be," said Adams. "They'll be your only pants."

Professor Potter shifted in his chair.

"Are you afraid the seat of your trousers is already wearing through?" Mrs. Adams asked.

The ladies laughed. Brandy, stirred by some stray dream of love or prowess, growled in his sleep.

Professor Adams still smarted under the old dog's contempt. "Families won't keep pets then," he said. "Unless for food."

Elinor, who was constantly tormented by the knowledge that Brandy's days were numbered, reached out to scratch the setter between the eyes.

"When George is on the wagon, he thinks too much," said Mrs. Adams.

Professor Potter took his cue. "Let's have a drink to the status quo," he said. "We all need something to numb our cortexes."

"I don't know," Adams said. He grinned disarmingly. "Well—if you twist our arms!"

WHEN four highballs had been mixed and served, there was an interlude of inconsequential chatter around the fire.

"Is your outlook brighter now?" Mrs. Adams asked her husband.

"My outlook has always been brighter than you seem to realize," he said. "My prophecy anent the decline was based upon the rosy and exceedingly flimsy assumption that any of us will be here to see it. The Russians will drop their first shower of bombs on the United States in 1952."

"Who slipped you the date?" Professor Potter asked.

"I thought it was common knowledge," Adams said. He took a swallow of whiskey-and-soda. "There's a plethora of conjecture about the bomb, much of it frivolous. I sometimes fancy that, of all my acquaintance, I alone take it seriously."

"I do," said Mrs. Potter. She couldn't, inoffensively, add that she took the possibility of total destruction far too seriously to want the idea of it bandied

about in the presence of her daughter, who was vulnerable not only because of youth but because of a virus. Neither could she send Elinor off to bed. In this year of grace, parents didn't dismiss young girls from rooms in which the talk threatened to turn unsuitable for their ears. (And more's the pity that parents don't, thought Mrs. Potter.)

"Do you ever try to picture the effects of a bomb?" Professor Adams asked her. "A bomb of gigantic, moot proportions?"

"I try not to," Mrs. Potter said, truly enough.

"Exactly," said Professor Adams. "The illusion of immunity. The old, pathetic confidence in special providence and Maginot Lines. Tell me—if this city were struck, what would you do?"

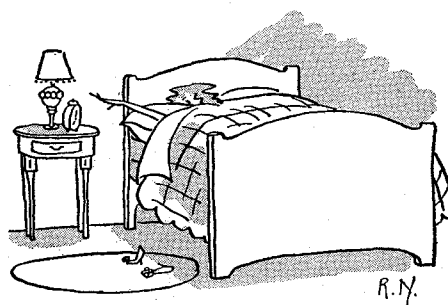
"They say you should fall flat on your face," Mrs. Potter said.

"And when you got up—for you couldn't stay down forever—what would you do?"

"How should I know?" Mrs. Potter said with forced flippancy. "Stop asking the same question."

"You should ask it of yourself," Professor Adams said. "You should be prepared. Suppose you chanced to be on the periphery of the disaster. Suppose, as a limbering exercise for the imagination, that you were the only survivor for miles around."

Mrs. Potter's imagination required no limbering. Professor Adams had hit



OBSERVATION CAR

I know a man who rubbernecks the past.
Tourist with guide, he notes each signal sight—
It's there, it's happened, anyone can cast
His eye on it, where all is *was*, not *might*.
Observe him seated by his labelled files,
Facing with firmness the recorded years,
Grave connoisseur of the receding miles,
The tracks of other people's hopes and fears.
Ah, retrograde's the way. Look back, look back,
The past lies all before us, plain to see,
And all our yesterdays create the track
Which measures miles where people used to be.
Today is what tomorrow will have shown:
Ride backward toward the will-have-been unknown!

—DAVID DAICHES

upon the hideous eventuality that haunted her dreams. "Me?" she said. "Why me?" She thought that in all fairness someone should volunteer to keep her company. But no one did. Her husband's face wore a mask of patience. Mrs. Adams seemed lost in contemplation of her hands. Elinor didn't raise her eyes from her book.

"Why not you?" said Professor Adams. "Are you so complacent that you believe it couldn't happen to you?"

"No," Mrs. Potter said.

"This house sits on a hill," Adams said. His voice became bland and deliberate. "From your garden, one can see, beyond trees and low rooftops, the so-called skyline of the city. That little cluster of tall buildings—the First National Bank, the Masonic Temple, the steeple of the Memorial Methodist Church. Ugly structures in themselves, but what enchantment distance lends them! They seem to have the poised serenity of clouds."

"I know," Mrs. Potter said dryly. She was quite familiar with the view from her own front yard.

"Let us set the day in June. Blue sky. Green leaves. A lustre of life on everything. You would be plucking a rose—one of those old-fashioned, bell-shaped roses that you brought me last year when I was laid up with kidney colic."

"Duchesse de Brabant," said Mrs. Potter.

"And as you raised the dainty blossom to your nose"—here Professor Adams raised his glass to his lips—"the explosion! The apocalyptic flash rending the curtain of Heaven but revealing, alas, no angels beyond it! The roar—for our world will end with a bang, not a whimper! You hurl yourself to the grass. Beneath your body you feel the earth tremble. You hear the bones of our planet grinding in their sockets."

This was stuff and nonsense, Mrs.



"What light you giving it?"

Potter told herself. George Adams knew less than Elinor about atomic power. Why, he was downright vain of his scientific ignorance—flaunting it as evidence of aesthetic genius. But the palms of her hands were clammy.

"Then the ssstillness," Professor Adams said, lingering on his sibilants. "The vasty silence, as of death. Rising to your knees, to your feet, you would look upon a scene you had loved. Where our little city once stood you would see an enormous column of smoke and haze. A dense, vaporous tower composed of pulverized steel and stone and brick and the dreams of the Chamber of Commerce. Beautiful in its terrible way. Along the horizon, like sores on the lip of an open wound, sporadic fires would lick the sky. *What would you do?*"

"Search for my family, of course," Mrs. Potter said.

"We are assuming you know they are done for," Professor Adams reminded her gently, the way one might repeat a lesson to a backward child.

"Then I would—" Mrs. Potter began, and stopped. She had been about to say honestly that she would weep.

"You would run," Professor Adams said.

"Where?" Mrs. Potter asked him.

"West," he said. "Away from the center of destruction. Down through the woods behind your lot. The leaves would lie shrivelled at the feet of the trees—'bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang'—for vegetable matter is more pervious than our flesh to noxious air. You would stumble through

briar and bog. Your breath would come in pants."

"Old pants, like mine," Professor Potter suggested, from the depths of his boredom.

Mrs. Potter thought her husband's hackneyed pun unworthy of his talents.

"The dust of the stricken city would pursue you like the ghost of an old sin," Professor Adams said. He paused long enough to down the remains of his drink.

Mrs. Potter glanced at Elinor. The girl appeared still to be reading; she had the aloof, chiselled look of a recumbent statue.

"Toward nightfall," Adams continued, dropping his voice to the pitch of quiet horror, "against a dwindling band of uncontaminated sunset, you would

GARDNER
REA

*"Or perhaps madam would
prefer the large economy size at seventy-five cents?"*

see a dark, moving figure. A human shape."

Elinor sat up against her sofa pillows. "Good God!" she said.

"Imagine your sensations," Professor Adams said to Mrs. Potter. "The spasm of hope—I am not alone, you would feel; here is my fellow, who will blow with me upon the ashes of poetry and faith!—and, on the heels of hope, the terror. The sense of strangeness vested in that unknown creature. And when you approached him—for your loneliness would oblige you to approach him—you would perceive the ineluctable truth that men are *not* brothers in misfortune. In his face, stripped of the veneer of civilization, you would see plainly those basic animal qualities that we smugly brand as criminal. Violence, lust, greed. There he would stand—a powerful brute with his great hands hanging down below his knees. And there you would stand, in a ruined world, with *him*!"

Professor Adams leaned back in his chair. His attitude, Mrs. Potter observed, was relaxed—as if the whiskey were at last taking hold and what Elinor might call "phony talk" had purged his mind of bile.

For an instant, Mrs. Potter hated him. She heard the clock ticking on the wall. It ticked faster, she imagined, than it had, like blood beating in the neck of a spent runner.

Mrs. Adams smiled archly at Professor Potter. "I was smart to get killed," she said.

"Let me sweeten the glasses all around," said Professor Potter.

ELINOR arose from the sofa. She was a small-boned girl, and in her childish night clothes—the pink bathrobe zoned tightly at her waist, the polka-dot pajamas that were too short and revealed her skinny ankles, and the old beaded felt moccasins—she appeared fragile and wistful and even younger than she was. I should have sent her to the Criterion with my blessing, Mrs. Potter thought bitterly; guerrilla warfare is nothing compared to what she's hearing here at home. And suddenly the vision of Elinor and her ilk—poised and shining in all their absurd airs and graces—watching, from semi-darkness, while a dénouement as improbably satisfactory as a flower in a catalogue unfolded on a screen before them seemed the prettiest vision in the world.

"I guess I'll say good night," Elinor said.

"Did you finish 'Emma'?" Professor Adams inquired.

"No," she said, "but what I learned from you was more vital."

Professor Adams' fingers went into a pinching formation, but he stayed where he was. "Take me *cum grano salis*, Elinor," he said. "I'm no physicist." (He had the grace, Mrs. Potter noted, to look sheepish.)

"You were brilliant," Elinor said simply. "Mother, may Brandy sleep with me?"

"This once," said Mrs. Potter. Years before, when Brandy had left the foot of Elinor's bed to murder a guinea pig in the boys' room next door, and the night had been horrid with shrieks and laments and carnage, she had made a rule against pets in bedrooms. But she thought that now was a time to honor that rule in the breach. Elinor deserved what comfort she could command.

With the red dog in her wake, Elinor started across the room. She took delicate, hesitant steps on the patterned carpet, like a little bird picking its way among dead leaves. At the door, she turned. "Mr. Adams," she said, cocking her head to one side, "do you mind if I make a suggestion?"

"Of course not, honey," said Professor Adams.

"Well, in your final scene—the fade-out, you know—" Elinor said, "when Mother sees the dark human shape against the sunset?"

"Yes," he said.

"At first, she thinks of kneeling with him and blowing on the ashes of poetry and faith," Elinor went on in a husky voice. "That bit was sheer poetry itself!"

Professor Adams looked as uncomfortable as a man whose prenuptial letters to his wife are read aloud in public. "I don't believe I said they would *kneel*," he objected. "But thank you."

Elinor gazed off into space. "I see them kneeling," she said. "But then you introduce a sour note. Mother goes up to him, and he turns out to be this repulsive beast, this degenerate, this—this underworld character." She paused. "Please, Mr. Adams, don't let him be like that!"

Elinor drew a deep, tremulous breath. She tilted her head back, so that her yellow hair foamed out like a nimbus around her face. She lifted her hands, palms cupped, as if to catch some precious substance that rained from Heaven.

"Oh!" she said. "Let's have him be Tyrone Power!"

—FRANCES GRAY PATTON

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE TUTTI-FRUTTI

WHEN I was a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve in 1945, I was ordered to take command of a one-hundred-and-seventy-three-foot submarine chaser, the PC-808, then building at Portland, Oregon. I was a conscientious officer and at the two Navy schools I had attended had sedulously read all the books on what was expected of a naval officer, from the one called "Naval Leadership" right down to the "Cook Book of the United States Navy." The former had instilled in me faith in the axiom that an officer must take care of his men if he wants their loyalty. The latter had, among other things, informed and convinced me that ice cream should be a regular on the Navy menu, for purposes of nutrition, economy, and morale. On this point I was not a hard man to convince. I had liked ice cream since childhood and had never shuddered at seeing kids lick it off a stick. Ice cream, I felt, was a part of the American way of life, and I was determined that my crew—sixty-one husky young men, most of them in their teens—should have plenty of it. Besides insuring me of their loyalty, it would give me what every commanding officer desires, a happy ship. Without ice cream, as I knew from experience with naval-supply depots, our only dessert stores would consist of canned fruit, mostly peaches, plus enough jello powder to coagulate the contents of an average-size swimming pool.

The fact that PC-boats were not, like bigger ships, outfitted to make ice cream didn't bother me. There was a substance available from supply depots known as dry ice-cream mix. It came in one-gallon cans, resembled grated cheese, and, when mixed with water, chilled, agitated, and frozen, would theoretically metamorphose into vanilla ice cream. I laid in twenty cases. I tried to get an electric freezer, too, but couldn't locate one in Portland small enough to fit in our galley, and had to settle for an old-fashioned five-gallon model with a hand crank.

Thus equipped, the PC-808 left Portland, sailed to San Pedro on her shakedown cruise, and on to San Diego for anti-submarine-warfare training. On April 28, 1945, I reported to my superiors that the ship was in all respects ready to join the fleet. The next day, we received orders to sail for Pearl Harbor. The prospect of steaming alone across the Pacific was a bit daunting, but at least, I thought, we would

have ice cream. An hour before sailing time, in a burst of emotion, I bought, with my own money, half a dozen cans of chocolate sauce and put them in my sea chest for safekeeping.

IT was Monday, April 30th, when we left San Diego. On Tuesday, we stowed loose gear and worked ourselves into the routine of standing watches. On Wednesday, I felt that we were in shape to make some ice cream. I called Russ Sauers, the commissary officer, soon after breakfast and suggested that he get the cooks to break out the freezer, open a can of mix, and whip up a batch of vanilla in time for supper. I lavishly gave him three of my cans of chocolate sauce, to provide sundaes for everyone. That afternoon, I inquired about progress and was told that the freezer couldn't be located. This was understandable, for our storerooms were jammed with boxes and crates. I assumed that the cooks would keep looking. At suppertime, the freezer remained unaccounted for, and five days later, when we reached Pearl Harbor, it still remained unaccounted for.

We stayed at Pearl Harbor nine days. On the last day, May 16th, I personally burrowed into a storeroom, spotted the freezer, hauled it out, and sat it conspicuously in the middle of the galley. That night, we steamed out to sea, bound for Eniwetok, in company with two other PCs and three large Navy troop transports. I was in command of all three PCs, which formed the anti-submarine screen, and as this was a new job to me, I was two days getting the tactical situation under control. On the third day, at breakfast, I said to Russ Sauers, "Now let's make some ice cream."

Four hours later, as we were eating canned peaches at midday dinner, I asked Russ how the project was coming along, and learned that the cooks said they couldn't make ice cream, because they had no ice-cream salt.

"Nonsense," I said. "Use table salt."

Russ went aft to the galley. A few minutes later, he was back with the report that the cooks had no ice.

"Where is the ice?" I demanded. There was an electric icebox in the galley that held six ice-cube trays, I knew. They were large trays, and in

the course of a day could turn out a lot of cubes.

"The men use the ice all day to make iced tea and iced fruit juice," Russ answered.

"Explain to the cooks," I said patiently, "and have them explain to the men, that if we just hold off on the iced fruit juices and save up the cubes, we can have ice cream for dessert."

That was on May 19th. We were twenty days out of the States, and, by a record I carefully kept on a calendar in the wardroom, the four other officers and I, as well as the crew, who got the same food in their mess hall that we did in the wardroom, had eaten canned peaches for dessert thirty-eight times and canned apricots twice. On five grim occasions, the fruit had been embedded in jello. In view of this record, I felt the men would start saving enough ice cubes to fill the freezer as soon as the cooks explained the situation to them. But a few days later, after the cooks *had* explained the situation, I discovered that the men were continuing to drink iced fruit juices while the freezer stayed idle. To my profound surprise and dismay, I realized then that the men weren't interested in ice cream if they had to give up their iced drinks to get it.

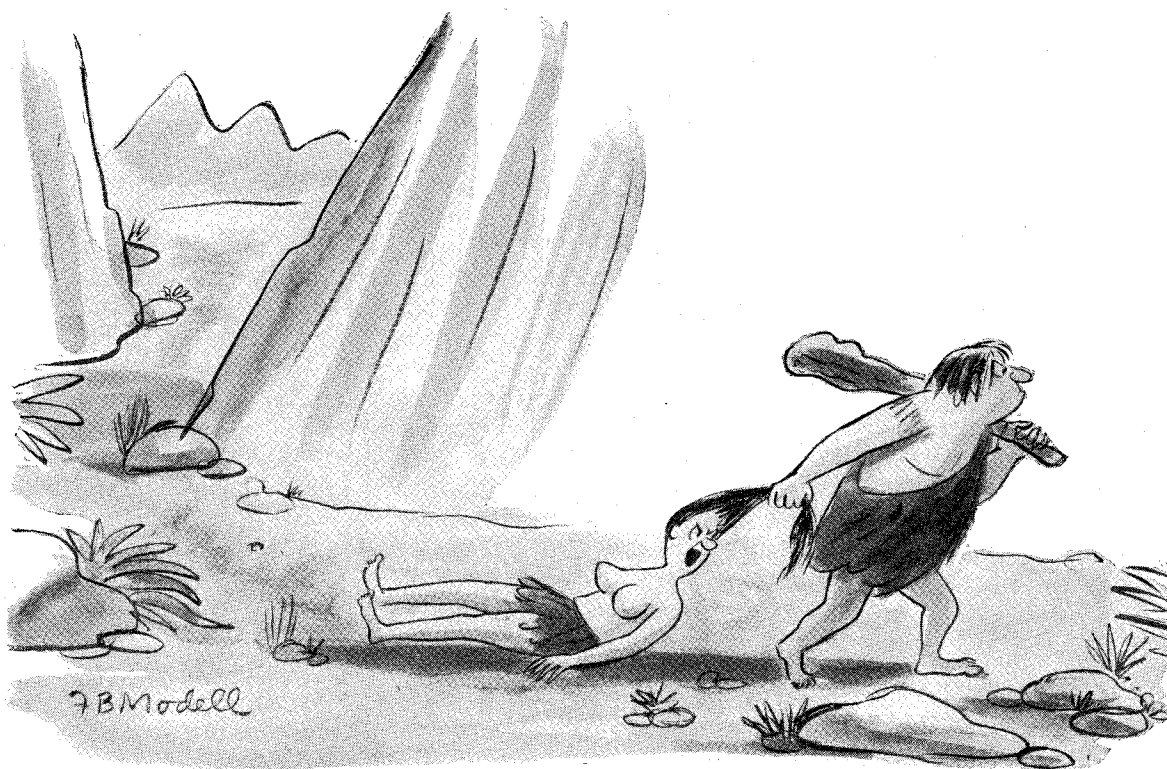
To me, this was clear proof that the men were out of their senses, and I determined to do something for them. The next day, May 24th, while I was debating just what action to take, we received a blinker message to come alongside one of the three transports to refuel. Immediately, a plan occurred to me. Those transports make ice cream, I thought. I bet if we could get some, it would create interest in making it on board here.

The trouble is our poor guys have just forgotten what ice cream tastes like.

While I stood on the flying bridge exchanging messages with the convoy commodore about the forthcoming refuelling, I racked my brain for a way to bring up the subject of ice cream. Convoy commo-

dores, being crusty four-stripers, are apt to snap at lieutenants even when lieutenants make the most orthodox requests. Finally, I hit upon a device. We were almost out of bread. Who, I thought, could quarrel with a skipper who asked for bread for his crew? So I sent the following message: "Could you spare us some bread and ice cream?" As the transport blinked back the reply, I was encouraged to note that all the offi-





"Careful, now! Not so fast. Watch out for sharp stones. Oops! You're coming awfully close to those briars."

cers and men with me on the bridge were intently spelling out the message. It was "We will have bread and ice cream for you."

Everyone on the bridge cheered except our two-hundred-and-thirty-pound gunnery officer, Donald Murray Dunbar Roy, who was busy plucking at my sleeve. He said to me enthusiastically, "Ask him what flavor."

Half an hour later, we steamed at fifteen knots alongside the transport, rolling thirty degrees and separated from the big ship by only fifty feet of churning water. One end of a line was shot across to us out of a popgun. With this line, we pulled over a heavier one, which was attached to it, and with the heavier line, we hauled in the fuelling hose. Along another line, rigged between the two vessels, a ten-gallon can swung over from the big ship's deck, bobbing high above our heads, and was lowered into the hands of our cooks. It contained ice cream, and to my gratification the ship's company ate it all for supper, an average portion of somewhat over a pint per person. The flavor was vanilla, which turned out to be Don Roy's favorite.

The next morning, everyone was still talking about how good the ice cream had been. Now, I felt, the men *must* be in a mood to start saving ice cubes. To help them do it, I had the executive officer, Tommie Childs, pass the word

along to the cooks that, until further notice, they should take each tray of cubes as soon as it was frozen and empty it into a bucket, which would be kept in the chill box with the frozen meat.

A DAY later, we arrived at Eniwetok. We left the following evening, escorting a troop-laden Victory ship bound for Saipan. After breakfast the next morning, I sauntered down to the galley to count the ice cubes. I figured we should have more than enough to fill the wooden tub of the freezer. To my astonishment, I found that the bucket in the chill box had almost no cubes in it.

When I asked the senior cook to explain, he said, "Why, yes, sir. I put the cubes in the chill box, but the men take them out and drink them up in lemonade and stuff."

White-faced, I went back to the wardroom and sent for Tommie Childs. "Look here," I said when he appeared, "those guys are still drinking up the cubes instead of saving them to make ice cream. I want you to put a stop to it."

Tommie frowned. "How can I do that, Captain?" he asked. "After all, those ice-cube trays are there for the men's own use. You can't legitimately order them to use the cubes for ice cream, any more than you can order them to play pinochle instead of

poker when they're off watch."

"Listen," I said coldly, "I am in command of this vessel and responsible for the men's morale. Ice cream is a better morale builder than iced tea any day." After considering a minute, I added, less coldly, "But I suppose you're right. I can't *order* them to use the cubes for making ice cream." I turned and went to my cabin.

Two days later, we delivered the Victory ship at Saipan and turned south for Guam. Arriving there one afternoon, we moored alongside a destroyer. After supper, at which we had canned pineapple for dessert, I walked out on deck for a breath of air and was astounded to see a member of our crew

leaning on the rail casually eating a dish of ice cream.

I summoned Tommie Childs. "Look at that," I said, pointing to the man.

After a quick investigation, Childs reported that the destroyer alongside had been selling ice cream and that our crew had just bought its last couple of gallons.

"This is too much," I said. "I've done my utmost to persuade our crew to make ice cream, and at every turn I've met with indifference, passive resistance, and, as a matter of fact, virtual sabotage. Yet when they get a chance to buy a gallon or two of ice cream, they gobble it all up themselves without sending me so much as a spoonful."

A few minutes later, a dish of vanilla ice cream was delivered to me in the wardroom, compliments of the crew. I ate it, feeling bitter. Afterward, somewhat mollified, I said to Tommie Childs, "Well, at least they still like the stuff, so maybe there is still a chance we can sell them on the idea of making it themselves."

"I doubt it," he replied.

THE following day, we sailed for Ulithi, a ring of coral islands, two thousand miles due south of Tokyo, that United States naval vessels used as a temporary base. Soon after reaching there, we started a new assignment—patrolling the outer reefs to keep Japanese submarines from penetrating the

lagoon. There were eight patrol stations, each a straight line of water about three and a half miles long. We were to patrol our station all day and all night, steaming slowly from one end to the other and back. After ten days of this, we would be relieved and allowed to go into the lagoon for two or three days to take on fuel, fresh water, and such provisions as we could get from any supply ships around.

Ulithi, being only ten degrees north of the equator, was hot. The temperature below decks of the PC-808 was in the upper nineties. At night, the ship was blacked out and all doors and hatches had to be closed. Sleeping on deck was impossible, because of the frequent rain squalls. We sweated it out, standing our watches, painting the ship, and holding abandon-ship, fire, and collision drills. The crew spent their off-watch hours, the weather permitting, standing around the deck drinking their iced canned fruit juice and iced tea. Lethargy descended upon us.

After supper, on our thirty-ninth day out of the States, the wardroom calendar showed the ship's dessert record as follows: canned peaches, 54; canned pears, 11; canned pineapple, 6; canned apricots, 5; ice cream, 2. Up to that moment, no officer had actually refused to eat his dessert (and I assumed none of the crew had, either). True, in the wardroom there had recently been a mounting tension toward the end of the meal, but by dint of rapid conversation, forced laughter, and turning up the radio, we had managed to get safely by the crises.

On the fortieth day, however, when peaches arrived at noon, the four other officers merely shook their heads and pushed their saucers into the middle of the table. I watched them appraisingly. The identical feeling must inevitably exist in the crew's mess hall, I thought. I wished fervently for a new plan of attack.

One came a few days later, in a letter from my wife, to whom I had complained about the lack of ice cream. She told me that a good substitute could be made in ice-cube trays. There were two small trays in a diminutive refrigerator in the wardroom pantry. The idea of making ice cream there hadn't occurred to me

before; it sounded promising. If the stuff turned out to be any good, I would let the word get down to the crew that the officers were having ice cream for dessert. This would have a powerful effect, I reasoned. There was considerable unspoken rivalry between officers and crew in such things as athletic prowess and the telling of tall tales, and it seemed reasonable to suppose there would be a similar rivalry in the making of ice cream.

That night, I went to the galley, got out the Navy cookbook, and, turning to the section on ice cream, read again, "Ice cream should be a 'regular' on the Navy menu. In addition to being one of America's favorite desserts, ice cream is nourishing and economical." I put the book down carefully, took two turns around the deck, and went back and read on. The recipe gave the proportions of powdered mix and water. I called for a can of the mix, a big pan, cocoa, and spoons. I mixed up seven pints of the stuff, carried it to the wardroom, filled both ice-cube trays in the refrigerator there, then took the pan holding the remaining five pints back to the galley and set it in the chill box.

By morning, the wardroom refrigerator was a mess. The ship had rolled during the night; one tray had slipped down inside the other and splashed chocolate goo all over everything, leaving only a crystalline residue in the trays. We ate it for dessert at dinner, and it turned out to be sort of cocoa ice, about on a par with canned peaches. What we should have done, as I found out on re-

reading the cookbook, was to whip it during the night, while it was freezing.

Determined to do better, I went down to the galley that evening to get some more of my prepared mix. I opened the chill box and looked in. The pan was empty.

"Where is my ice-cream mix?" I asked the cook on duty.

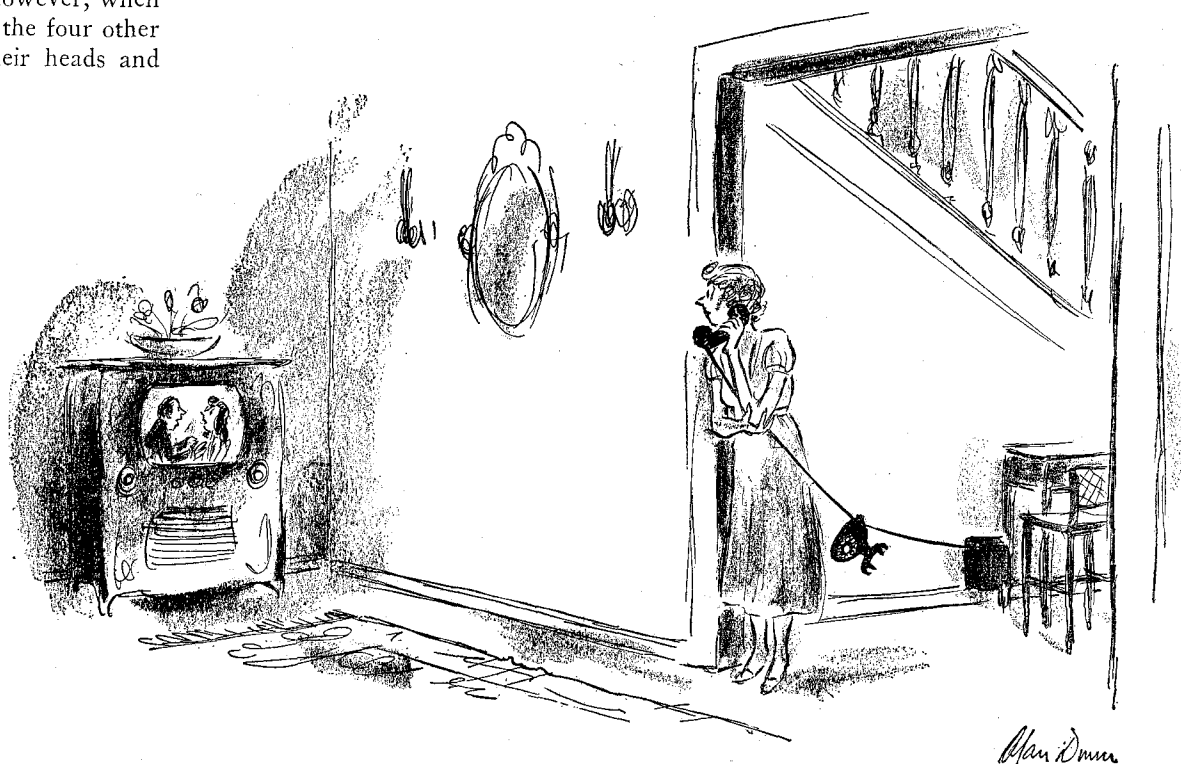
He looked sheepish and, after a considerable delay, said, "It must have evaporated, Captain."

"Evaporated!" I exclaimed. "That's a hell of a high rate of evaporation, when five pints of mix evaporate in one night."

The cook said nothing. I hurried back to the wardroom and encountered Russ Sauers, who had had the midnight watch. I told him what had happened. "Captain," he said, "it's a funny thing, but last night on my watch I had the impression that some of the men were drinking milk shakes."

"Milk shakes!" I almost shouted. "Where in hell would they get—"

THE next day, I went doughtily ahead. I got the ship fitter to make a beater and a deep pan I could use instead of the two ice-cube trays. After supper, I prepared only enough mix to fill this pan, which I carefully placed in the freezing compartment of the wardroom refrigerator. Then I put my mind to getting the stuff whipped when it would be half frozen, which, as near as I could judge, would be about midnight. I could find only one foolproof solution. Every evening at sea, a ship's



commanding officer must write out orders for the night, in his own hand, for the guidance of the officers standing the night watches. The night order book, in which these are written, and preserved, is often an important exhibit in courts-martial where a ship has gone aground or got into other trouble. I don't know what a court-martial would have made of the last entry in the night order book on June 26, 1945, and several subsequent dates. It instructed the officer coming off watch at midnight to whip the ice cream at twelve-fifteen.

At lunch in the wardroom the next day, we had chocolate ice cream. It was somewhat crystalline but not bad. I cannily gave the ship fitter a big bowlful, ostensibly for his services in making the pan and the beater but actually to get the word around that the officers were making ice cream in the wardroom. Nothing happened the first day, so on the second I gave the ship fitter another bowlful. Still no results. I began to worry. I called in Tommie Childs.

"Do you suppose," I asked, "that morale on this ship is so bad the men have even lost the conviction that they can beat the officers at anything?"

"Captain," he said, "I'll tell you frankly. They not only have *not* lost the conviction that they can lick the officers but they are licking you right now, and you might as well admit it."

"Well, I'm not licked yet," I said. "I know that what I'm trying to do is best for them, even if they don't know it."

Day after day, we went on making the crystalline chocolate in the wardroom, while the crew kept on with their canned fruit. We were on patrol most of the time. When we put into the lagoon, naval red tape frequently prevented our sending liberty parties ashore. The men grew restless. One day, at sea, a delegation waited upon me in the wardroom. It consisted of the chief bos'n's mate and the chief motor machinist's mate, both burly, bearded men. They stood before me, hat in hand, and pointed out that the main 40-mm.-ammunition locker, which doubled as a storeroom, was half full of canned beer. They knew, of course, that this beer was strictly for shore parties, as Navy Regulations prohibited the consumption of any alcoholic beverage on shipboard, but, they suggested, the men got ashore so seldom they ought to be allowed to drink beer on the ship. They bolstered their proposal with the traditional argument, "Other ships do it."

I was about to utter a resounding "No" when I noticed Tommie Childs signalling from outside the wardroom door. I excused myself and went on deck. Tommie drew me over to the rail and whispered, "Captain, I think this may be the solution to your ice-cream problem."

I reflected a moment, then drew myself up stiffly. "Are you hinting that I bribe them to make ice cream by letting them drink beer?" I asked righteously.

"No, no," he replied. "Nothing as crude as that. But if they started making ice cream of their own volition, wouldn't you feel a little more lenient on some other recreational matters?"

The proposition had merits, but I knew that if the ship *should* run aground or get into other trouble and it was discovered that we had been drinking beer on board, my naval career would be ruined. I could see the headlines "OFFICERS AND CREW OF GROUNDED SHIP HAD BEEN DRINKING, CAPTAIN ADMITS." Nevertheless, as I reentered the wardroom, I heard myself saying to the chiefs, "I'll think it over about the beer and let you know in a day or two."

The following afternoon, about two o'clock, I was respectfully summoned to the galley. There I found the cooks, plus a group of self-conscious young seamen, being chivied around by the two bearded chiefs. In the center of the crowd, I observed delightedly, was our old-fashioned ice-cream freezer, the can tightly covered, the wooden tub filled to the brim with fat, gleaming ice cubes.

One cook was sprinkling handfuls of table salt on them. On a nearby shelf I noted the Navy cookbook, open at the familiar ice-cream recipe.

The chief motor mac looked at me deferentially and asked, "Would you like to give her the first spin, Captain?"

"Proud to," I replied, and, taking a step forward, leaned over and gave the crank a couple of smart turns. A young seaman relieved me. I stood by for a while, beaming on the operation, and then departed happily for the wardroom, where I met Childs.

"Congratulations, Captain," he said.

"Thanks," I said. "And, incidentally, it's all right about the beer. Have the cooks cool some of it off and this afternoon give everybody not on watch one can apiece."

At four o'clock, there was a buzz of excitement on deck as a long line of men filed past the refrigerator in the galley

and each received an opened can of beer. I was excited, too, by the recent turn of events, and at five o'clock, when the steward's mates began setting the wardroom table, I was still excited. Stepping out on deck, I saw the bos'n's mate leaning on the rail staring dreamily out over the water. I went over and stood beside him. I knew he had already had his supper. "How was the ice cream?" I asked.

"Fine," he said. "Just fine, Captain."

"By the way," I said, "what kind was it?"

"Schlitz," he replied.

I retreated to the wardroom. Supper was on the table. I ate in silence, but when the dessert was brought in, I perked up. The ice cream was a creamy vanilla—the kind my family used to make Saturday afternoons on the back porch at home. I told Tommie Childs to see to it that the crew got a can of beer apiece every afternoon thereafter. That night, I slept as sweetly as any victorious admiral.

At supper the next day and for four succeeding happy days, we had the old-time vanilla, twice with my chocolate sauce. As far as I could see, we would go on making ice cream forever; we had one whole storeroom practically full of mix. On the seventh night, I got a shock. When the dessert came in, it was the old crystalline chocolate we had made in the wardroom pantry. I looked at Russ Sauers. He avoided my gaze. Apprehension seized me. I looked at Tommie Childs.

"We're having some trouble with the freezer," he said, finally.

"Well," I said, "it's something the ship fitter can fix, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid not," Tommie replied.

"Even if we've stripped the gears," I insisted, "I'm sure that the destroyer repair ship can make a new set."

"It's even worse than that, Captain."

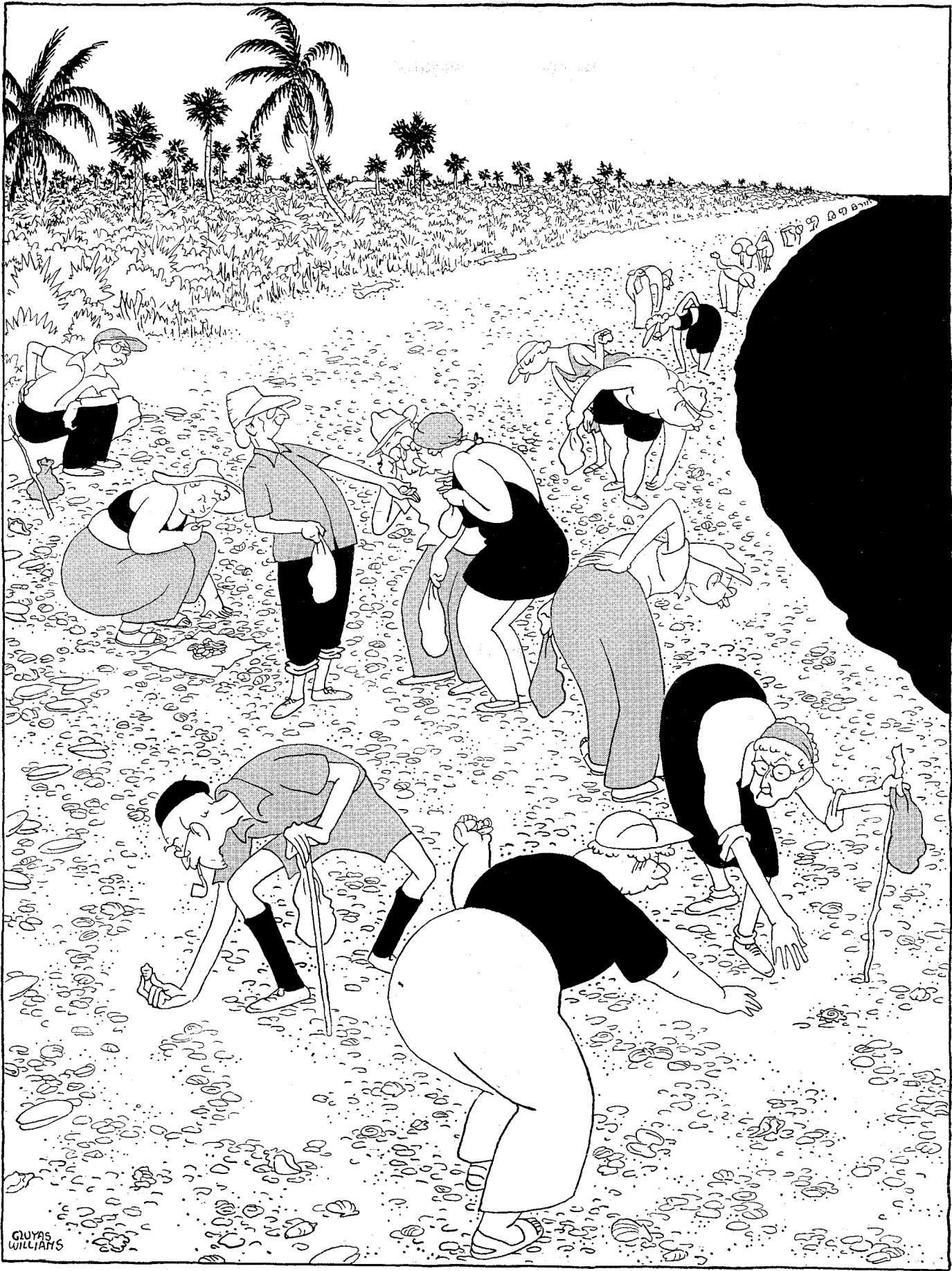
I didn't understand.

There was a long, long pause, and then Tommie said, "We've used up all the beer."

I said "Oh." As the full significance of the revelation came to me, I realized, at last, that I was beaten. Neither Tommie nor Russ Sauers said anything. The silence became embarrassing. I groped for an appropriate remark, wildly trying to recall what Napoleon had said at Waterloo or Lee at Appomattox. I couldn't remember. Finally, I did something I know was small and weak but something I've never particularly regretted. I went to the galley, got the Navy cookbook, and threw it over the side.

—JOHN W. HAZARD





AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Shelling on Sanibel Island

* * * PROFILES

FIVE~STAR SCHOOLMASTER~II

ON the afternoon of last October 25th, a Wednesday, General Omar Nelson Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was in a particularly good mood. Recent American history, like the authorized strength of our armed forces since 1915, has the silhouette of a roller coaster. The pause on each summit of felicity is so brief that its memory is left behind with the passengers' breath as they plunge down into the next dip, out of which they begin to rise before they know they have hit the bottom. That afternoon, Bradley may not have remembered the peak of joy on which we stood in the next-to-last week of June, when Senator Tom Connally, of Texas, had informed the press of an easing off of international tension, and John Foster Dulles, in Tokyo, had said the position in the Far East was "basically too one-sided"—on *our* side—to be dangerous. But he undoubtedly recalled the eleven weeks of strain in the Pentagon between June 25th, when the North Korean troops began to march, and September 15th, when MacArthur, with the aid of every corporal's guard and mine-sweeper the Joint Chiefs could scrape up for him, brought off the landing far in the enemy's rear at Inchon. Now we had reached another summit—no Everest, but a giddy height when we looked back at Taejon. From six to eight that evening, General and Mrs. Bradley were to give a reception at their home, No. 1 Fort Myer, Virginia, for the visiting members of the Military Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Bradley was at that time, under a system of rotation, chairman of the Military Committee. The Defense Ministers and military chiefs of the N.A.T.O. nations, who constitute the Defense Committee, were, in Washington for meetings, on their various levels, in which they were to contrive a shield for Western Europe. The mood of the meetings was reflected, and the mood of the Bradley party foreshadowed, on the first page of the *Washington Post* that morning. "ARMING OF EUROPE TO BE SPEEDED," the banner announced, and the pendent headline was "ARMS CHIEFS OF ATLANTIC POWERS CONFERENCE HERE—ARE MORE WILLING TO ASSIGN FORCES FOR COMMON DEFENSE DUE TO KOREA VICTORY." "The vital military meetings began on a rather unusual note," the *Post* story

said, "an evident willingness on the part of some smaller powers to do more than was asked of them." The cheeriness of the day also found expression in an Associated Press dispatch on a party given for President Truman in Forest Hills. Trygve Lie, the host, "expressed his desire for world mediation by asking a string trio to play 'East Side, West Side.'" An unnamed guest then asked the trio to play the Red Army song "Meadowland." "This pleased Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Y. Vishinski so much that he stood and toasted the orchestra in champagne," the story said, giving the strongest hint of reconciliation since Mr. Malik's first bull-hippo bellow at Lake Success last August.

The war in Korea was going brilliantly; United Nations troops had taken Pyongyang on October 19th, and the South Koreans were expected to reach the Manchurian border in another twenty-four hours. So many other United Nations powers had lately announced their intention of sending contingents to share in the pursuit that there seemed to be danger of a transport problem. Bradley, in his capacity as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, was naturally delighted by the triumph of American arms in Korea. As the N.A.T.O. chairman, in which capacity he was giving the party, he was especially happy because, now that the end of the Korean affair was in sight, he could devote his efforts to building up the defenses of Western Europe. In the General's opinion, for the Soviets to control Western Europe's airfields and industrial potential would endanger the security of the United States more than any other one thing that could happen. Moreover, he has a deep affection for Western Europe as the source of everything he likes best, from thoroughbred-horse racing and military science to the Protestant religious principles and the idea of due process of law. He has a personal association with it, too, because he went to a lot of trouble in 1944 and 1945, as Commander of the First Army and then of the Twelfth Army Group, to take it out of the hands of one ag-



General Omar Bradley

gressor, and he is not a man who likes to see his work go to waste. Further, General Bradley, though frugal, is gregarious and loves to give parties, and, since it was being given in the line of duty, somebody else was picking up the chit for this one, to which eight hundred guests had been invited. His earnings, including a forty-two-dollar-a-month subsistence allowance, amount to \$16,961 a year, which doesn't permit entertaining on such an opulent scale.

In his postwar Washington life, he has acquired a liking for the social gatherings that are in that city, which is almost without theatres and almost without pubs, the only dependable amusement. Henry Adams, writing of President Andrew Johnson's administration, remarked on how few things there were to do in Washington, and the situation has, if anything, deteriorated since. Mrs. Gwen Cafritz, a Washington hostess writing as a guest columnist for the *Washington Times-Herald's* Austine (who is Mrs. William R. Hearst, Jr.) last summer, described the social activities in a notable fashion:

It seems to me that without prejudice we are justified in considering the people here more significant from a bipartisan point of view than in any other city. . . . We Washingtonians are fantastically busy. We like to go to the Supreme Court on decision days, attend important hearings on the Hill. Colorful Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin had the loveliest ladies forgetting their glorious gardens for the best show in town. Everyone is proud of their spiritual resources and tries to be civic-minded and interested in worthwhile charities, but must attend four or five functions after sundown. Maybe the opening of an art exhibit, receptions and cocktail parties, then a mad rush for dinner. . . . Perhaps the gayest of all doings are the dances. These generally take place at lavishly decorated embassies or at the exclusive clubs. At these balls, you see Washington's great beauties, Mme. Henri Bonnet in a Dior creation, looking like a Goya portrait, Mrs. Joseph E. Davies with her immaculately-coiffed patrician head, wearing diamonds and pearls. . . . "best-dressed" Mrs. William R. Hearst, Jr., in garnet by Charlie James, and her ruby necklace. . . . Of course those of us who are so fortunate as to make our homes here are interested in Washington's serious side. We know that there is nothing static about the architectural grandeur that surrounds us, but that it houses a dynamic drama which we follow with

fierce intellectual passion and reverently hope for a fine future not only for our great country but the entire world.

Bradley's pleasure in parties, less fiercely intellectual than Mrs. Cafritz's, stems from an inexhaustible interest in the human species, which he might have gratified, had he remained in his native Missouri, by becoming an outstanding courthouse lounge. No aquarium in the world offers more varied or curious specimens for inspection than a Washington reception. When his duties keep him from such mass exhibitions of human peculiarities, Bradley likes at least to participate in dialogues—with Bernard Baruch about industrial mobilization, with a Wac about second-hand cars, with Cary Middlecoff about golf, or with an admiral of his own vintage about Army-Navy football. ("Army wasn't offside once," he said after the 1950 upset. "That shows the line wasn't on its toes.") When, through the open doors of his inner and outer offices at the Pentagon, he sees a bewildered-looking stranger in the corridor, he sallies out and gives him directions. Riding from the Pentagon to the White House in his official limousine, he once had his chauffeur stop to give a lift to two sailors who were carrying ice skates in August. The General asked them courteously where they were bound. They answered that they were on their way to hock the skates and go to an air-cooled movie. The General had them driven to a pawnshop after he had dropped off at the White House. Every year since 1947, he has attended the annual convention of the District of Columbia Bankers Association, at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and, as the lone depositor in the list of entries, he enters the golf tournament. He has won it twice.

To make this October 25th a complete orgy, Bradley knocked off work at two in the afternoon and played nine holes of golf in thirty-nine before going home to put on a freshly pressed uniform, with a cluster of five new silver stars on each shoulder—the kind he usually wears are not metal but are embroidered onto his uniforms—and five rows of ribbons, including those of the Grand Crosses of Ouissam Alaouite (Morocco) and of the Couronne de Chêne (Luxembourg), as well as a number of more commonplace decorations, such as Knight Commander of the Bath and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. He did not wear the Orders of Kutusov and Suvorov, both of which a grateful Russia awarded him after his arrival at

the Elbe in command of the Twelfth Army Group in the spring of 1945.

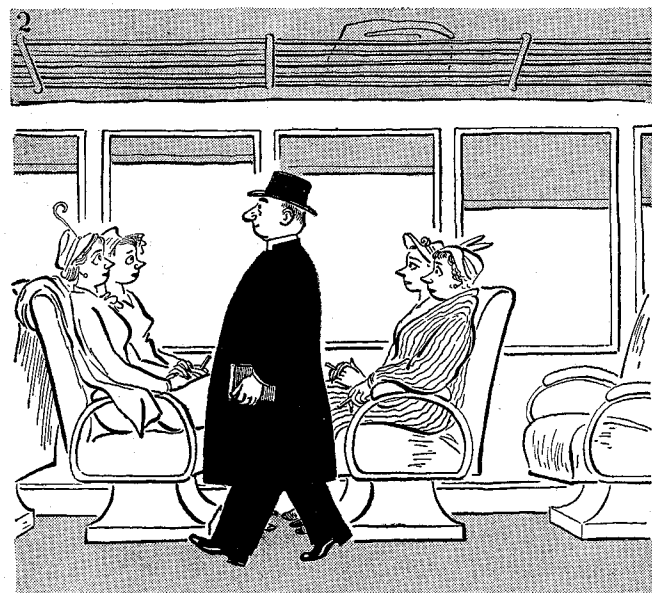
Receiving guests at the General's side that evening was Mrs. Bradley, a small, merry woman with a youthful figure and ginger hair. The Bradley party had been preceded by elaborate staff work. To preclude the possibility of any of the foreign guests' getting lost on the reservation, military police routed all cars entering Fort Myer past No. 1. In front of the house, guests were assisted out of their cars, which were then taken to a parking lot by Army drivers. Cars for departing guests were called up by radiotelephone. This system was so efficient that one lieutenant colonel and his wife who were trying to reach their own quarters were firmly waved on to No. 1, removed from their vehicle,

guided up the front steps, introduced to the Bradleys—who they hoped wouldn't remember them—and given a drink and a plate of Smithfield ham and turkey by a Bradley aide, also a lieutenant colonel, before they could explain they hadn't been invited.

The foreign guests, unerringly sorted out for introduction by Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., then foreign liaison officer of the Army, included, according to the *Washington Post* next day, "the British delegates—Fleet Admiral Lord Fraser of North Cape and Field Marshal Sir William Slim, both in dark-blue uniforms strung with campaign ribbons . . . ruddy cheeked with a determined dignity. Spectacled, khaki-clad Lieut. Gen. Efsio Marras, Army chief of staff of Italy, was gayer. . . . A



"I did shout for help, but the tide of battle suddenly changed in my favor, thank you."



long buffet table held hams and turkeys, shrimps and hundreds of hors d'oeuvres, and sandwiches, made right under your nose by the Bradleys' white-capped chef." The "chef" was Master Sergeant John A. Sabatini, mess sergeant at the Fort McNair Officers' Club. "All the working staff of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization had been invited to the fete, as well as the Ambassadors of the twelve Atlantic Pact countries and top-ranking Army, Navy, Marine, and Air Force officers and their wives," the *Post* continued. "The glamor of uniforms and ribbons paled in the light of the Dior gown worn by Mme. Bonnet, wife of the French Ambassador. Of finely-pleated satin, the ankle-length skirt was built over hoops at the hips, and a demure, turned-down collar finished the shirtwaist top." The official attendance, not including the lieutenant colonel and his wife, was six hundred and thirty.

Bradley's sense of well-being lasted through the next day. Then, on Friday morning, when he arrived at his Pentagon office at his customary eighty-third, he found disquieting information. Since early October, he had been getting reports that there were Chinese among the retreating and only sporadically resisting North Korean Communists. Now there was a substantiated report that South Korean troops had encountered solid units of Chinese in the vicinity of the town of Unsan. The General hoped the report did not mean what it very well might. In late August, when the opposing forces fighting around Pusan were almost in balance, Washington had taken alarm at certain indications of Chinese Communist intervention in Korea. Even limited intervention then might have turned the

scale, for the North Koreans at that time themselves constituted a sturdy fighting force. That peril had passed, the North Koreans had been shattered, and it didn't seem logical that the Chinese would come in now. Still, there some of them were. The dangers inherent in the position of the United Nations expeditionary troops were clear to anybody who looked at a map of the battleground. "Everybody who looked at that map was scared," the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs said later. "But it was the same map we'd looked at before we ever went in there."

Over the weekend, reports received at the Pentagon were even less amusing; MacArthur's intelligence officers had interviewed three Chinese Communist prisoners and decided that four regular Chinese Communist "armies" (about thirty thousand men apiece) were engaged with the United Nations forces. How many more Chinese there were between the Yalu River and the fighting line was not known. There was this time, as there often is, a gap of a few days between receipt of information at the Pentagon and its release to the press. The situation as reflected in the public prints still wore a smile. That junior organ of omniscience, *Newsweek*, sending to press the issue dated November 6th, included a full-page "Newsbeat" headed "Red Face Department: Nehru Bitter at Red China



Crossup." Kavalam Madava Panikkar, Indian Ambassador to China, it explained, had told Nehru that if the United Nations troops crossed the Thirty-eighth Parallel in Korea, the Chinese would intervene. Nehru had believed this report. "The latest diplomatic reports picture him [Nehru] as a confused and disgruntled man," *Newsweek* said. "The fact that the Americans, who are supposed to be ignorant of the workings of the 'Asian mind,' have correctly gauged Chinese intentions and accomplished a quick victory in Korea has also increased his resentment toward the United States."

On Saturday morning, the Chairman, keeping his thoughts about the situation in the appropriate, and carefully sealed, mental compartment, attended a meeting of the N.A.T.O. Defense Committee with General Marshall, in the green-and-gold conference cham-

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I'd look this young
at my age

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ber of the Departmental Auditorium Building, on Constitution Avenue. The meeting adjourned at one o'clock for a lunch of consommé, mixed grill, string beans, a green salad with Roquefort dressing, and butter-pecan ice cream with macaroons and ladyfingers. The meeting resumed after lunch and continued until six o'clock, when it adjourned again, so that official cars could ferry the delegates over to the Statler, for a reception at which Marshall and the Chairman were joint hosts. At the conference, Jules Moch, Defense Minister of France, put up such a lusty argument against asking the Germans to join the North Atlantic Army that the matter was deferred. In the evening, the Chairman, who was still musing about the Chinese, attended a dinner at the French Embassy in honor of Moch. Mme. Bonnet wore still another Dior gown.

Sunday, the Bradleys went to a cocktail party at the Washington home of Air Marshal Lord Tedder, chairman of the British Joint Services mission and one of the three members, with General Bradley and French General Paul Ely, of the Standing Group of the N.A.T.O. Military Committee. On Monday, the Defense Committee reached no decision on the German question, for Moch, unmollified, remained an unbudging minority of one. The Defense Committee decided to turn the matter over to the Military Committee (Bradley was then its chairman), which is the N.A.T.O. echelon just below it, and the Council of Deputies, which is the echelon just above it. This was a rare example of passing the buck in two directions at once. The Defense Committee, however, did make one decision; it agreed to accept Eisenhower as Supreme Commander of the West European Army, and Moch, in his determination to keep the Germans out, except in units smaller than divisions, promised to put a generous number of Frenchmen in.

It was on the morning of November 1st, one week after his party, that Bradley received conclusive evidence of what he and every other high-ranking American officer had feared since the beginning of the Korean fighting—full-scale Chinese intervention. Elements of the United States 1st Cavalry Division, his briefers told him, had been ambushed by Chinese Communist forces near Unsan, and had suffered heavy casualties. The division was in retreat. On Saturday, November 4th, the *Post's* society page carried the headline "GENERALS GO, BUT LOVE GOES ON." The headline, supported by the announce-

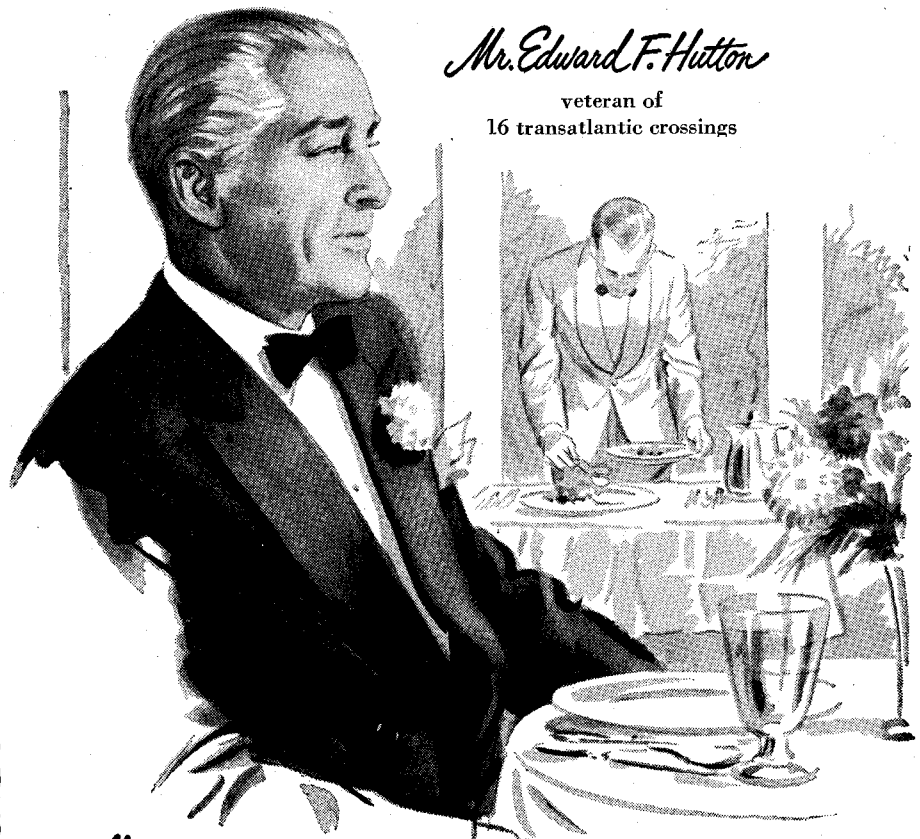
ment of several Washington betrothals, left General Bradley cold.

ARMY historians, imperturbably making their notes as they go along, have so far divided the Korean war into three phases: June 25th through September 14th, North Korean offensive; September 15th through November 3rd, United Nations offensive; November 4th up to the present, Chinese Communist offensive. This was not the schedule envisioned when November began. MacArthur, one of the four five-star generals in the United States Army—in order of seniority, they are Marshall, MacArthur, Eisenhower, and Bradley—had an authorization from the United Nations and a directive from the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff to restore order in all of Korea, so that free elections could be held under the auspices of the United Nations Commission accompanying his army. MacArthur had set November 15th for the beginning of his final cleanup offensive. According to a view propounded by some British and American critics after the event, MacArthur, having hit a lamppost—in this case, a Chinese lantern—on November 1st, should have called off his later attack. It seemed to him, however, that this second offensive would succeed, and his was the right to decide. "The American doctrine," to quote from General Eisenhower's "Crusade in Europe," "has always been to assign a theatre commander a mission, to provide him with a definite amount of force, and then to interfere as little as possible in the execution of his plans. The theory is that the man in the field knows more of the tactical situation than somebody removed by several thousand miles from the scene of action; and that if results obtained by the field commander become unsatisfactory, the proper procedure is not to advise, admonish, and harass him, but to replace him by another commander." Asked point-blank, this year, whether he thought MacArthur should have been removed because of events later in 1950, the Chairman said, spacing his words for emphasis, "No, I don't." The results obtained by MacArthur between July 1st and November 1st with the forces the Joint Chiefs assigned to him were satisfactory. And no one who knew Bradley's style as a field commander could have expected him to cramp a colleague's. Bradley is, among other things, the man who made the term "calculated risk" a part of the language after the Battle of the Bulge, in the

winter of 1944. That summer, trying to break through the German line in Normandy, he had pushed a whole army through the narrow corridor between Mortain and the coast town of Avranches, to get it where it could swing in on the enemy's rear. When the Germans threw a counterattack against this corridor, held only by one division, Bradley had a choice. He could either stop his hooking move and make sure of his gains up to then or he could gamble that the one division would hold while he tried for the jackpot. He took the calculated risk, the one division held, and he destroyed the German Seventh Army. The Bulge, for which the Chairman has always felt he was unjustly criticized, was an example of the same boldness; he manned the Ardennes front, in the center of his line, lightly, so that he could go into the offensive on his flanks. When the German blow came, it secured nothing of importance but exhausted what remained of the Nazis' striking power.

Discussing MacArthur's command in Korea, Bradley recently said, "You can't run a campaign unless you have the feel of it, and you can't get the feel of it seven thousand miles away. The doctrine is absolutely sound. You don't even tell a corps or division commander how to do his job when you have an army. You assign a mission, and it's up to the fellow to carry it out. Of course, if you are in a position to have a look and talk it over with the guy, you may make suggestions, but he doesn't have to take them." Bradley was so faithful to this principle that, according to a colonel on General Patton's staff, when he was reduced to a "one-army Army Group" during the Ardennes battle, he declined to interfere with the tactics of that army, the Third. "It's your army, George," Bradley told Patton, according to the colonel. "You fight it."

A factor that, in the light of military history, might have been considered, last November, unfavorable to General MacArthur's success as a field commander had not affected his performance. He was only a couple of months short of seventy-one. While it is true that Enrico Dandolo, Doge of Venice, when about eighty-five years old, in the year 1204, carried out a successful amphibious operation against Constantinople, a feat that stumped the forty-one-year-old Winston Churchill, as First Lord of the Admiralty, in 1915, the common experience of nations with aged commanders has not been happy. General Winfield Scott, as Commanding General of the Union Army at seventy-



Mr. Edward F. Hutton

veteran of
16 transatlantic crossings

*"The comparison is all in
favor of the
^{ss}America"*

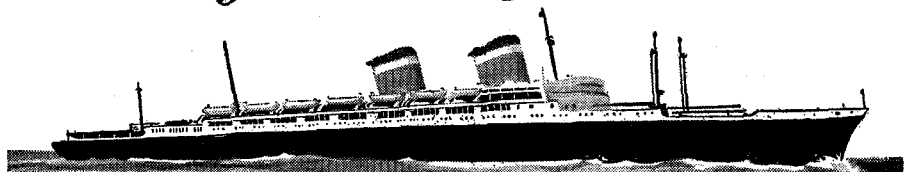
In his extensive travels, Mr. Hutton has stayed at the world's finest hotels and clubs. "Nowhere," he says, "do I ever find more pleasant or comfortable surroundings, finer food or more courteous service than the America provides. As an American, I'm proud of this magnificent ship and I also travel on her because I believe our country should have many more like her . . . the equal of any ships in the world."



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five, allowed the Confederacy to take a long lead off first in 1861, and General Maurice Gamelin, at sixty-eight, and General Maxime Weygand, at seventy-three, lacked incisiveness, even when they took counsel with the eighty-four-year-old Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain in the brief campaign that ended in the fall of France in 1940. A common failing of old field commanders is to take the word of subordinates about what is going on, and MacArthur—who, incidentally, did not get to Korea between November 25th and December 8th, the critical period of the battle he finally precipitated—seems to have been seriously misinformed. Nor was Tokyo, a few hundred miles from the front by air, perhaps the best place from which to get what General Bradley calls the feel of battle. MacArthur had an excellent subordinate in Korea, the late Lieutenant General Walton H. Walker, a spry, stubby sixty-one-year-old with the face of a smooth-shaven Santa Claus and a build like a half barrel of beer, but Walker, in his Eighth Army, commanded only part of our Korean troops. General MacArthur had set up the X Corps, under Major General Edward M. Almond, as an independent command on the eastern side of the peninsula, and Tokyo headquarters performed a kind of Roman ride on the otherwise unconnected expeditions. This arrangement, like the intelligence MacArthur was given, has, in retrospect, been criticized, but it was nothing new for that commander. "Every man runs his show his own way," General Bradley said recently, defending MacArthur's right to the split setup, which, he says, was intended to last only until Walker and Almond could make a firm junction. "In the Pacific in World War II, MacArthur would sometimes have a corps or a division out on an island, fighting, and maybe no army headquarters within hundreds of miles of it. And the nearest army might be dealing with an entirely different sort of problem. So MacArthur would run them all from the bench, and he made out pretty well. This seemed to him the same kind of situation."

November 15, 1950, was the date set for the offensive in Korea, and in the Pentagon the first two weeks of November were uneasy, but a visitor not in on the secret would have had a hard time knowing that they were. The Chairman pursued the uneven and, to a British or Continental military man, inexplicable tenor of an American military chief's ways. He prepared for one out-of-town public speech and one other

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out-of-town public appearance, prepared to testify before Congressional committees, presided at the Chiefs' deliberations, talked over the European project with his French and British co-members of the Standing Group, and collaborated with the Secretary of Defense on the main job of reanimating the armed forces. In this country ever since George Washington's time, the soldier has had to wheedle the civilian. In no other nation would the chief planner of defense go hundreds of miles from his post twice in a single critical week to make "appearances," as the Chairman did on November 16th and 17th. He had been invited, almost a year in advance, to address the annual convention of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association, in Atlanta, on the night of the seventeenth. He does not object to making such appearances; it's important that the press understand as much of the armed services' problems as is compatible with security, he says. The November 16th affair, once a mere speck on the Bradley horizon, had grown like a dust storm until it descended upon his air-conditioned Pentagon C.P. It began with an innocent-looking announcement from the United Daughters of the Confederacy, about to hold their annual convention in Richmond, that they had discovered the General's connection with the Lost Cause, through his Grandfather Bradley, a Confederate soldier, and had voted him the Cross of Military Service of the First and Second World Wars. The General's maternal grand-sire, a Hubbard, fought in the Union Army, but the Daughters generously overlooked this. One of his aides wrote back that the General was gratified, and when did they wish to come up to Washington to make the presentation? The Daughters replied that they expected the General at their convention. It would put the General out greatly, the aide replied; he would have to leave Fort Myer by automobile at four-thirty in the afternoon to get to Richmond in time for the presentation, at nine, and then would have to come right back to Washington, since he had to get up at six to board a plane for Atlanta. He wouldn't have to come down just for the presentation, the Daughters answered; he was welcome to come for dinner. The General went. At least, the Daughters were tactful toward their guest, as some of his hosts are not. At the Dutch Treat Club, a luncheon organization in New York, last year, the master of ceremonies, introducing the Chairman, said that Missouri had

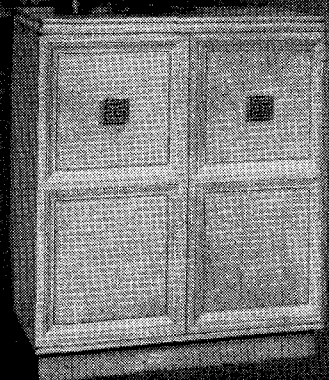
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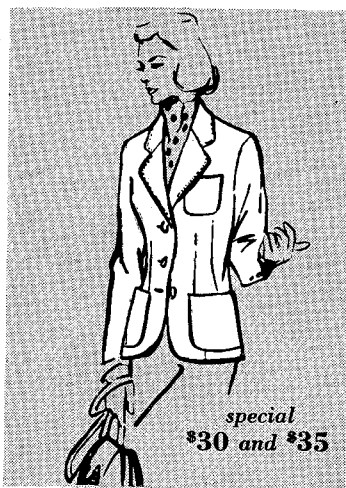
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produced three great soldier sons—General Pershing, General Bradley, and Captain Truman. “The only difference is the first two knew their stuff,” the pie-and-coffee Clausewitz elfinly announced. In addition to the fact that the President is the Chairman’s commanding officer, there is the fact that the Chairman likes him.

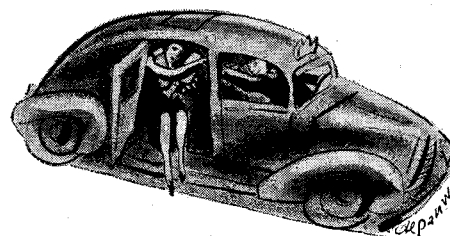
The Chairman has, since his return from the wars, made about fifteen “major” speeches a year, outside Congress—appearances like those at the Daughters and the Dutch Treat rate as minor chores—and though the research and a good deal of the writing on the long ones are done by his aides, each is designed to get some Bradley thesis before the public. In the aggregate, he must put in a fortnight a year on them. “When you send him in a speech or a letter,” Colonel Willis Small Matthews, his executive officer, says, “the General doesn’t waste time nit-picking about prepositions. It’s the sense he looks for, and if he makes a change, it’s a change in thought. So if he likes it, he sends it right out to you. If he doesn’t, he lays it away until he has time to think it out cold. It may be a couple of days before he’ll call you in again about it. Then there’s a major change to make.”

It is a difficulty inherent in the Chairman’s position that he cannot call off an appearance on the ground that an offensive has meanwhile been scheduled for the evening immediately preceding, but the conflict between General MacArthur and the Daughters of the Confederacy was averted. It was bad weather that prevented the jumpoff in North Korea on November 15th. The offensive did not get under way until the twenty-fourth. By November 27th, it was clear in the Pentagon that the offensive was a failure. The Chairman presided at an animated meeting of the Joint Chiefs that afternoon, and then went home to dress for a dinner the Bradleys were giving for the Bonnets. On November 28th, with MacArthur’s public acknowledgment of disaster already in the newspapers, the Chairman attended a meeting of the Joint Chiefs in the early afternoon, and then, with his colleagues, went to the White House for a conference with the President, the Cabinet, and the members of the National Security Council. “Every dog and his brother was there,” a young Pentagon officer reminisced disrespectfully not long ago. The first concern of the Joint Chiefs was to find out what had happened, and the second was to ascertain how much could be

salvaged from the mysterious defeat. The question of whether it could have been avoided, which became instantly of such importance to the administration and its critics, was of less immediate interest to the military command. After the session, General J. Lawton Collins, the Army Chief of Staff, departed for Korea to look things over. A few days later, he returned with a modicum of cheer; most of the remaining bits and pieces could be saved, and there was still a good fighting army on the peninsula, which could be brought back to a strong position of defense. There had, of course, been heavy casualties and a considerable loss of matériel. Talking about it later, the Chairman said, “MacArthur got caught pretty scattered out. But he didn’t lose any of it. He got it out, all right.” Even when it became clear that there still was a husky United Nations army left in Korea, however, the Chairman knew that the roller-coaster car had hit another dip. “I mightn’t have done everything the way he did,” he said. “Probably wouldn’t. But he was there.”

Some members of the President’s civilian entourage angrily denounced MacArthur as the author of their sorrows. They told anybody who would listen that the Wisconsin Mikado had assured the President, at the Wake Island conference, that the Chinese Communists would not come in, and that if they did he could “slaughter them.” Talking the story over with a visitor a bit later, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs said, “Everybody at the Wake Island conference was confident the Chinese would stay out. It looked as if, if they had wanted to come in, they would have done it in August. If we had believed we were giving him a directive that had become impossible to carry out, we would have changed it. We didn’t. If we had thought he deserved to be relieved, we would have relieved him. We didn’t.”

THE December that followed must have reminded the Chairman at times of the Dark December of the Battle of the Bulge, six years earlier, when he had been there. On December 23, 1950, General Walker was



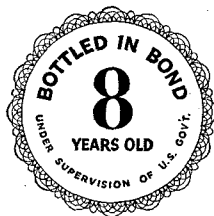
killed in a jeep accident. The Pentagon had not foreseen this end for him; it had lived in daily expectation of his death by enemy action. Walker had an inspiring but dangerous attribute—"absolute courage," the Chairman calls it. "If the Reds had ever pushed the Eighth Army into the sea," a young officer who served with Walker in the Second World War recently said, "Old Johnny would have been the last man on the beach, slugging with a baseball bat." In Korea, he used to drive in his jeep through great stretches of guerrilla-infested territory, far from American units, with no escort but his driver and no armament but a shotgun loaded with slugs resting on his lap. Observing the way Walker operated, General Collins, on his first trip to the front, in July, became convinced that the Eighth Army chief would eventually be killed, and the Pentagon asked MacArthur then what general he wanted as a successor to Walker in the sad event of his death. MacArthur named Lieutenant General Matthew B. Ridgway, No. 13 on the generals' list (Walker was No. 11). The dispatch of Ridgway to Korea thus became automatic, like the reunion of the X Corps and the Eighth Army shortly after, when the Corps had been evacuated from Hungnam by sea. This meant that Almond no longer received orders from Tokyo; Ridgway was his superior. "That would have happened just the same if Walker had been alive," Bradley says. Neither move was meant to "clip MacArthur's wings," according to Bradley.

This period during which Generals MacArthur and, under his command, Ridgway, with the United Nations troops, labored to restore the military situation in Korea coincided in part with the term of General of the Army Dwight David Eisenhower's mission to Western Europe in behalf of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. While Eisenhower, the uninhibited salesman, took the road to sell Europe the idea that defense was feasible, former President Herbert C. Hoover and a number of Republican senators in this country announced their certainty that a commitment of troops to Europe would be wasteful because the Continent couldn't be held anyway. Eisenhower's return to active service had completed the reactivation of one Army echelon—the five-star generals. Marshall, MacArthur, Eisenhower, and Bradley were all now back in uniform. The return of Eisenhower was a considerable solace to Bradley, whose association with the former Supreme

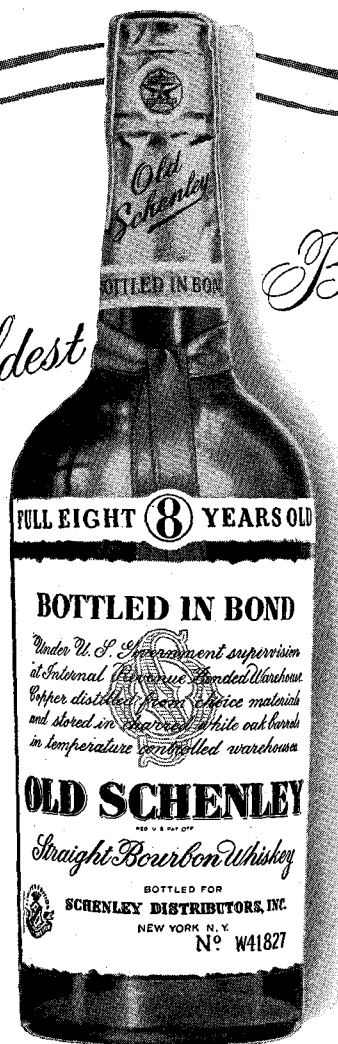
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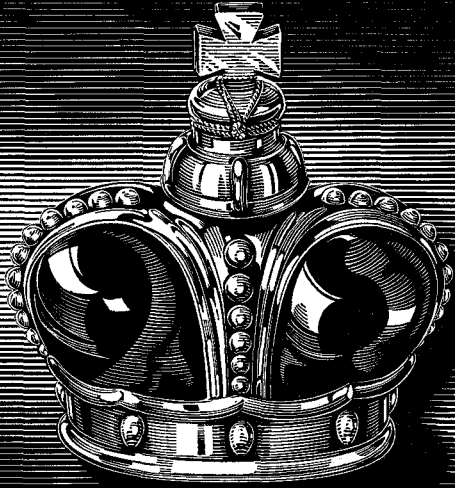
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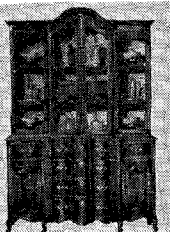
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Bradley and Eisenhower encountered each other for the first time at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, on an unusually warm spring day in 1911, when appointees and alternates from Kansas and Missouri assembled there to take entrance examinations for the West Point Class of 1915. They were unaware of each other's name, but as all the candidates attacked their written examinations in the same large room and all of them looked up occasionally from the agonizing questions to gaze in horror at their fellow-sufferers, it is likely that the two future five-star generals looked into each other's face. It would take a mathematical prodigy to figure the odds against the chance of a West Point class producing two Generals of the Army—a rank attained or surpassed by only nine officers in American history—and whatever they are, they would have to be multiplied by ten or more to get the price against both coming from a batch of boys taking the same regional examination. Eisenhower was a senatorial appointee from Kansas, Bradley an alternate from the Second Congressional District of Missouri. Each representative in Congress then had the right to name one candidate to West Point annually, and each senator the right to name two; each congressman could also name two alternates for each candidate he selected. It is likely that Eisenhower, who was nearly twenty-one and a first-string choice, felt more confident than Bradley, who was eighteen and a half and a second-string choice. Bradley had come to St. Louis on a Wabash Railroad pass provided for him as an employee of the line's repair shops in Moberly, Missouri, in which he had been working for several months. He was a tall, stringy boy with a wide mouth and a heavy chin, and he wore his hair low in front to minimize the height of his forehead. He thought so little of his chances that he would not have gone to St. Louis if he had had to pay his fare.

Having lived until he was fourteen years old in the country, where his father farmed and taught a rural school, young Bradley, moving into Moberly (1910 pop. 10,000) with his mother after his father's death, at first found it too urban. St. Louis, seen from a streetcar on his way from the railroad station to Jefferson Barracks, overwhelmed him. He stumbled through the English and history questions, worked the algebra problems laboriously by mental arithmetic (in itself evidence of a mathematical

gift), and foundered on geometry. It was a hot day. He sat staring in desperation at the questions and then decided it was no use and that he might as well clear out and have a stretch and a stroll before catching his train home. He gathered his papers and walked up to the proctor to turn them in. The proctor, however, had gone to sleep, his head on his arms. The boy from Moberly was too polite to disturb him. He tiptoed back to his seat, began looking at the geometry problems again, and in the end, to make time pass in purgatory, had a stab at them. When the examination period came to an end, he handed in his papers and headed for Moberly, as Eisenhower headed back to Abilene, Kansas.

Moberly, in north-central Missouri, is the seat of Randolph County, one of a cluster of half a dozen counties known collectively as Little Dixie, because of their Civil War sympathies. They lie nearly straight west from the Abraham Lincoln country in Illinois and, like it, were settled by immigrants from Kentucky. The Kentuckians who considered the free-state atmosphere of Illinois uncongenial went on to Little Dixie. It therefore had a determinedly Southern atmosphere, and young Omar's Grandfather Bradley, the Confederate soldier, was a better social reference than his Grandfather Hubbard, who had fought for the Union. The General now finds the two grandfathers equally handy. "I can make a speech anywhere," he says. Mrs. Bradley and her boy were less than comfortably off, even by small-town standards. She had moved to Moberly so that Omar could go to high school and she could make a living; she did sewing and he had the conventional newspaper route to earn spending money. They lived on the right side of the tracks and were as respectable as anyone else. They attended one of Moberly's two Christian (sometimes called Disciples of Christ, or Campbellite) churches. In the two years before his West Point examination, Omar had not missed a Sunday in church, and his earlier lapses had been due to disasters like the measles and the mumps. Across the street from the Bradleys lived a Mr. Quayle, who was a United States deputy marshal in Moberly. Mrs. Quayle had had a Confederate father. In fact, he had fought with General Edmund Kirby-Smith's Brigade, which was the last to surrender and, rather than live under the Union, retired to Mexico at the end of the war, its members taking their families along. Mrs. Quayle could still remember the

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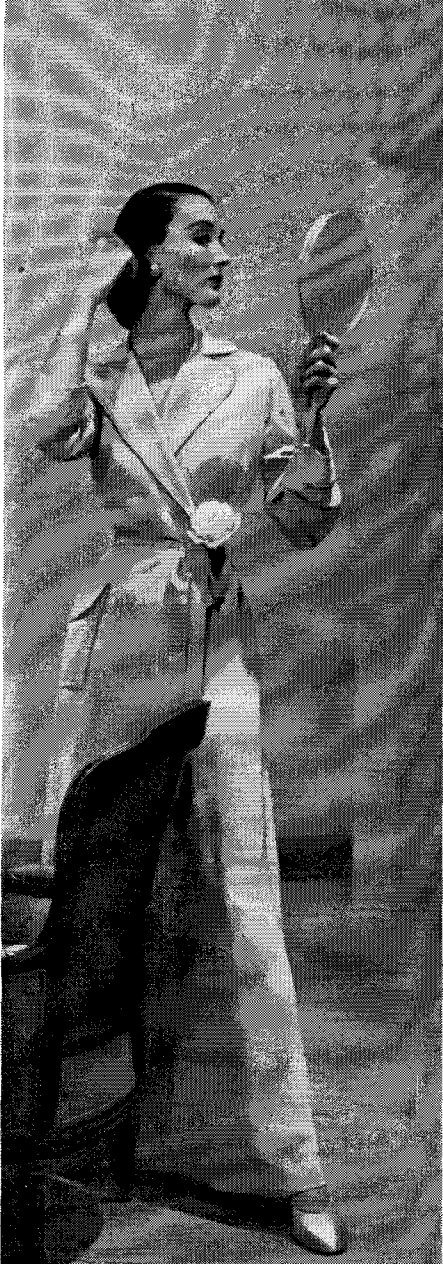
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trek back. Mary Elizabeth, one of the Quayles' two daughters, was in Omar's class at high school and was his girl almost from the day the Bradleys moved into the house across the way. They went to school together in the morning and came home together in the afternoon, except when there was baseball practice. A Moberly woman who was their contemporary in high school says she doesn't remember either having a date with anybody else.

Omar was saved from even the whispered imputation of being a mama's boy by his remarkable skill at games. He had the eye, the coordination, the long, loose muscles, and the temperament of a first-class baseball player, and in 1908, when he was fifteen years old and a sophomore, was already a regular on the nine that represented the high school, dividing his time between first base and the outfield. After graduation, Omar went to work in the Wabash shops for thirteen cents an hour, with the idea of saving up enough money during the summer to go to the state university or a teachers' college—he wanted at times to be, like his father, a schoolmaster—but as the money didn't pile up high enough, he took a job in the shops that fall, planning to go on to college the following year. That year, Mary Quayle went away to normal school. In the spring, college seemed as far off as ever for Omar. The superintendent of Omar's Sunday school, a man named John Crewson, whose fascinating weekday vocation was moving houses, asked Omar why he didn't try for West Point, which offered a good education free. This was the inducement that brought both Ulysses S. Grant and Stonewall Jackson to the Hudson's banks. Omar was tempted to have a try at the minor baseball leagues, but Crewson craftily pointed out that at West Point he could play baseball and at the same time get an education, and in a good Christian environment. Omar was dubious; he had heard that you needed political pull. Crewson persisted, and Bradley finally sat down and wrote to the congressman from the Second District of Missouri. He got a reply informing him that he had been made one of two alternates to the boy whom the congressman had already named as his first choice. Bradley was now rather sorry he had written, because Crewson made him spend his evenings reviewing all his high-school subjects, which was painful after a shift in the railroad shops.

A few days after his return from St. Louis, Bradley got the news that while

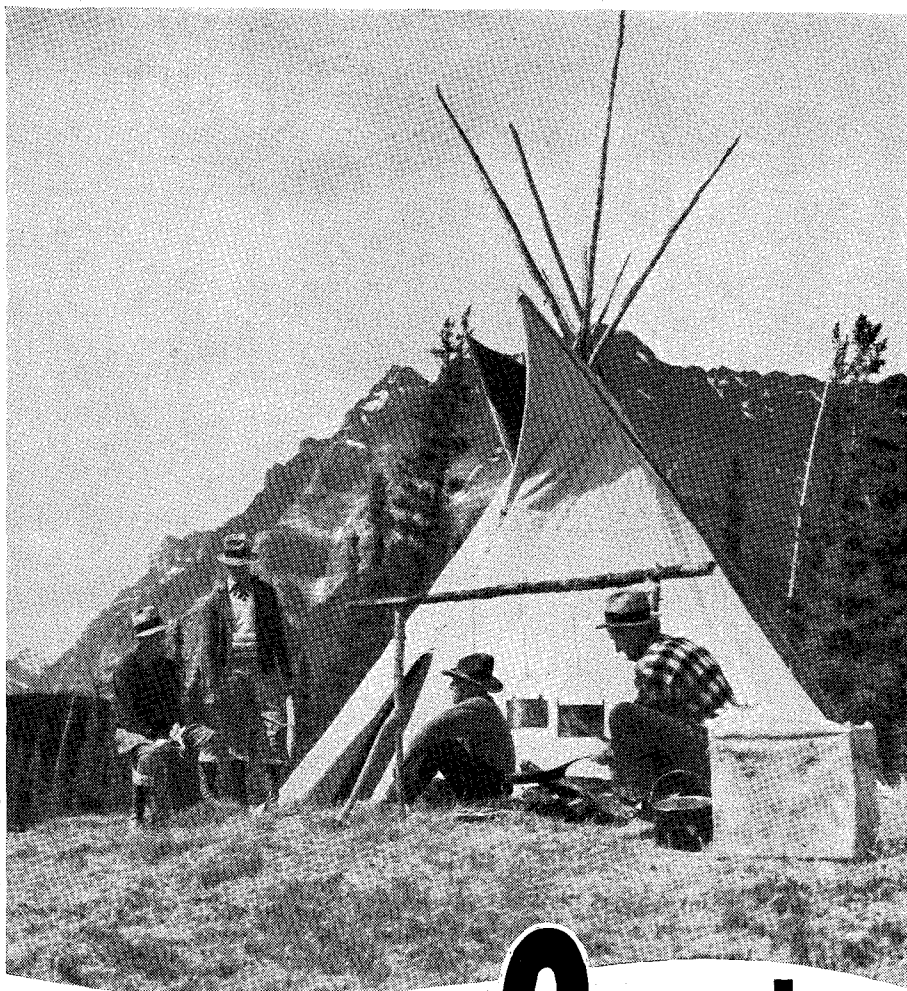
he had just squeaked by, the appointee had flunked badly and the other alternate had failed to pass the physical examination. He was to go to West Point. From this experience, Bradley learned that it pays to be polite—if he hadn't been, he would have broken in on the proctor's nap. His courtesy has become so ingrained that when in Sicily, in 1943, an aide accidentally discharged a pistol as the General was handing it to him, the startled Commander shouted, "Put that damned thing down, Chet! Please."

Testifying before the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee on Preparedness in January, 1951, Bradley, now Chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff and therefore the highest-ranking American military officer, said, in answer to a senator who wanted a high draft age, "I entered the Army at eighteen and a half, and I have never regretted it." When he reached the Academy, in June, 1911, he was as raw a beast (a beast is a newly arrived plebe, or what is called in "cit" language a freshman) as ever a yearling (i.e., sophomore) braced (stood up against a wall amid shouted injunctions to assume impossible attitudes). "We were both on the raw side," Eisenhower said recently, picturing himself and Bradley at West Point, "and I, for one, have remained eternally the Boy of the Plains."

ON the Moberly baseball team, Bradley had been a perfectionist. He bawled out one schoolmate so hard for misplaying a line drive that he wouldn't come to an Omar Bradley Day celebration in Moberly thirty-five years later. At the Point, Bradley lost some of this impatience, and he learned, to his satisfaction, that he got on well with a large, heterogeneous assortment of men. He had a hard time hanging on at first. But he had something that served as a social *carte d'entrée*—the best throwing arm seen at the Academy up to then. He was on the squad all his four years, and won his letter in 1915. He was caught napping off first base in his first Navy game, in 1913, in which he played left field. This catastrophe occurred in the ninth inning, when Army was trailing, 1-0. However, his teammates scored twice and won, 2-1, saving the future Chairman from the obligation of committing suicide; and he got two hits in the 1914 game (Army 8, Navy 2) and saved the 1915 contest by a throw from deep left field to the plate, cutting off a Navy runner with the tying tally. (Army 6, Navy 5). Bob Neyland, now football

coach at the University of Tennessee, pitched all three victories. Bradley came along with a rush scholastically in his last two years, finishing forty-fourth in a graduating class of a hundred and sixty-four. Militarily, he wound up, after three years as a cadet private, or clean-sleeve (no chevrons), by making sergeant, first sergeant, and, finally, cadet lieutenant in "F" Company. The Chairman-to-be put on twenty-five pounds during his first year on the abused West Point food, and in his third and fourth Academy autumns, when he went out for football, he weighed a hundred and seventy-three. He won his letter on the 1914 team, the first unbeaten eleven in Army history, and played center for part of a game that warranted the unusual headline "WEST POINT FINDS NOTRE DAME EASY." In 1913, Chicago and Wisconsin had introduced an innovation that more conservative schools found distasteful—numbering the players. Army and Navy had not adopted it by 1914, and, as one sportswriter said the morning after the Army-Navy game, "For most of the spectators, the identity of different players who flashed into prominence by various valorous deeds was a great mystery." Army won, 20-0, after a game in which the Cadets made two eighty-yard marches down the field while a player identified by the football writers as West Point's candidate for All-American center, John McEwan, opened beautiful holes for the ballcarriers. McEwan was really Bradley, who had been substituted for McEwan. McEwan, who, like Neyland, became a famous football coach, occasionally encounters Bradley, and he customarily introduces him as "the guy who made All-American for me." Bradley's response is to the effect that it was a pleasure, that he couldn't have made it for himself anyway.

Eisenhower, after a brilliant beginning as a halfback, got a knee injury during the 1913 season, which forced him to give up football. The knee has bothered him fitfully ever since. Like Bradley, however, he won his varsity letter. There was a correlation between football and eventual eminence in the Class of 1915. Fourteen of its members won football A's, and seven of these attained a permanent rank of major general or better. The hundred and fifty other members of the class produced only seventeen major generals. The two most illustrious generals of the class were not the best football players; neither Bradley nor Eisenhower was a first-team man. This may mean that if a West Pointer is a great



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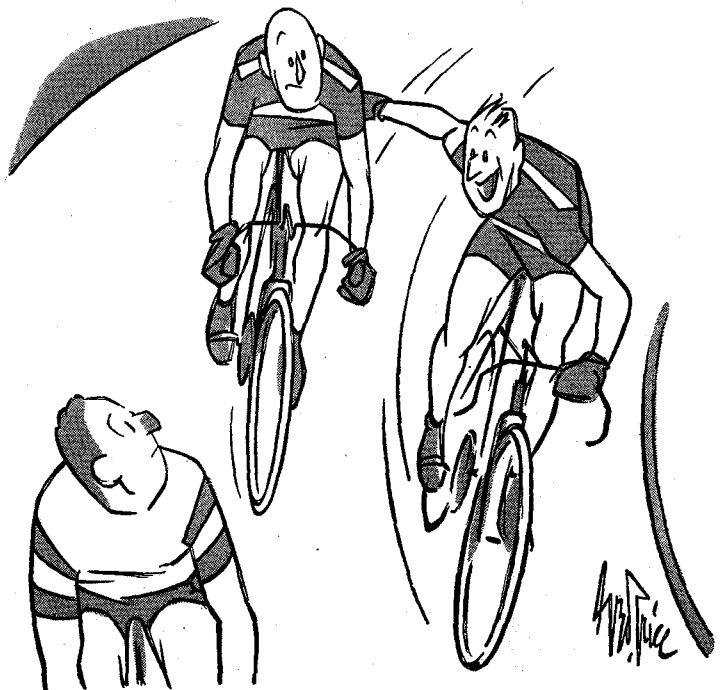


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football player, he becomes a coach, while if he is merely good, he becomes a General of the Army.

Quite aside from its football prowess, West Point between 1911 and 1915 was a notable institution. The Point and Annapolis were the only two major institutions of higher education the majority of whose undergraduates did not expect to get rich; a student who, like Briton Hadden or William Benton at Yale, announced that he intended to make a million dollars and retire young would have been regarded as eccentric. The teaching staff was small; the "Academic Departments" section of the 1915 *Howitzer*, the West Point senior annual, lists sixteen faculty members, including the superintendent, Colonel Clarence P. Townsley, Coast Artillery Corps, U.S.A., West Point '81. All the professors but one had been Regular Army officers. Lieutenant Colonel Lucius H. Holt, Yale, 1902; M.A., Yale, 1904; Ph.D., Yale, 1905, Professor of English and History, was the only import from the academic world. The Army for which the Academy prepared its students resembled Sherman's, of 1865, more than it did the German Army that was to invade Poland in 1939. There were five branches of service for which cadets could prepare—Engineers, Coast Artillery, Field Artillery, Infantry, and Cavalry—of which the Coast Artillery and the Cavalry (except as a self-contradictory label for a motorized unit) have since disappeared. The Field Artillery was horse-drawn. There was no military aviation, and tanks and airborne troops did not exist. Other professions—law, for example—have been static compared to the soldier's. Even medicine has probably changed less in the last forty years. The alumni of the Academy, with its austere, limited curriculum, have had to be a particularly adaptable group of men.

The First World War, which broke out shortly before early football practice started in 1914, was discussed like a sporting event by the cadets; they argued about it and were partisan about it, just as they were about the World Series between the Braves and the Athletics. In the beginning, perhaps more of them



fancied the Germans than the Allies to win; the Germans were supposed to have got military science down cold. Even in the spring of 1915, after the Lusitania had been torpedoed, it was not considered a reproach to say of a cadet friend that he wouldn't hear a word against the Kaiser.

The students in those days spoke a language peculiar to themselves. To "max" was to meet with maximum success, to "gum" was to get balled up, to "speck" was to commit to memory, a "spoonoid" was "a bear with the ladies," the transitive verb "to crawl" meant what Second World War troops were to signify by "chew out." West Point's favorite author then, in both prose and verse, was Kipling. The font of sophistication was the Astor, the flashy new hotel adopted by the Army as New York headquarters from the day it opened, in 1904.

Let us watch our newly-fledged second classman nervously making his way down the hill to the railroad station—vacation bound [a contributor to the 1915 *Howitzer* wrote]. In his very attitude one can see the painful consciousness of his civilian clothes. He feels that all eyes are on that rainbow-hued scarf which the cadet store clerk assured him was the last word in neckwear. It is the last word all right—of a dying screech owl. He feels strangely undressed with his trousers flapping at half mast. The comfortable feeling of a wad of woolen sock around his ankle is gone. For now his silken hose are stretched smoothly up his calves and held there, wrinkleless and immaculate, by strange contrivances of rubber. This, coupled with the absence of his massive kaydet brogans, makes his feet feel so light that he walks as if he were continually going upstairs. His brilliant yellow shoes torture him dreadfully and as he hurries along, a shiny new suit case in each hand, we perceive in his eyes a hunted look—for he doubts very much if his precariously balanced straw hat stays on until he reaches the station.

He has arrived in New York now. In some unaccountable manner he has found his way to the hotel. Triumphant he enters the lobby. Except that he saluted the taxi starter and reported "All right" to the doorman, he has acquitted himself nobly so far. Confidently he approaches the desk, and looks the clerk straight in the eye. It is plain to see that the clerk has no bluff on him! "May I ask a question, sir?" Horrors! He has tied it up after all. Blushing furiously, he turns away, overcome by his wretched faux pas. Quite frustrated, he mops his fevered brow. He shoves his handkerchief up his sleeve, but noticing a derisive smile on the face of the girl in the newsstand, he guiltily withdraws it and stuffs it in his trousers pocket. When will he get used to these cit clothes? But suddenly a brilliant idea strikes him and he makes a dash to that well-known refuge just outside the Stag Room. At last he has discovered the sovereign remedy for stage fright. After one or two visits

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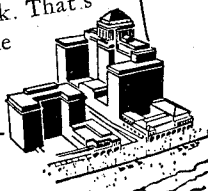
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Cadet Sergeant Eisenhower, a bear at English and History, wrote the character sketch of Cadet Lieutenant Bradley that appeared in the 1915 *Howitzer*. Each graduate's sketch began with what the compiler considered an appropriate quotation. "True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes—Anon" was the one he chose, or composed, to fit "Brad." "His most prominent characteristic is 'getting there,'" Eisenhower wrote, "and if he keeps up the clip he's started, some of us will some day be bragging to our grandchildren that 'sure, General Bradley was a classmate of mine.'" Each cadet was pictured in two photographs, a studio portrait and an informal snap. The studio portrait with the text shows a dead-serious, heavy-browed boy, hair now brushed off the high forehead and parted on the right. The informal pose displays a loose-jointed, long-limbed baseball player about to hit out a fungo fly. "His greatest passion is baseball; football and 'F' Co. come next in order of rank," the text by Eisenhower has it. "In baseball many an opposing player has trifled once with Brad's throwing arm, but never twice. And a batting average of .383 is never to be sneezed at. . . . He swears at, by, and for the Second Battalion Flankers, and witness his now famous remark—'Sir, I would rather be first sergeant of 'F' Co. than captain of any other company.'"

Cadet Eisenhower was an "F" Company man himself. "We were a rough lot," he recalls now. He was decidedly less fortunate than Bradley in his *Howitzer* biographer—Paul Hodgson, a fellow-Kansan and his roommate. The quotation Hodgson used, which was one he invented and attributed to Eisenhower himself, was "Now, fellers, it's just like this. I've been asked to say a few words this evening about this business. Now, me and Walter Camp, we think . . . Himself." The sketch began, "This is Señor Dwight David Eisenhower, gentlemen, the terrible Swedish-Jew, as big as life and twice as natural. He claims to have the best authority for the statement that he is the handsomest man in the Corps and is ready to back up his claim at any time. . . . Said prodigy will now lead us in a long, loud yell for—Dare Devil Dwight, the dauntless Don." Eisenhower, after his football injury, had become the Corps cheerleader. The "Swedish-Jew," a bit of pure fantasy,

has, like the "Señor," led to occasional confusion ever since. Eisenhower has no Jewish or Swedish or Spanish blood—his ancestry is predominantly German and Swiss—and he has had to say so in answer to a number of letter writers. "It's not that I'd mind being Spanish, or Jewish, or Swedish," the General says. "It's just that I'm not."

YOUNG Bradley was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry in the Regular Army on June 12, 1915; and less than a year later went back to Moberly on leave and married Mary Quayle. Their parents having since died, the Bradleys are without Moberly ties. The General was an only child, and Mrs. Bradley has only one sister, who now lives in eastern Oregon. The Army became the young couple's home. Bradley and Eisenhower saw each other little between their graduation and the day in 1943 when Major General (temporary) Bradley reported to General (temporary) Eisenhower in Algiers. Neither went overseas in the First World War, and both thought their roads to advancement barred by this ill luck. To General Eisenhower's and General Bradley's best recollection, they never served on the same post between wars. "Bradley always managed to get somewhere he could shoot and keep in condition," Eisenhower says. "He has a mania for exercise." Bradley's last pre-Second World War tour of duty in Washington was in 1940, when, as a lieutenant colonel, he was Assistant Secretary of the General Staff, in the Office of the Chief of Staff. "Brad was never one of your long-winded citizens," a colleague of those days says. "He just did his work." Bradley had relaxed considerably since his Sunday-school days. He had learned to like a sociable tumbler of bourbon—he had his first drink when he was thirty-three—and a friendly, "non-gambling" game of twenty-five-cent-limit poker. His definition of gambling, acquired from his first regimental commander, is "playing cards for more money than you can afford to lose." Usually he wins, which he considers even less sinful than losing small amounts.

When Bradley departed for Africa in 1943, he was less well known than Eisenhower had been at his departure, a year earlier. Bradley's being dispatched was the result of a collaboration between one of his old superiors, Marshall, and his old classmate Eisenhower. They had decided that Eisenhower needed an American general to keep

Admiral

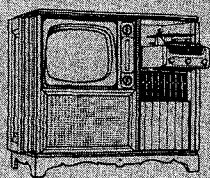
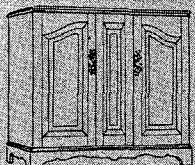
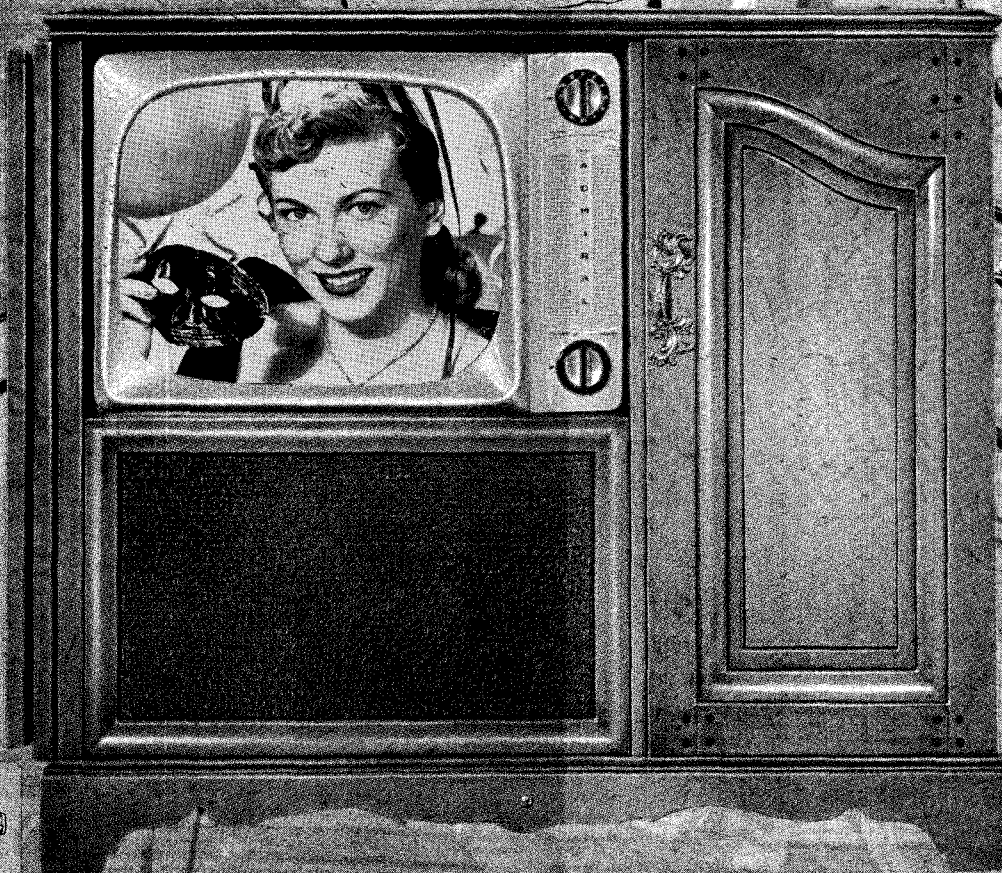
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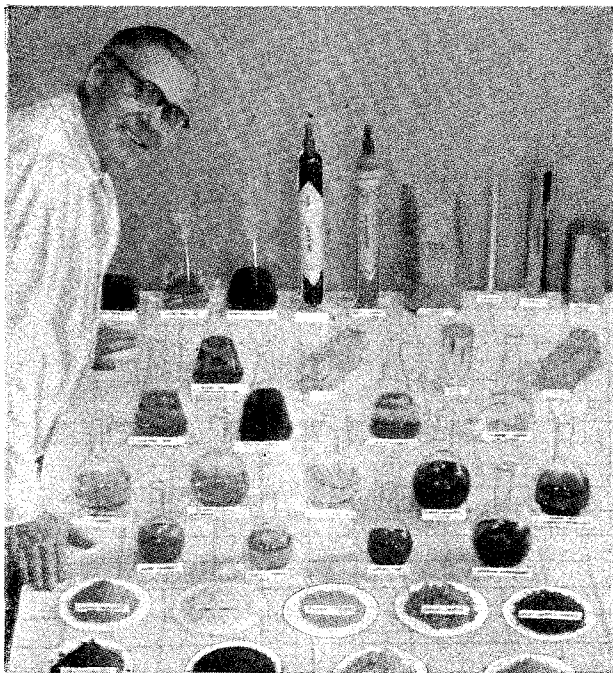


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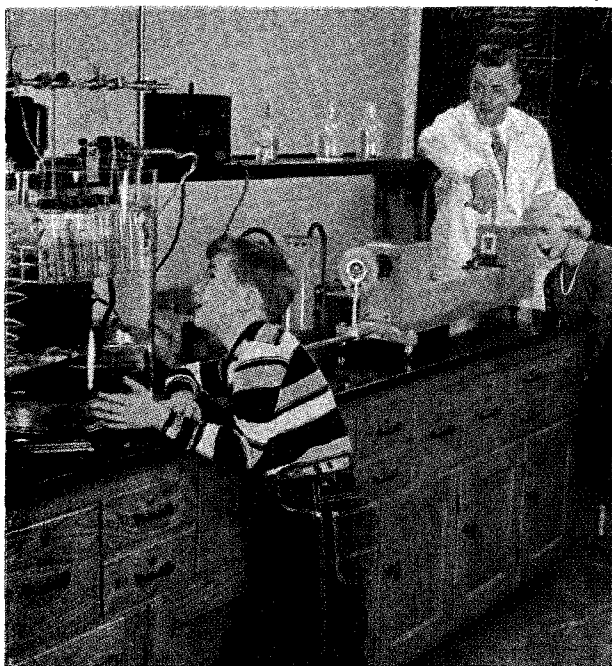
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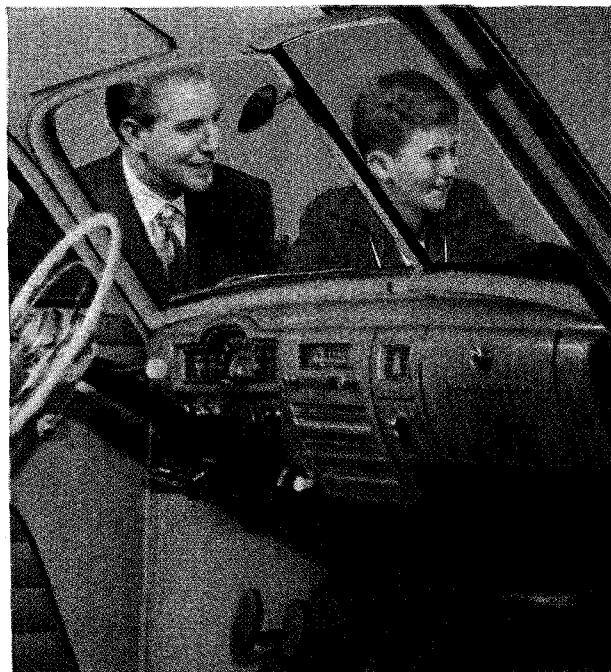
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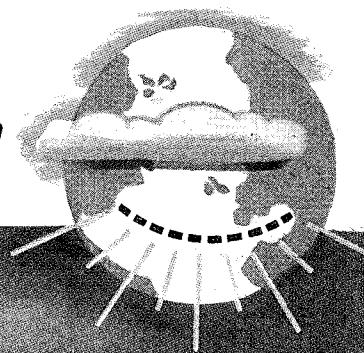
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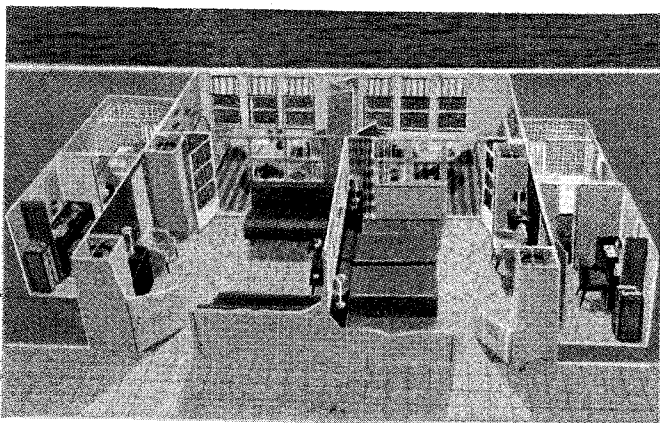
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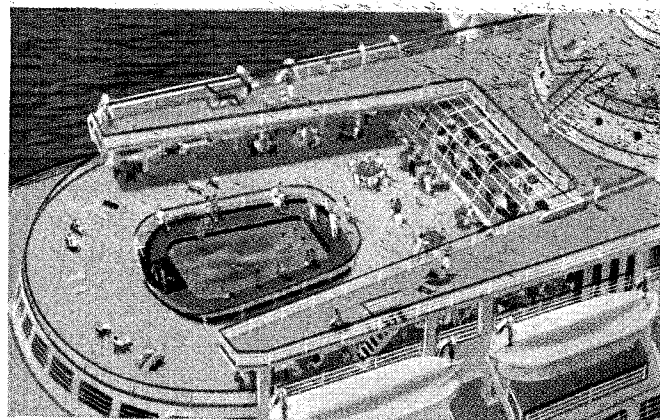
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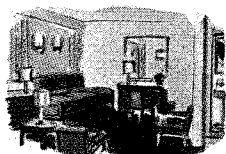
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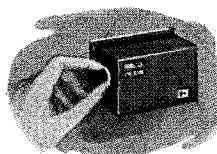
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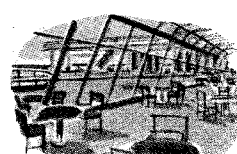
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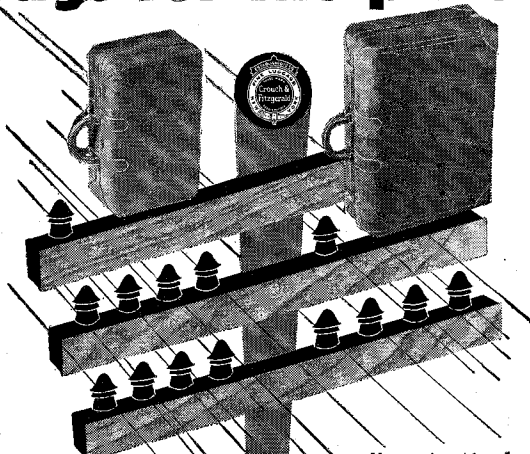
him in intimate touch with the front. Eisenhower submitted a list of men he would be pleased to have. Bradley's name was on the list, and Marshall sent him. When he returned to the United States, twenty-eight months later, he had had a career that was to be summarized by Congressman Dewey Short (R.), of Missouri, in an assemblage of monochromatic words that a lesser talent would find it hard to equal:

In 1943 he was called to North Africa to command the Second Corps, and with the help [not inconsiderable] of the British First and Eighth Armies, that Second Corps alone captured more than 40,000 prisoners. The day after the collapse of the Afrika Korps, General Bradley was on his way to Algiers to plan the invasion of Sicily which quickly followed and was most successful. [There were, Congressman Short might have noted, some other planners.] Then, in 1944, when it became necessary to invade Europe and crack the Nazi wall, General Eisenhower in his wisdom chose Omar Nelson Bradley, who was then head of the First Army, to land on the Normandy beaches, to plow through St. Lô, and jump over the hedgerows of France to Paris, and quickly liberate that entire country. After the successful Battle of the Bulge, and after cracking the Siegfried Line and reaching the Rhine, Omar Bradley turned over the command of the First Army to General Hodges, to assume over-all command of the Twelfth Army Group. [He had, as a matter of fact, taken command of the Twelfth Army Group while still jumping over hedgerows, in August. Mr. Short was, however, better informed than a prominent senator, who as late as this January was under the impression that General Bradley had served as General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff.] ... Bradley does not boast. He looks after his men. He is selfless and only wants to win for his country. God never made a better man. ... General Omar N. Bradley had under his command more than 1,300,000 ground troops, the largest ground force under the command of any American general in all our history.

Glory so rapidly acquired is not easy to assimilate, but the Bradley who reappeared in Washington seemed to have managed it. The public, which had learned his name from headlines and his face from radioed photographs, saw a grizzled, agreeably homely man of fifty-two, five feet eleven and a quarter inches tall "in my bare feet, when I take my Army physical," but looking considerably taller because of his gangly arms and legs. The forehead, as well as the top of the cranium, was now wholly exposed, the cheeks were hollow, and the solemnity had gone from the mouth, as if Bradley had heard good news about himself. One of the peculiarities of the military profession is that a man may rehearse all his life without having a chance to perform; the num-

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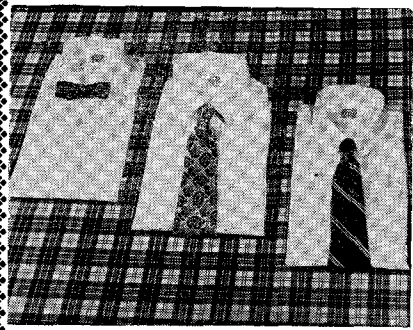
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ber of excellent generals who have served out their careers without having a command in battle is enormous. Until a general has had a command in battle, it cannot be known whether he is a good general; some staff-college prodigies fail under pressure. Distinguished losers—like Ludendorff and Napoleon—accumulate legends and neuroses. Distinguished winners—like the Duke of Wellington, who had the answers to all the young Victoria's questions, even how to clear the Crystal Palace of sparrows ("Sparrow hawks, Ma'am!")—develop a self-assurance like a good heavyweight champion's or an accomplished surgeon's. This in the case of General Bradley takes the form of friendliness. "The main thing about General Bradley is he's such a common man," says a Southern girl employed in his office. She wasn't using the word the way Henry Wallace used to; in her part of the world, "common" means "unaffected."

The assignment that brought Bradley back to Washington in August, 1945, was not one of his own choosing. General Bradley's fellow-Missourian, the fairly new tenant of the White House, had picked him to be Veterans Administrator, which to the General resembled premature retirement from active service. Turning for information, as a good general should, to the appropriate subordinate, Bradley brought along Major General Paul R. Hawley, his chief surgeon in Europe, as his chief medical officer. Hawley brought in Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, an eminent Chicago surgeon, who had been trying since the end of the First World War to interest somebody in power in introducing reason into the medical service of the Veterans Administration. Veterans' medicine, under Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Bradley's predecessor, had been controlled by civil service regulations, so its doctors were not allowed to have a private practice, and it had been the custom to establish veterans' hospitals in out-of-the-way places, far from medical centers. This helped congressmen to aid towns that had lost their local industries, but it guaranteed the inefficacy of Veterans' medicine. About seventy new veterans' hospitals would have to be built to take care of the cases resulting from the Second World War, and Hawley and Magnuson saw a great chance to have them placed close to medical schools, whose faculties would be available for consultation and whose students could help service them. Patients then could be transferred from old to new hospitals,

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and Veterans' medicine brought up to a level with the best in the country. Bradley recognized the superiority of the plan immediately—he has the knack of absorbing and sorting out counsel in a strange field—and he backed his doctors to the limit. He had been in office only a few days when the Civil Service Commission told him that his plan to use medical-school doctors wouldn't be legal unless they abandoned private practice for civil service. This would have effectively spiked the whole project. The General's row with the Civil Service people was his first great fight in Washington and ended in a resounding Bradley win. It came only after he had gone to the White House and offered to resign unless he could carry out his mission in the way that seemed best to him. The battle with the Civil Service Commissioners was followed by a long succession of struggles with senators, representatives, and officers of veterans' organizations—not to be confused with the veterans themselves—mostly about the location of hospitals. He won most of his battles, but last January 14th, some three years after the General had left the Veterans Administration to become Chief of Staff of the Army, Dr. Magnuson, whom he had left to hold the fort as medical director, was forced out. Dr. Magnuson said that the "old gang" had regained control, and that Veterans' medicine was again on the downgrade. Whatever Bradley's permanent effect on the Veterans Administration, the job's effect on Bradley was broadening. In his completely military adult life until 1945, the General had believed all motivations pure. He came out knowing better. The moral effect on official Washington was also salutary. Nobody any longer took the Bradley geniality for softness.

BRADLEY's combination of geniality and equanimity serves him well in his post as the top military man of the United States and directing spirit of the building labelled by a *Sunday Times* feature writer not long after it was opened, in 1942, "the gigantic brain cell of the American war effort." The Pentagon has been less ecstatically referred to since, but within its air-cooled, fluorescent-lighted compartments and along its infinite miles of linoleum-floored, cork-ceilinged corridors there has been observed since last summer a gentle reviviscence, as in the interior of a seed when it feels the warming of the earth around it and prepares to repululate. The criticisms seem only the patter of raindrops on the thawing ground above. Officers wearing the

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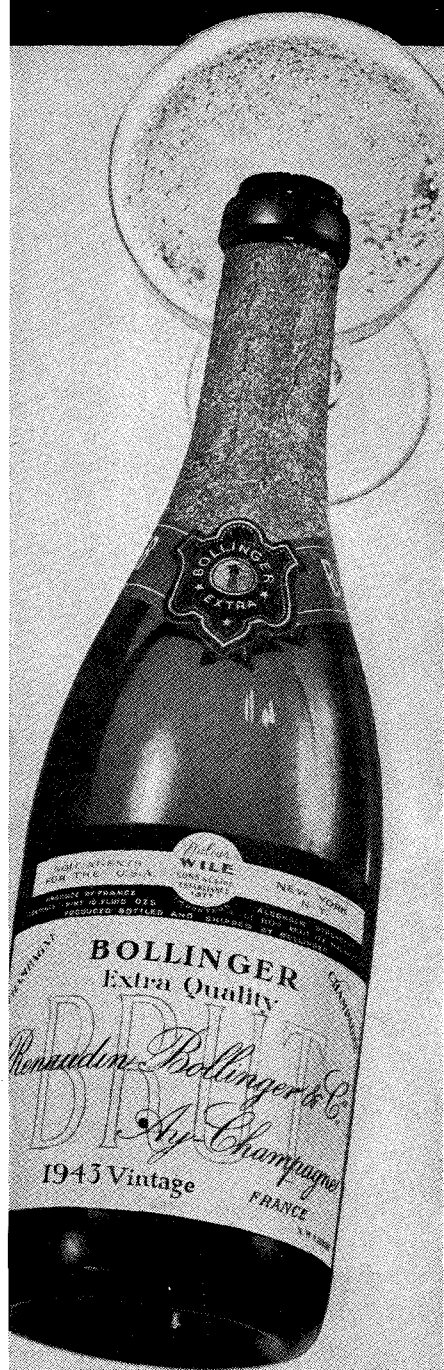
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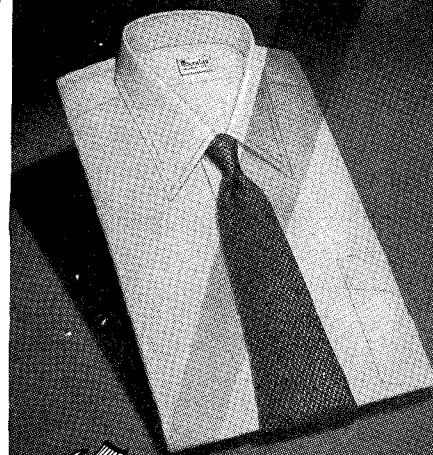


shoulder patches of deactivated divisions soon to be reactivated, on their way to lunch in its dining rooms and cafeterias, walk more briskly than they have since 1945. Stenographers' faces wear a look of challenging impassivity, denoting that the girls have secrets to defend. Air Force officers who for years have been grumbling about the difficulty of getting in their flying time disappear from their desks and are next seen in full-page photographs in *Life*, captioned "Jet Pilot Relaxes After Mission." Meals are animated by stories like the one about the colonel on the Joint Staff who was posted to command of a combat team on the Pacific Coast and sold his Washington home, only to learn that the regiment had been shipped to Korea on the day he signed the deed. The man who had bought his house refused to sell it back; the city was filling up again. In the earlier stages of the Korean campaign, the corridors were enlivened by officers in strange uniforms, speaking unfamiliar tongues and being herded in the direction of generals' offices by the refulgent Colonel Biddle, who was ambassador to seven nations simultaneously in the days when London was full of war-exiled governments. The rank of the dignitary toward whose office Colonel Biddle directed the foreigners' steps was an indication of the size of the force the Defense Department hoped to get their countries to contribute to the United Nations army in Korea. Colonel Biddle, who kept a stand of sixty-four national ensigns in his office and had memorized the names of the sixty-four nations—he even knew that the Chief of Staff of the Army of Luxembourg is Colonel Aloyse Jacoby—acknowledged any contingent of more than platoon strength by an introduction to the Chief of Staff of the Army, General Collins; of a company by a formal visit to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs; and of a battalion by what he called "the full treatment"—lunch in the office of the Secretary of Defense.

Within the section set aside in the core of the main floor for the Joint Chiefs—General Collins; General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff of the Air Force; and Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations—and their Chairman, two hundred and ten officers, seventy from each service, labor to coordinate the three arms. Their success induced General Marshall, the present Secretary of Defense, to say a while ago, "I know of no other instance in the history of warfare in which our land, sea, and air forces have pulled

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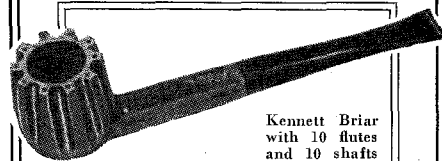


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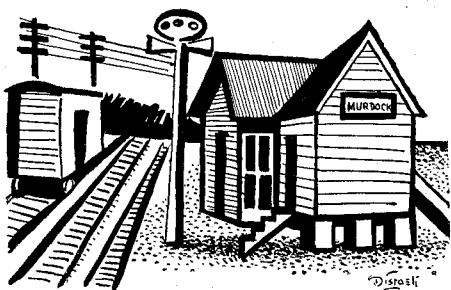


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together so effectively." The sudden arrival of war last June ruffled some of these planners—they hadn't had time to work up Korea as thoroughly as a number of other points on the earth's surface, and consequently felt like college students when a professor, in conducting an examination, poses a question on a subject he has skimmed over in class. But the professor, severe, thin-lipped Rear Admiral Arthur C. Davis, Director (or executive officer) of the Joint Staff, got the right answers from them.

General Bradley could take a certain amount of satisfaction in having helped bring about the harmony. In October, 1949, when he apparently felt that the group of admirals then dominating naval thought were doing their best to wreck the "teamwork" concept, he staked his service future on a statement, before a meeting of the House Armed Services Committee, which marked his second big fight in Washington. "This is no time for Fancy Dans who won't hit the line with all they have on every play unless they can call the signals," he said. The ruling faction of admirals had attacked the Defense Department's decision to spend a large part of the 1950 budget on land-based strategic bombers and had taken their fight for more aircraft carriers to Congress, over the heads of the Joint Chiefs. This violated three of Bradley's firmest beliefs: that the majority rules; that a military man presents his arguments only "through channels;" and that the civilian point of view, in this instance personified by the Secretary of Defense, is paramount. He had assumed that Admiral Louis E. Denfeld, then the Navy member of the Joint Chiefs, would uphold the Joint Chiefs' decision when he followed the other Navy witnesses on the stand. When Denfeld went along with the Navy men, Bradley, who had planned to make an innocuous statement a few days later at the hearings, went back to his office in a rare, slow-burning Missouri rage. "I haven't but two years to serve," Bradley said (he meant "as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs") to the senior military members of his small personal



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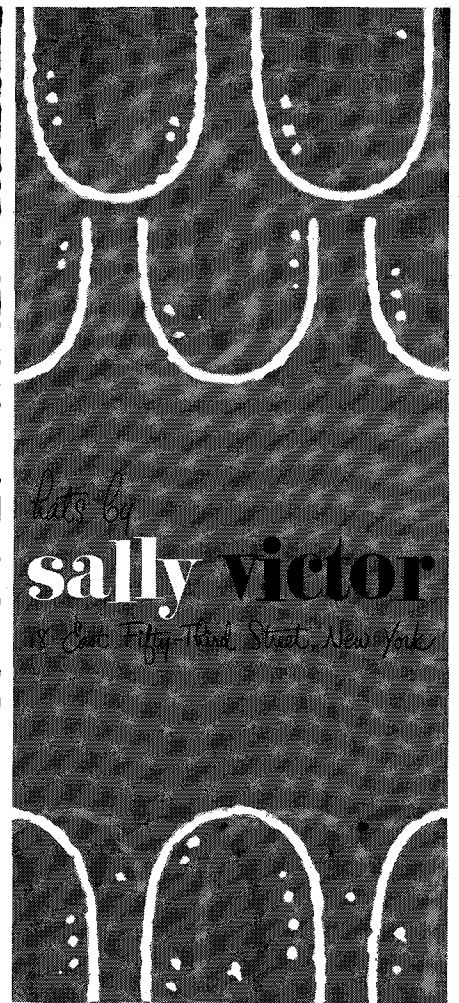
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staff—Colonel Willis Small Matthews, Colonel Robert Joseph McDuff, and Lieutenant Colonel C. V. Clifton—when he returned from the Denfeld hearing, "so if someone is going to be fired, I'll be the one." Then he tore up the inoffensive statement on which Clifton, a stylist, and McDuff, a legal expert, had worked for days, and sat down to write another. Considerately, he decided not to inform Commander E. L. Beach, the newly appointed Navy member of his entourage, and an old submariner, of what he was up to. "I may be fired tomorrow," he told the others, "but that boy will have to live with the Navy the rest of his life, so why let him in on this?" The "remarks" he was setting down, he wrote, "are my own personal views," since as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff he did not "unilaterally represent any service." Among other things, he discussed the comparative morality of strategic bombing—"in retaliation for an attack made upon us"—making the fairly memorable statement, for a general, that "as far as I am concerned, war itself is immoral." He added, "Each service is to national defense what each individual is to the service he represents. . . . Our services belong to the people. They have decided we will have unification. They have decided we will have civilian control of the armed forces. In this, I heartily agree." The budget providing the money for bombers and providing no money for the carriers the Navy men had demanded after consenting to forgo them was passed. The parts of the statement that stuck in public memory were the Fancy Dan phrase and a brief allusion the General made to Admiral Denfeld's war record—"His record was made known to you when he testified," he said. Denfeld had spent almost the whole war in a bureau in Washington. People got the impression, from newsreels as well as broadcasts and reports from the hearing room, that Bradley, as he read his statement, was about as angry as a good churchman may permit himself to get. But he wasn't angry at all, the Chairman says now; he was just in a hurry. He had been informed that he would be called to the stand at two-thirty, and so had made an engagement at the Pentagon for five o'clock. Since he wasn't called until three-thirty, he just put his head down and read as fast as possible, which may have made him seem angry. As for the Admiral's record, that had been put in evidence by Navy witnesses, so the Chairman, to save time, had simply noted that it was



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known to the Committee. Admiral Denfeld was removed from his post. Admiral Sherman, a naval air admiral with a war record so colorful that nobody could possibly consider twitting it, replaced him. Bradley is still calling the signals.

The new unity was again demonstrated last month, when Collins, Vandenberg, and Sherman appeared, one after another, before the Senate Committees on Armed Services and Foreign Relations to support sending ground troops to Europe. Vandenberg and Sherman joined Collins in telling the senators that neither air nor sea power nor both together could win a war without ground troops—a lesson that, one might have thought, the Korean campaign would by this time have impressed on any congressman. This time, however, the attack on the policy of the Department of Defense came not from the sea-power clique but from the civilian bomber enthusiasts. The Chairman, who, although by origin a ground soldier, had gone far out for the primacy of bombers in 1949, was now (with the Secretary of Defense and the Joint Chiefs) lambasted for having preserved any Navy at all. Alexander de Seversky, a naturalized White Russian aircraft designer and writer of books on aviation, said, as quoted by the *Times*, the United States Navy was “utterly irrelevant as an offensive force in the present situation.” The Navy men had said just that about the B-36 a year and a half earlier. De Seversky said that the power of decision over military matters had been seized by a military dictatorship of men with outmoded ideas, and the United States now had no plan of defense whatsoever. This kind of thing is abetted by a number of senators like Kenneth Wherry, of Nebraska, who on February 27th said that Bradley, who has consistently stressed the offensive importance of strategic bombing, seemed “utterly oblivious of the victory potentialities of air power should war come.” The Chairman recently asked one of their number, the most important opposition senator of all, if he might come over to the Senate Office Building and talk things over with him. “If I can serve my country best by getting along with people, I will,” the General told one of his aides. But the senator, who had lately told a visitor that he “didn’t know much about General Bradley as a soldier—just knew he was one of the Marshall clique”—refused to concede any need of enlightenment. During his tour of duty at the Veterans Administration, the General learned to rec-

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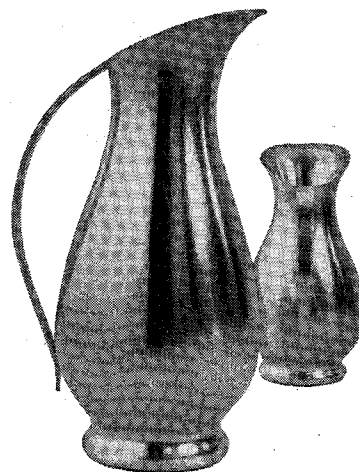
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ognize the Washington obsession with patronage, but he finds the political approach to national defense even harder to condone. Since, however, it is obviously impossible to scrap the strategic air force in favor of the Navy in 1949 and then scrap the Navy in favor of the Air Force in 1951, he realizes he can't please everybody.

In his relations with the press, as with the civilian branches of government, Bradley goes out of his way to be pacific without letting down his guard completely. When misrepresented, he can be sharp, as when *Life* said last summer that he had delayed the mobilization of a National Guard division of a certain state because an important senatorial election was coming up there and he didn't want to antagonize the voters. He telephoned *Life* to say that it was not in his power as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs to call up any unit; that was a decision for the Department of the Army, in which he exercises no detailed authority. The magazine published a retraction. Possibly to show that there were no hard feelings, he appeared at a forum of Timebrains this January, and, up to a point, settled doubts that had arisen in the Time-Life Building about the Pentagon's abilities. During this interrogation, a potentate whose name rises over *Time's* masthead like Musset's dot over an "i" asked the Chairman what he would do if he were the Soviet Chief of Staff. "I wouldn't change anything," the Chairman said. "They're doing all right." *Life* had, meanwhile, bought the serial rights to General Bradley's wartime autobiography, "A Soldier's Story," which will be published by Henry Holt this June. He does not lash back at criticism as distinguished from misstatement; he looks upon it as a natural hazard, like weather.

Weather is a subject that greatly interests Bradley. When he gets his morning paper, he turns first to the weather map of the United States—the military news is already stale to him—to study the broken lines and arrows representing pressure areas, and consider their implications for farmers and vacationists. He next surveys the stock-market tables—he is an inveterate, and successful, small investor—and the racing charts. The paper he sees first in the morning, while he is still at home, is not the *Daily Racing Form*, which is perhaps as well for his record of punctuality, because he likes to work out the probable winners from past performances when he has an opportunity. "I get almost as much fun out of that as out of going down to the track and

graceful pewter pitchers

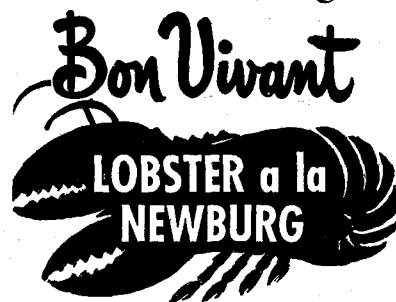


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betting them," he says. "Not quite." It is a source of regret to him that because of the crush of business he was able to get to a race track only once all last year. That was in May. He had to address a meeting of the Baltimore Association of Commerce, and it happens that Major General Milton A. Reckord, who arranged Bradley's appearance before the association, is the president of the Maryland Jockey Club, which runs the Pimlico course. The afternoon was pretty well shot by the end of the speech, but Bradley and Reckord got to the track in time for the third race. Bradley left before the eighth. "I don't count it gambling, because I only lose five or six dollars if I'm doing any good at all," he said recently, "and I would spend that much at a show, so it is just an expense for amusement. But usually I win, anyway. I hardly ever bet more than two dollars unless there is a crowd at the two-dollar window and I have to go to the five-dollar to get down, and I *never* bet more than ten dollars on a race." After the Chairman has looked at the racing news, he reads the rest of the sports page. He knows that by the time he reaches the Pentagon, all news items of essential professional interest to him will be on his desk, clipped by members of his office staff, and he likes to have something he can talk about to anybody he meets on the way to his desk.

The analogy between criticism and the weather, both of them implacable, has particularly impressed the General. He spent a couple of hours early in the Korean affair trying to reason with a syndicated columnist who had maintained from the first infantry skirmish that the Joint Chiefs were a segment of incompetent rabble and that all our misfortune stemmed from lack of battleships, clearly an ideal instrument for guerrilla warfare. When the man left, after calling for immediate bombing of China by the strategic air force that he had begun by saying the United States shouldn't have, the Chairman said, "I guess there's just nothing to be done about him." The reason he had tried to do something is that he thinks unreasonable criticism breeds panic. For example, he says, the sort of comprehensive attack that has been made on the career men in the State Department, who are, like soldiers, non-political by definition, could, if made on the professional officer corps, have a depressing effect on its morale. Politically, the Chairman has no views on the military isolationism preached by Mr. Hoover, but he thinks it would make the



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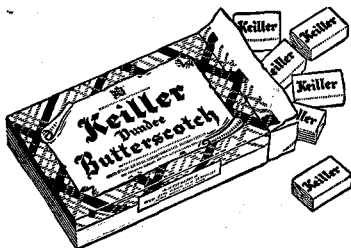
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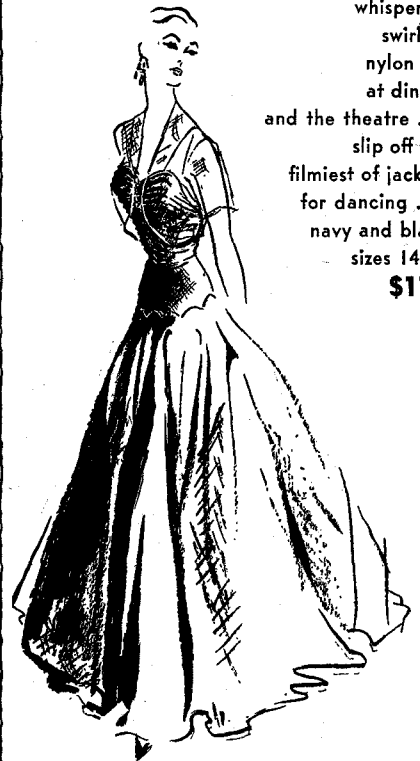
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defense of this country unnecessarily difficult.

One of Bradley's and Marshall's preoccupations during the second dark age of the Korean war—which appears, at this writing, to be going better again—was the administration's hesitation to put on price-and-wage controls. This hesitation was, the two generals knew, permitting the price of war materials to soar before the Department of Defense could use its appropriations. Generals, according to one prominent senator, have no conception of money, but the generals can point out that the senator probably never had to live on a second lieutenant's pay. The armed forces have had to be resuscitated three times in the last thirty-three years. After each emergency resurrection, they have been allowed to relapse into the lowest state of animation compatible with existing. In this respect they resemble the African lungfish, which between rainy seasons rolls itself up in a ball of mud and remains inanimate. Skill is required each time to bring the armed forces back to vigor, and the revivifying art is handed down not from father to son, for the emergencies recur at too short intervals, but from master to disciple. Marshall was a favorite student of Pershing, who, with Secretary of War Newton D. Baker and General Peyton C. March, was one of the First World War resuscitators. "George Marshall understands military," the fierce old man said in his sickroom, in Washington, in 1940—the highest compliment he could pay. Marshall, starting in 1939 with an army even feebler in relation to its task than Pershing's in 1917, built a magnificent and victorious force. But he told the House Armed Services Committee in January of this year that in 1945, when he was Chief of Staff, he was compelled to watch the army "dissolve in my lap." Bradley, called upon to perform the revivifying trick last summer, has had the advantage of a rigorous apprenticeship under Marshall and, since September 12th, of Marshall's active senior partnership. Señor Eisenhower, another old Marshall boy—he calls them "Eisenhower" and "Bradley," and they call him "Sir"—is also back with the firm. The armed-forces-reanimation trick becomes harder each time it is tried. In 1917, it was performed behind the double shield of the Franco-British army and the British fleet; the American troops who eventually landed in France used French airplanes and field guns. In 1941, the French had gone down, but the Royal Navy, the R.A.F.,

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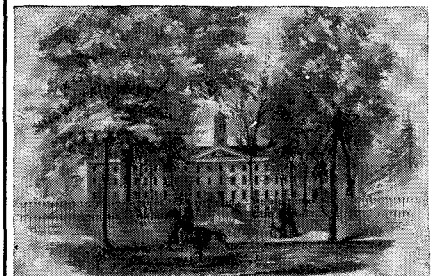
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the British Army, and the Soviet Army provided a screen. The present buildup uncomfortably resembles a deployment right in the face of the enemy. But there never has been such an experienced crew in charge, and the mood in the cork-ceilinged corridors is at last beginning to be confident, as the restorative measures started last summer begin to take effect.

As for the Chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, confidence is a commodity with which he has always been well supplied. Making one of his chore speeches at Valley Forge on Washington's Birthday, he said, "There is an old truism that when something too big is given to someone too small to carry, either the load must be lightened or the carrier must grow big enough, strong enough, for the burden. There is little chance, as I read the avowed intentions of Communism, that the load will be lightened soon, or that we may be able to shift it entirely to other shoulders. Since we now bear the burden, there is only one solution—we and our friends must become strong enough to carry it lightly, and with great endurance, and for a long time.... I would not have us think less of ourselves than we should."

Nor, without prejudice to his professional faith in big divisions, is he a man to discount Divine intervention. "I believe," he told his Washington's Birthday audience, "that we can take some inspiration in our present trouble from the words of a famous American, Thomas Paine, who wrote of our earlier crisis just before Washington's troops wintered here at Valley Forge: 'I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent.'" So might have spoken a schoolmaster in Moberly.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the second of two articles on General Bradley.)

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[Hedda Hopper in the News]

HOLLYWOOD—Burt Lancaster bet me that "His Majesty O'Keefe" would be the Oscar-winning picture in 1952. "Do you see that in your crystal ball?" I asked. "Yes," said Burt. "It's my story. I bought it, and I'm taking a whole company to the South Seas to make it. And if it isn't the greatest picture you've ever seen, I'll eat my crystal ball."

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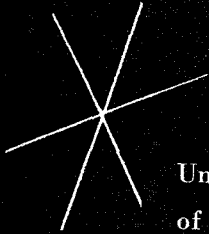
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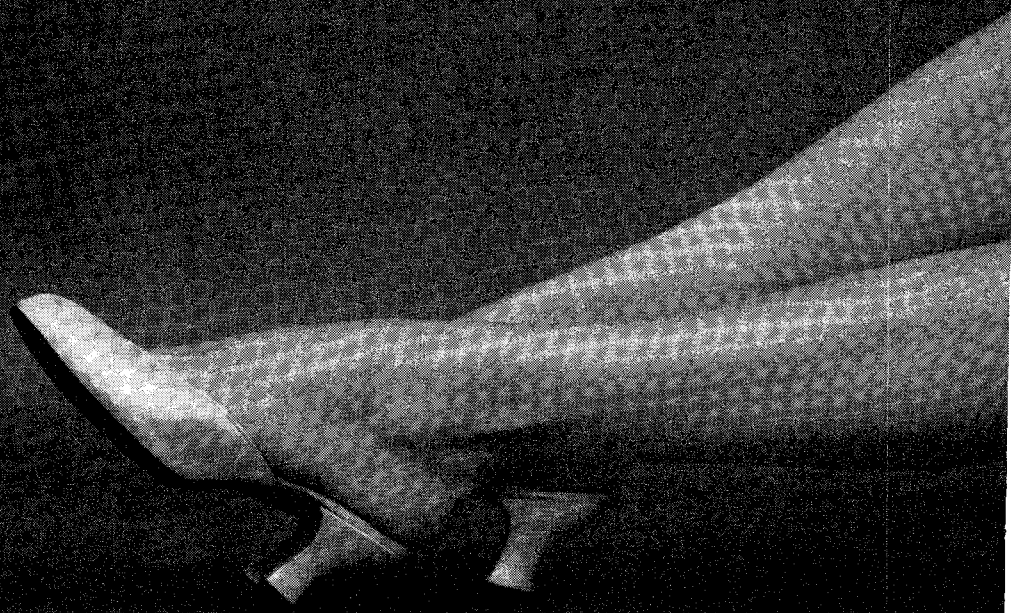
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QUICK CASE OF NO PROGRESS

FOR many years, people concerned with the theatre's problems have wondered whether a comedy about maternity dresses might not make the difference. (The "difference," in such speculations, is generally taken to mean the difference between a season that has no play about maternity dresses and one that has.) The question was begged by Marlowe, Wycherley, Chekhov, Ibsen, Jones, Pinero, Shaw, and even by Sudermann (whose "Schmetterlingsschlacht" deals with something else entirely). In the nineteen-twenties, while a generation half crazed by bathtubs and gin laid waste our topsoil, a man named Elkinhorn gave thought to the matter, but he was run down by a Marmon before he could think twice.

So the issue had to await the arrival, at the Golden last week, of "Springtime Folly," by Joseph Schulman and William H. Lieberman, with an assist, the program said, to Martin R. Lieberman. Here, undoubtedly, is a comedy about maternity dresses. Or, rather, here, undoubtedly, *was* a comedy about maternity dresses. The play opened Monday night and closed Tuesday night. During the morning and afternoon in between, there seems to have been little doing.

"Springtime Folly" did not fully answer the question posed above. It left us, and the Golden, with a sense of vacancy. The medium chosen by the authors for the treatment of their subject was satire. To judge by a note found

on his body, the ill-fated Elkinhorn had been toying with the same idea. "He: 'It's only ten o'clock,'" said the note. "She: 'So my stomach can't tell time.'" In "Springtime Folly," in the second act, a similar bit of badinage occurred, except that the time was given as eleven o'clock, which is perhaps truer to the facts of life, being nearer lunchtime. At another point in last week's play, a character used a line that we do not find in either the ancient Edda of Iceland or the Queens telephone directory: "You'll pardon the expression—you look like my wife." Those words convey a fair idea of the gaiety that attended "Springtime Folly." They might, you will say, have been used in a different kind of play just as well, since they do not project the spirit of maternity dresses. True. There is more to the purpose in a single thought on unpressed pleats by the poet Lane Bryant than there was in the whole of "Springtime Folly." As regards maternity, the plot of the latter confined itself to discussing a garment from which the "sweep" had been omitted by mistake, so that it could not

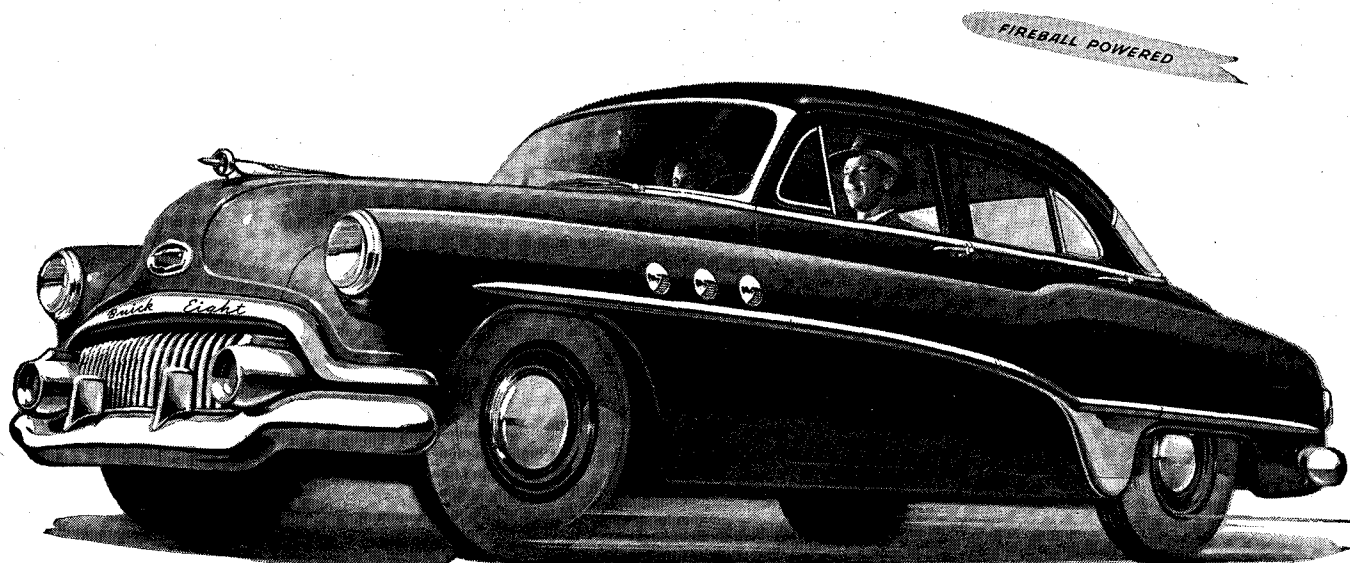
have been worn by anything stockier than an ungravid stoat. The stoat—here the authors erred seriously—did not come into the story. The actors who did seemed ill pleased. They included Jack Whiting, who, like a caged canary, burst at one time into six or eight notes of song, expressive, it appeared, of regret for his old days on the green boughs of a Ziegfeld line. A couple of days before "Springtime Folly" rose and fell, a potential witness on gambling refused to testify before the Kefauver Committee, a mobile quiz show then playing St. Louis, because the proceedings were televised. No man, said the witness, can be forced to appear in an entertainment medium against his will. I'm told that this point will be tested in court. Mr. Whiting and his fellow-actors in "Springtime Folly" should have waited for a ruling.

—JOHN LARDNER



"TWENTIETH CENTURY"

The gesticulating gentleman above is José Ferrer, who is trying to persuade a reluctant Gloria Swanson that she ought to be in a play he is producing. The dissolute character under Mr. Ferrer's thumb is Robert Strauss. They're all on view at the Fulton in a bouncy revival of the Hecht-MacArthur comedy.



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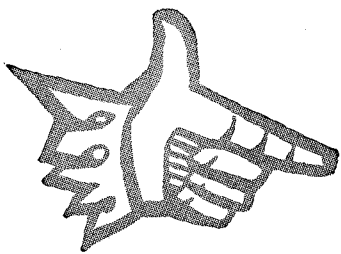
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THE new midtown bus terminal erected by the Port Authority presented the sort of architectural opportunity that comes less than once in a lifetime. Since this terminal occupies a whole block, it should stand out from its neighbors as conspicuously as Rockefeller Center and be just as easy for the intending wayfarer to find. The architect of such a building should have freedom to reinforce the advantages of size and conspicuousness with all the cunning devices of architecture. Whatever the practical requirements, he should at least be encouraged to make the structure look like what it is—an important public building. A great metropolitan terminal should be as monumental as the Arc de Triomphe, as efficient as a factory.

There has been a long procession of big railroad stations to show that this is not an impossible ideal. The terminals in Helsinki by Eliel Saarinen, in Stuttgart by Paul Bonatz and F. E. Scholer, in Florence by a group of Italian architects, are milestones of the modern movement, and, on this side of the Atlantic, the terminals in Cincinnati, Buffalo, Los Angeles, and Montreal are in keeping with this modern tradition. Even in the less successful of these buildings, the traveller gets a feeling of exhilaration from the architect's free handling of space. The beauty of great enclosed volumes, where the horizontal pressure of milling crowds is visually relieved by the vertical lift of domes or high ceilings that seem to float in the air, was apparent to the contemporaries of Vitruvius whenever they entered a basilica or a public bath. Though our civilization is dismally poor in such buildings, we can get the same satisfaction by visiting some of our railroad stations.

Modern architecture can span great spaces and create flexible interiors that facilitate the congregation and dispersal of crowds as no earlier architecture could. The astonishment and delight of great architecture are implicit even in the conventional design of Pennsylvania Station. The noble scale of this building, with columns whose very bases rise above eye level, almost atones for its architects' failure to solve some of the problems of passenger circulation. And Grand Central Terminal was—

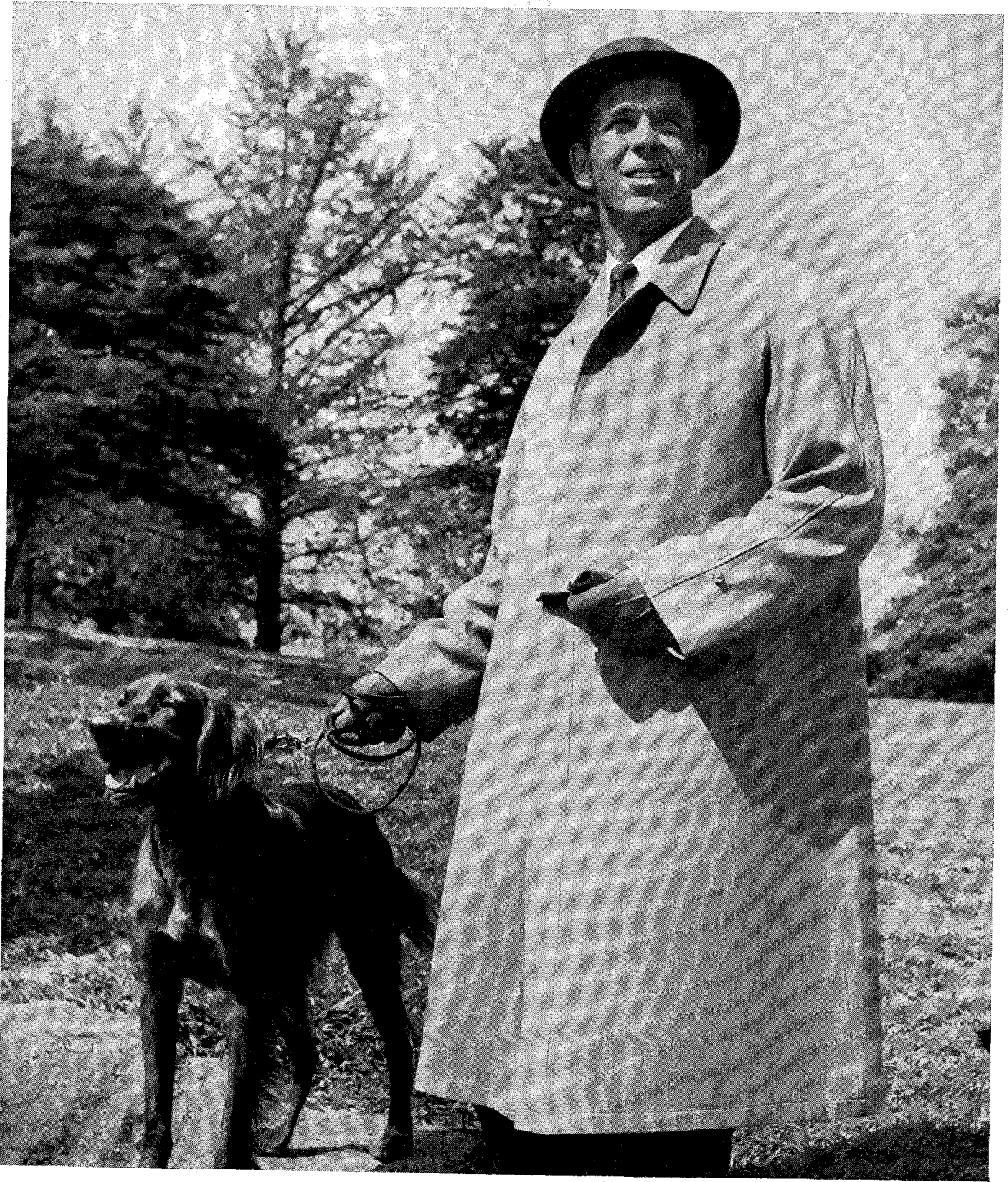
until it was bedaubed with advertisements and oppressed by a vast weight of extraneous traffic—one of the most comely pieces of contemporary architecture in the world, a marvel of beauty, efficiency, and engineering audacity whose magnificent lines and superb plan override the trivial weaknesses of ornamental detail and external elevation.

All this points up the fact that the Port Authority had a remarkable opportunity at hand and a high tradition to live up to when it tackled the new bus terminal. Since the Authority had already created such a splendid monu-

ment as the George Washington Bridge, one had reason to hope that the bus station would be something equally worthy. It occupies the block bounded by Eighth and Ninth Avenues and Fortieth and Forty-first Streets. Two sinuous viaducts issuing out of the Lincoln Tunnel, to the west, carry vehicular traffic above the level of street traffic to and from the bus platforms and the parking space on the roof for private cars. This terminal was designed to handle a hundred and fifty thousand bus passengers a day, and to this end the Port Authority has spent twenty-four million dollars on it and the viaducts. Given such a client, such an opportunity, and such a capital outlay, there was only one further requirement for a notable performance—an understanding of the human function of architecture and of the aesthetic properties of good engineering. Unfortunately, this creative vision was absent, and the terminal is a humdrum job of engineering concealed behind a mask of wholly perfunctory masonry.

Externally, the terminal is a great, oblong, three-story expanse of warm, reddish-orange brick, punctuated by openings of various sizes and shapes in the side walls and billowing into a curved façade on the upper floor along Eighth Avenue. This great curve is functionally justified by the fact that incoming suburban buses turn at the Eighth Avenue end to reach their loading platforms. Above this rounded front, and set back a little, rises a smaller and similarly rounded penthouse, the roof of which, it was once rumored, was to serve as a landing place for helicopters, but it is so limited in area that it shows no confidence in the future of





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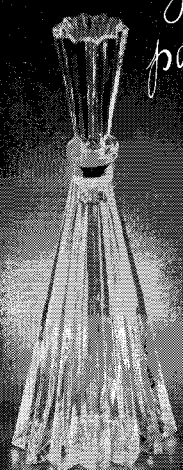
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that type of machine. The central entrance, on Eighth Avenue, is indicated by a marquee, above which rises a monumental window opening framed in white marble, decorated by a white marble clock, and flanked by flagpoles. Unhappily, no marquees call the traveler's attention to the side entrances. Above this window float the aluminum letters "Port Authority Bus Terminal." This little essay in axial symmetry would be justified by the rules of traditional design if there were an eastern axis by which the building could be approached, but this axis does not exist. Except that the marquee makes no mention of Clark Gable, the terminal looks, from almost any aspect, like a big movie theatre.

The exterior masonry, as I have said, is only a mask, and a dull, confused mask, at that. The design makes no more effort to dramatize or reveal the internal flow of traffic than did an old-fashioned car barn. There is not even any relationship between the masonry and the shop windows on the Eighth Avenue front, and the introduction of polished slabs of dark flecked granite on the ground floor along the side streets, presumably to continue the visual effect of the dark voids of the side entrances, only adds to the clash. Though the variegated orange brick used is rather handsome, the special qualities of brick are not brought out by the entirely unrelieved flatness of the walls, or by the white marble used to frame the windows and the aluminum used to frame the shop fronts. (After a few years of exposure to our city air, that sparkling white marble will probably look like putty.) If the designers of this façade had prayerfully studied 900 Broadway, that ancient masterpiece of color and texture designed by McKim, Mead & White, they would have learned what can be done with color and textural contrast to make a flat wall interesting. Altogether, the exterior design of the terminal lacks aesthetic integrity. It uses traditional materials without exercising traditional disciplines or producing traditional delights, and it uses modern forms of construction without conviction and without creativeness.

This same lifelessness characterizes the plan and elevation of the interior. Here the errors are not merely aesthetic lapses; they have the practical effect of diminishing the comfort and peace of mind of the traveller, and they disclose a fundamental misconception of what things come first in the design of a terminal. To begin with, the interior is needlessly bleak. The walls on the street level are of a highly polished light-

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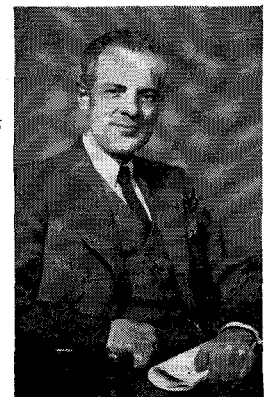
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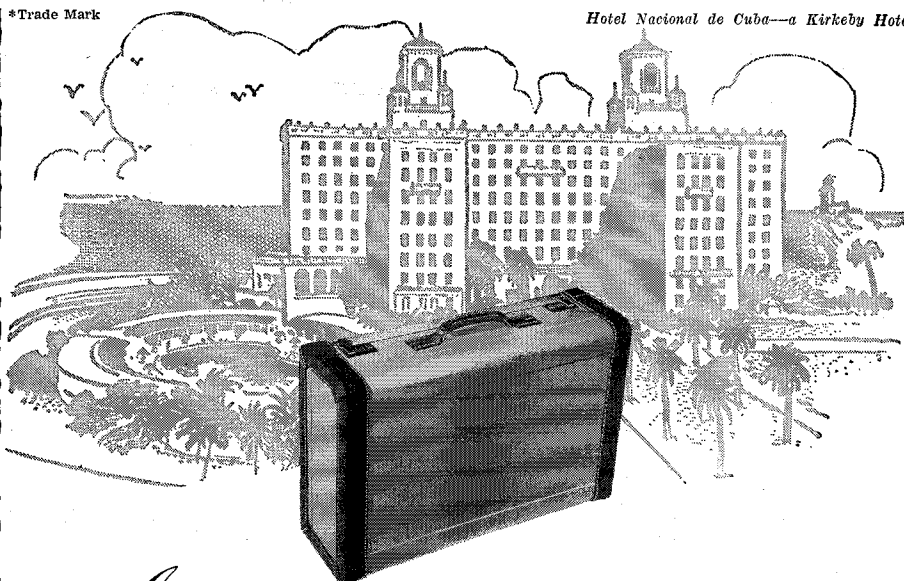
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ochre French marble, the shopwindows are framed in aluminum, the ceilings are of white acoustic tiles, and the terrazzo floors, too, are very light in tone. All this, plus the oblong panels of fluorescent lights set in the ceilings, makes for coldness and even ungraciousness. The only live color in the whole interior is provided by the framed advertisements that bedeck the walls, and they produce visual confusion rather than contrast. Meanwhile, all the obvious opportunities for introducing color—such as varying the hues of the ranks of parcel lockers, to make identification easier—have been ignored. This interior, therefore, comes under the head of pseudo-functionalism. It shows the kind of imagination a military engineer employs in throwing up a square mile of barracks.

THE plan of the terminal is a simple one. The basement is assigned to long-distance buses. The spine of this floor plan is a long east-west corridor, broken by an island of benches and lavatories. On either side of the corridor are the entrances to the bus platforms. Toward the Ninth Avenue end, there is a north-south roadway on which taxis enter and leave the building. The ground floor is the main concourse. Again the central feature is a long east-west corridor, low-ceilinged for the most part but opening up at the center into a great, square hall, two stories high. At this point, if anywhere, there was an opportunity for positive architectural treatment, such as a change in color or tone on walls or ceiling, but all one draws is an aesthetic blank. There is not even a map to gladden the eye or aid the traveller; a great glass wall map that would indicate one's route by lighting up at the touch of a button would be both helpful and visually stimulating. This central hall, or lobby, is flanked on the north by a large entrance off Forty-first Street and on the south by a bank of ticket windows, and dotted along the corridor are a newsstand, an information booth, and groupings of stairways and escalators to the basement corridor or to the mezzanine floor. This mezzanine floor, the concourse for suburban travellers, contains offices and stores, and from it stairways and escalators lead to the top floor, which is given over to the runways and platforms for the suburban buses.

The fulsome chromium glitter of the escalators dominating the central hall approaches the motorcar designer's concept of heaven. But it is a niggardly

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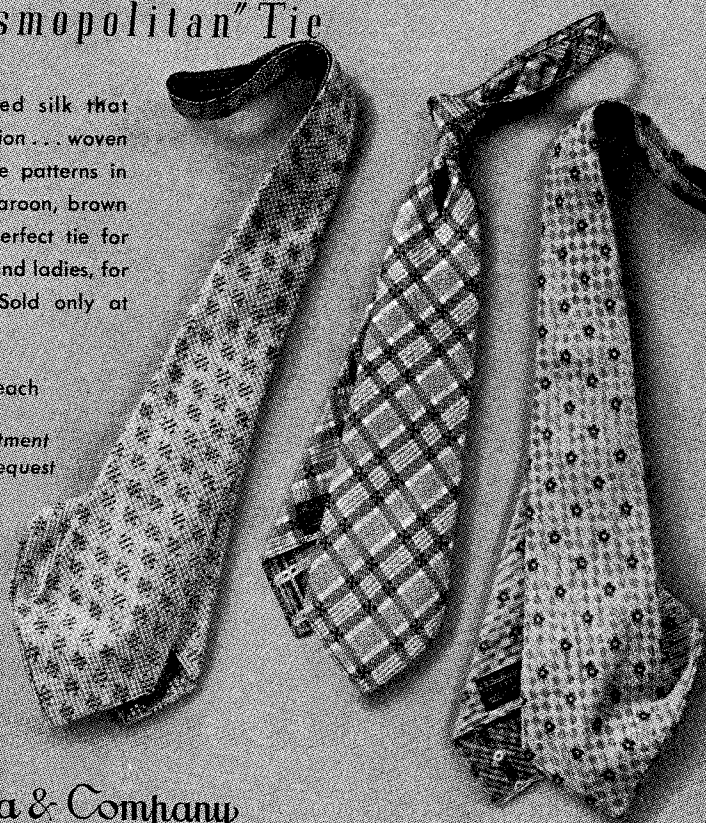
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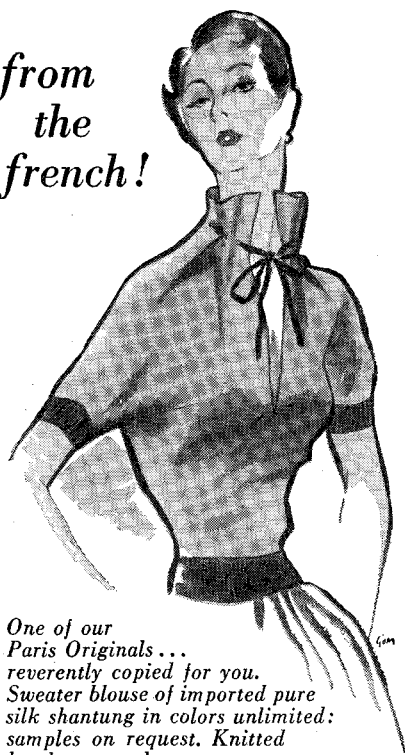
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heaven that greets one after passing through the purgatory of the long corridor from the street. The ceiling of the corridor is so low that the passageway is uncomfortably warm in winter, when the entrances are heated, and will probably be even more uncomfortably warm (and ill-smelling) in summer, since it is not air-conditioned. As for circulating passengers efficiently, I am not sure that the ground-level plan is a good one. Long-distance bus passengers, who usually carry baggage, must trudge more than a hundred paces from the main entrance before they can buy their tickets. And suburban passengers, most of whom do not need to go to the ticket windows and who could have been provided with escalators to the mezzanine or the top floor direct from the street, are nevertheless funnelled into the main concourse before being dispersed to their buses.

THIS terminal was primarily an engineer's job, not an architect's; in fact, it was designed by Port Authority engineers and architects, working under John M. Kyle, the Authority's chief engineer. This perhaps explains why the too simple idea of the corridor, of the artery of circulation, dominates the plan, to the exclusion of any consideration other than economy. The design of the waiting room off the central lobby, with its oppressively low ceiling and its glaring lights, carries the idea of economy much too far. Such a building should have quiet pools of space, at right angles to the main stream of traffic, where the traveller can loiter without getting in people's way, where he may set down a bag, put on a coat, light a cigarette, or wait for a friend or a bus. This streamlined interior was designed without any restful amenities except telephone booths. The eye is at once affronted by the ceaseless traffic of the escalators, the crampedness of the proportions, the featurelessness of the walls. Even the signs that indicate such things as checkrooms and telephone booths have been sunk into the walls instead of arresting the eye by being set at right angles to them. And, to add to the confusion when the terminal is carrying its peak load, the information booth, that blocker of circulation even in a hall as broad as Grand Central's, has been placed plump on the axis of the long corridor.

All in all, this building proves that the mere absence of traditional elements in a structure does not guarantee a modern design. Even simplicity and economy, those virtues of the machine, will

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not produce a rational plan unless some human and aesthetic principles also guide the client's and the architect's mind. In this building, it seems to me, the client has considered the mission of architecture to be simply the most economical enclosing of the maximum amount of usable space in a given cubic area. As a result, the accessory function of a shopping center has been given far too much consideration and has defeated the primary purposes of a terminal. A certain sacrifice of valuable space for shops around the main entrance might have helped to improve both the plan and the elevation. But even on this frankly commercial basis, the layout is shortsighted; no one took into account the fact that a handsome architectural solution of a problem can increase the value of a structure's rentable space. In only one respect is this terminal an improvement on the ones it has replaced. Because of the acoustic tile that sheathes the corridor ceilings, an eerie silence pervades the place. This surcease ends, regrettably, as soon as the passenger reaches the suburban-bus level, when his lulled ears are assailed by the grinding noise of the ventilator fans.

IN summation, the Port Authority Bus Terminal confirms my conviction that the functions of client and architect should be kept separate. A certain tension and struggle between client and architect is essential if one is to get the best results out of their collaboration, and this does not happen when, as is true of the Port Authority, client and architect are one. Grand Central Terminal, it is true, made use of the services of a company man—that great engineer, Colonel William J. Wilgus, of the New York Central System—but one of the happiest inspirations in its major plan came from the original architects, Reed & Stem. It was they who suggested carrying Park Avenue around the building on a ramp. That kind of challenge and competition was not brought to bear on the design of the Port Authority Bus Terminal, and, accordingly, it is neither audacious engineering nor imaginative architecture but merely a series of mediocre compromises in pursuit of short-term objectives. The building that has resulted will never make anyone happy. —LEWIS MUMFORD

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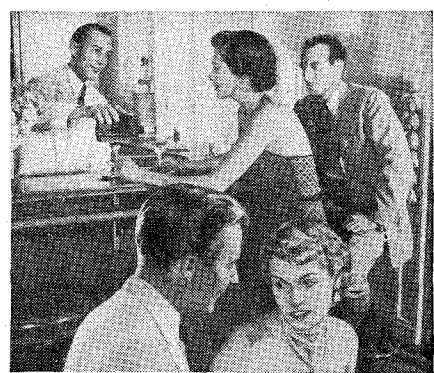
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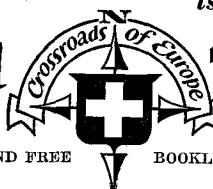
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



HARDLY a woman is now alive who doesn't find that a wool suit is worth five or ten of anything else in her wardrobe, especially at this time of the year. Bergdorf Goodman have some real beauties. Most of the jackets have bias closings and slender, set-in sleeves that give a well-put-together look, a relief from the droopy shoulders we've grown used to. The skirts are still straight, but the majority of them have an inverted pleat fairly low in back, and a good many have attractive, ingenuous wide cape collars. There's a very suave suit, straight-skirted and slim-bodied, with a certain amount of stiffening at the hips of the jacket, and a perky, unexpected edging of corded fringe around the cape. This comes in black or navy. Another navy has a notched collar, narrow lapels, and a plain but dashing double cape across the shoulders and back. A three-piece suit of lilac wool has miniature brass compasses buttoning the jacket. The accompanying reversible hip-length cape is lilac on one side and lilac plaid on the other. Bergdorf likes contrasting collars and cuffs. Slim, fitted gray flannel suits are trimmed with crimson silk faille, or with mauve, pink, and navy tie silk, or with iridescent navy taffeta on which silvery polka dots are sprinkled. One with a short, boxy jacket is trimmed with black rayon faille that is banded with red-and-black braid. A red shantung suit has immense white pearl buttons and a collar and cuffs of white linen, and a black shantung has smoked pearl buttons and a collar and cuffs of canary rayon velvet. This collection ranges from \$90 to \$115.

Bergdorf's topcoats are often collarless—a concession to the fad for longer hair and chignons. A handsome wrap-around, in navy or red fleece, is stitched along the edges in such a way that it looks bound, and its loose sleeves turn back into wide cuffs; \$210. Another wrap-around, with revers but without a collar, has big, melon-shaped push-up sleeves; \$135. This comes in navy, red, purple, violet, yellow, or almond-

beige fleece. A modified pyramid coat, with a small turnover collar and jet buttons going part way down the front, appears in a smooth red, gold, or navy wool; \$90. For those who need a little something to throw over dresses now and to use in the summer as an evening wrap, there's a short, boxy jacket of mauve wool with a decided dip at the hem in back. It has loose elbow sleeves and a band collar; \$50.

PETTIT PARIS, a bit of a shop at 944 Madison Avenue (74th), has a stock of custom and ready-to-wear clothes of the establishment's own design, all of them simple, elegant, and pretty. First, let's deal with the custom stuff. A navy or black silk alpaca suit has a longish, casual, but very correct jacket lined with a demurely patterned tie silk. An extremely ladylike fitted suit of light-and-dark gray tie silk or of silk faille in almost any color has a wide, pointed collar that may be turned high or folded low, according to the shape of the owner's face. The skirts of both are straight. One of the pet exhibits is a wool cape-stole-tunic that is edged with fringe, is slim across the hips, and may be worn over almost any-

thing. The proprietors mumble something about Goya's being the inspiration. For informal dinners, there's a dress of navy or black silk taffeta, with a square or halter neck, a sheath skirt that has two pockets across the front, and a tailored belt whose trimming is a cluster of imitation pearls. An added blessing—a separate, waist-length cape lined with white taffeta—keeps the décolletage inconspicuous in daylight and preserves the wearer from chills after dark. For more splendid parties, a stupendous confection of white lace has a strapless décolletage, frothing with lace leaves, and a long, circular skirt that sweeps the floor. Prices for these begin at \$89 and go up to about \$180.

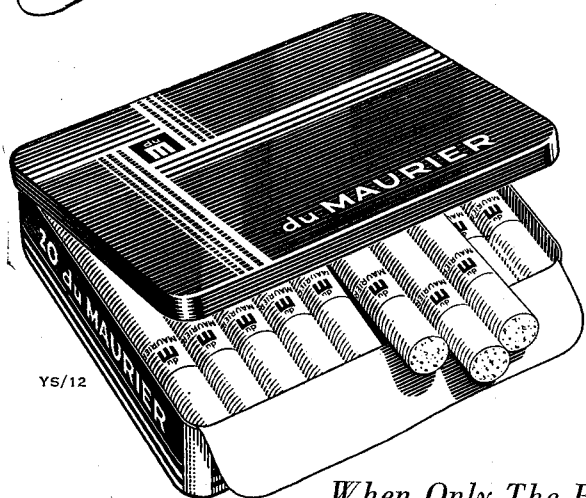
In the ready-to-wear department, prices start at \$49.95 and ascend to around \$125. The shop's favorite spring coat is of navy or black silk taffeta, hanging straight at the front, rippling mildly in back, and having balloon sleeves. For \$35, a skirt to match will be whipped up. Petit Paris's version of the chemise dress, which looks really wonderful only on willowy women, has a high, collarless neck and settles into folds when the belt is tightened; in black or navy silk crêpe. For evening, a short



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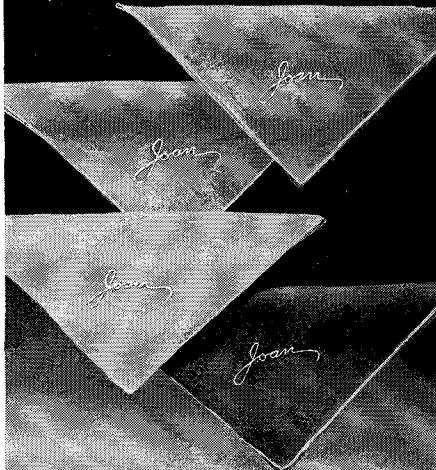
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ombré silk taffeta, shading from dusty rose to maroon or from chartreuse to olive green, has a halter neck and a full skirt swept up and draped on one hip. Another evening dress, of smoke-gray taffeta and flaunting a tremendous mauve sash, is bare-shouldered and swings out with great verve around the ankles. Sizes run from 10 to 20; if your particular size is not on hand, there will be a wait of four or five days.

GUNTHER JAECKEL have added a new department, the Salonette, which is on the 56th Street side of the first floor. Prices here run from \$29.95 to \$110 for coats, suits, and dresses of the no-fixed-age type, most of them in sizes 10 to 18. At the moment, this department is making a great thing of good-looking dark silk dresses. A copy of a Jacques Fath in black silk taffeta has a big white taffeta pouf over the left hip and a white turnover collar. Another taffeta, in navy or black, has a deep V neck framed in an uneven fold that is very wide at one shoulder, so that it can be turned up into a sassy wing. The bodice is a neat, tight surplice and the skirt is a wrap-around. A shantung sheath, in navy or black, has a high black nylon tulle yoke out to the tips of the shoulders, and a milk-maid bodice laced with black or navy rayon velvet. It's \$29.95. A short silk taffeta evening dress in putty, gray-blue, or navy has an attached stole, which can't be lost by even the most absent-minded wearer.

EFFIE JORDAN, 798 Madison Avenue (67th), is presenting a collection of striking two-piece cotton dresses from the Virgin Islands. The one called Cha-Cha, in flowered calico, involves a horizontally tucked dirndl skirt and a blouse with a band collar and lace-trimmed dropped shoulders. A plain circular skirt of black, royal, or navy cotton with life-size lobsters hand-painted here and there is combined with a plain matching top. A skirt of black, royal, navy, olive, or bittersweet cotton has a patchwork apron front and is teamed with a plain tailored shirt. Cotton sateen in ice blue, aqua, or champagne produces evening dresses with skirts that are six yards around, as well as halter tops and short-sleeved blouses with scooped-out necks. Prices run from \$19.95 to \$25.

CLARKE DE VRIES, a few blocks north, at 908 Madison Avenue (72nd), makes a point of tailored

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blouses, both custom and ready-to-wear; the custom ones take a week or ten days. There are silk twills with convertible necks in such effective off-shades as pearl gray, creamy tan, café au lait, and ice blue. End-to-end silks in solid shades are used for blouses with scalloped yokes, and striped silks are used for blouses with Peter Pan collars and bow ties. A perfect spring-suit blouse of white Swiss piqué has a wing collar. Prices start at \$11.75 and go up to \$18.75. The house will supply matching skirts, snug over the hips but fuller in front; \$20 in piqué and \$26.50 in silk.

Ready-to-wear English shirts of a fine striped cotton that looks like silk have permanently starched collars and cuffs. Sometimes the stripes are worked horizontally from a bias-band closing; sometimes the material is cut on the bias, which is good news for largish women. These are all \$16.75. For a dollar more, there are shirts of gray or light-blue broadcloth, with elasticized sections at the sides and across the back so that they won't ride up over the top of a skirt. Another knockabout shirt, of American origin, is half silk and half nylon, in pink, white, light blue, and navy. It never needs ironing, and it costs \$12.75. Sizes in the ready-to-wear department run from 12 to 20; prices begin at \$9.75 and go as high as \$35.75.

LORD & TAYLOR have laid in a collection of handmade Ferragamo shoes from Italy, all of them backless, most of them high-heeled and intended for late afternoon and afterward. They look like mules, but their adhesive power is greater. The vamp of a rather medieval black suède ends in a high point that ascends almost to the ankle. A shoe of pale-green kid is a mass of tiny oval cutouts. A third, of yellow kid, has strips across the instep and vamp. Prices range from \$29.95 to \$34.95. Newton Elkin, a domestic designer, likes black patent



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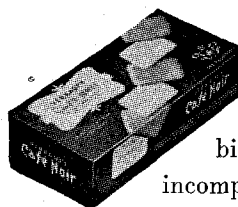


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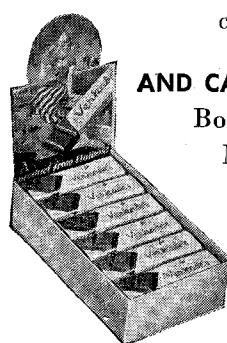
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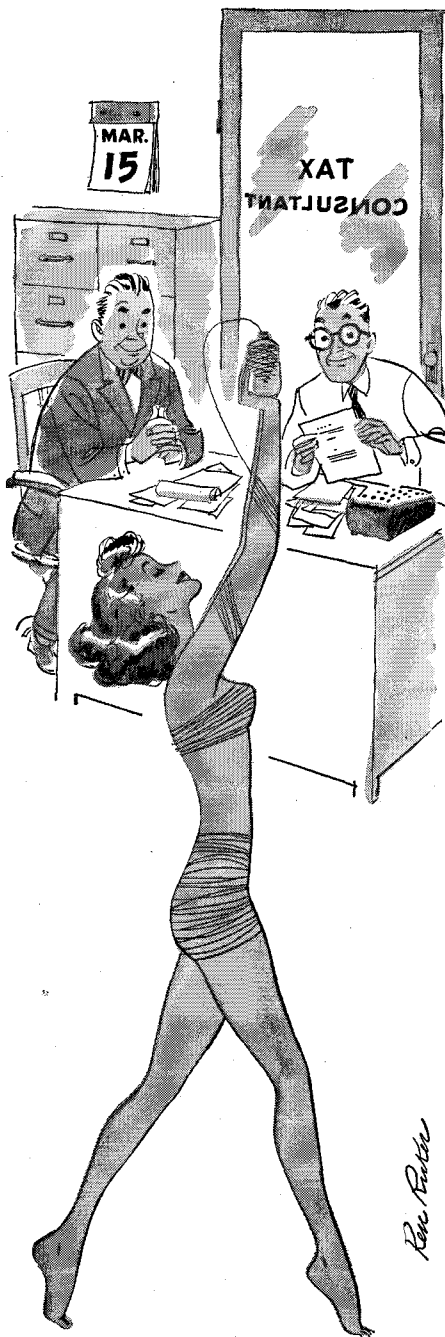
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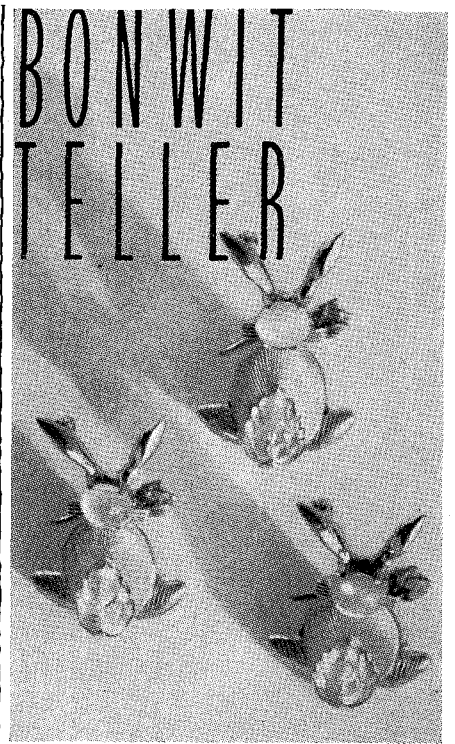
Rockefeller Center • New York

leather most at the moment. He has turned out high-heeled pumps in every design imaginable, from square-cut D'Orsays, at \$21.95, to more complicated arrangements in fretwork and diagonal stripping, at \$24.95. Those who won't give up platform soles are referred to an ankle-strap sandal with a quarter-inch platform; \$27.95.

THERE are new shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue, too, made of two leathers or of a leather and a fabric. The soles of the black patent-leather pumps are apt to be piped with white kid, which curls up over the tip of the shoe to suggest a Turkish toe; \$25.95. A black patent-leather shell pump has white kid piping the teardrop cutout in the vamp; \$20.95. A very high-heeled pump in red lizard, outlined with a thin thread of black patent leather, is \$25.95. A gabardine pump for walking is in navy or black, banded with matching calfskin and equipped with a medium Spanish heel; \$20.95. Saks' own Open Sesame sandals and slippers, of black suede, cover the middle toe and lay bare the others. Anyone who likes to call attention to her feet may as well pay the \$32.95.

JEAN GALE, a newcomer, at 535 Madison Avenue (54th), has enchanting clothes for children. A white cotton dress with a navy waistband embroidered with the scenes from the life of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe comes in sizes 1 to 12; \$14.95 to \$17.95. A sun suit of pink cotton broadcloth, decorated with a little fat bear and a big butterfly, is meant for little girls. There's a matching sunbonnet. The same suit is done in blue for boys, this time with a bear, a large fish, and a peaked cap. All the suits are \$5.95 and appear in sizes 1 to 3. For small males and females, there's a hooded terry-cloth monk's robe in pink, blue, or yellow; sizes 1 to 3, and \$8.75. Matching cuffed boots are \$1.95. Girls in sizes 3 to 14 can be put into cotton dresses in pale blue or lavender, with enormous white dots and white piqué yokes that button on; \$14.95 to \$22.95.

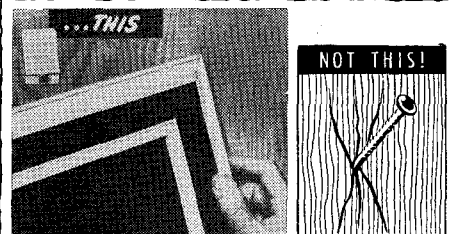
AMERICRAFT, 903 First Avenue (51st), has custom belts and bags of calf or cowhide, in black, white, and most other colors. An order takes a week. A drawstring pouch eleven inches high and looking like an elongated ecclesiastical biretta costs \$18, which is as low as prices go here. A businesslike, roomy, over-the-shoulder pouch with an outside zippered compartment for pass-



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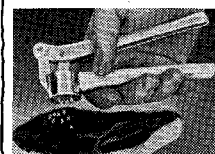
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ports, tickets, and even a small camera costs \$50. Most of the belts are studded with gold-metal ornaments—dragonflies, bees, dogs, buoys, and so on. There are sixty designs to choose from. Untrimmed belts start at \$4, the rest at \$7.50. (All prices include federal tax, if it applies.) Bags and belts will be repaired here in two weeks, and the management says that it can match even the most difficult shades. No remodelling, though.

ONE door south, at 901 First Avenue, Henry Steig is composing silver jewelry by hand. Tiny earrings of twisted and hammered wire are \$4.50, and wire brooches begin at \$6. One that could be either a stylized fish or a kite is \$7.50. There are abstract pendants, Spencerian scrolls, and musical clefs to dangle from narrow velvet ribbon or from rawhide thongs. Prices are mostly under \$12, including the luxury tax, but some items go as high as \$50. Mr. Steig will take on special assignments in gold at a price.

EASTER THOUGHT: Gina & Selma, at 1048 Lexington Avenue (75th), have charming handmade pastel wax Easter eggs from Salzburg, containing religious or fairy-tale figurines behind a glass window. They're \$3. —G. J.

COMMUTING RATES COMPARED

Herbert Askwith, chairman of the Westchester Commuters Group, pointed out yesterday that Westchester commuters using the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad paid more a mile than Connecticut commuters, even without the 8 per cent increase the New Haven Railroad and the Interstate Commerce Commission are seeking to put into effect. THE NEW YORK TIMES of Jan. 18, in reporting a Federal court lawsuit over the proposed rate increase, erroneously referred to the New York rate, as of the present, as being 8 per cent less than the Connecticut rate a mile. The increase now being paid by New York commuters is 8 per cent less than the Connecticut increase, but the total a mile remains higher.—*The Times*.

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[From "Death Haunts the Dark Lane," by A. B. Cunningham]

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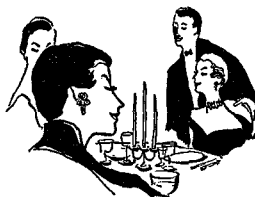
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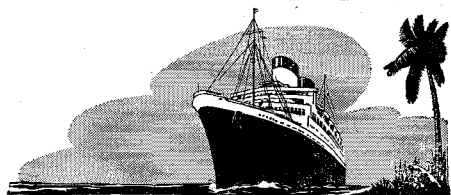
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MY GRANDMOTHER AND THE GOLDEN HANDS

MY maternal grandmother came to the United States from Hungary with her parents when she was an adolescent. The year is known—1884—but not her exact age. She met and married my grandfather, whose business was in Detroit, and there she raised her family; she changed with the times, and put aside all religious orthodoxy and forgot her Hebrew. Since my grandfather's death, she has made her home with my mother and father. On holy days she dresses herself in black silk with a white lace collar and sits with her siddur on her lap. I don't know when it was first noticed that she no longer turned the pages of the Scriptures, but when I was a little girl, I knew that something had happened to my grandmother's eyes and that she couldn't see to read. In 1930, we moved to Los Angeles, and Grandmother was taken to an eye specialist, who said that her condition had already progressed too far, and that there was nothing he could do for her. (The disease is treated with artificially induced fever these days, with good results.) My grandmother told the specialist that her eyes had begun to fail when she was a child; she had fallen into a well, and somebody had heard her screaming and pulled her out. For a long time afterward she had been swollen and sick. The specialist said that the eye condition was retinitis pigmentosa and had nothing to do with falling into the well.

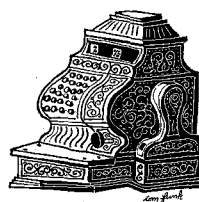
My grandmother has never complained about her eyes, and she keeps herself busy. In my mother's house, she rules the kitchen, as she always did in her own. She cooks and bakes, measuring flour by the handful and milk in a teacup. She keeps nothing poisonous in the pantry that could be confused with cooking ingredients. The worst mistake she has ever made was to put red pepper in the soup in place of paprika, and since then she has never used paprika. She says it doesn't have the sweet flavor it had in Hungary, and all it does is make things red.

Whenever she bumps against a piece of furniture, or falls, she uses a Yiddish expression that means, roughly, "Hate not the Gentile." It is something her father taught her, she says. The way she mutters it, it sounds like profanity, which my grandmother never uses, even in Yiddish. In the small Hungarian village where she was born, Jews

were treated with varying degrees of cruelty. When she was a child, she was taught to be polite, to make herself small, to speak softly, and not to fight with the Gentile children. It is obvious that Grandmother's curse was originally not a curse at all but the habitual admonition to Jewish children growing up in a place where it was necessary that they hold their tempers and keep out of trouble. She restrains her anger at the furniture as she had to restrain her anger, long ago, when she suffered some insult or injury at the hands of her Gentile neighbors.

By the time I grew up, my family had become used to and, I'm afraid, callous about my grandmother's blindness, even to the point of laughing at her sometimes. Long after she was unable to tell whether it was light or dark in a room, she would sit with the newspaper and pretend to read. Or she would point to a picture in the newspaper—she sometimes got a glimmer of light and could distinguish print from picture, black from white, even colors—and she would say, "Would you read me about this?"

Grandmother is now completely blind, but in no sense isolated by her blindness. She gets the news from the radio, and she listens to one soap opera after another from noon until dinner-time. She goes to bed about nine o'clock. If she doesn't feel sleepy, she turns on her radio and listens to music in bed. There are radios all over the house—in her bedroom, in the living room, in the kitchen. She even has a portable radio that she carries out onto the porch when she sits on the swing. The radio is her whole life, she often says.



ONE winter day, about three years ago, Grandmother cut her finger. She washed it under the tap in the kitchen sink and tied a clean handkerchief around it. The cut was a bad one, and the blood soaked through the handkerchief. She went out onto the porch for some air, leaving a trail of blood behind her. My mother saw it and came running. She examined the cut finger and exclaimed, "Oh my, oh my!" She says that about everything—somebody dying, somebody having a baby. It means almost anything, depending on her tone of voice, and my grandmother recognized in my mother's voice that this was a bad cut.

"It hardly even hurts," Grand-

mother said. She was not being heroic; she hates a fuss. "Can't you put a different bandage on it?"

"It looks to me as if it needs stitches," my mother said. "Maybe we could get a doctor to come to the house."

"No, no, we won't bother any doctor," my grandmother said. "Just tie it up."

My mother bandaged the cut, but it didn't stop bleeding, so she put a coat over my grandmother's shoulders and walked her three blocks to a doctor. They had to wait a few minutes, and then the doctor took four stitches in the finger. My grandmother thanked him profusely and she and my mother started for home. My mother was feeling faint, but Grandmother seemed quite in command of herself as they walked along in silence. At last, she asked, "That was a Jewish doctor?"

My mother, who hadn't thought one way or the other about this, said weakly, "Yes, I think so."

"I could tell," said my grandmother, nodding. "Golden hands. The Jewish doctors are like that."

Perhaps she was more upset than my mother realized; she had broken into a sweat at the doctor's office. At any rate, my grandmother caught a heavy chest cold. That night she began to sneeze. The next day, she coughed with an awful, harsh sound. My mother again suggested a doctor, but Grandmother said she would not go to a doctor for a silly thing like that. We prevailed on her to be quiet and rest, and soon she felt better, but she complained that our voices sounded as though we were talking with a blanket over our mouths.

It must have been a full week, during which time I shouted and my mother shouted and my grandmother shouted, before we realized that she was almost completely deaf. It took several more days before she would admit it and another day to persuade her to see an ear specialist.

I made an appointment for a Saturday morning and, when Saturday came, called a cab and got Grandmother into it, and she and I started off. Now that we were actually on our way, my grandmother was enjoying herself. She told me she had been in a cab only twice before. Once was when she went to her sister's wedding in Hungary, and that time it was a horse-drawn cab. The other time was when she had gone by train from Detroit to her older sister's funeral, in Montreal, and somebody had taken her from the station to the funeral parlor in a cab. The

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cab we were riding in was very comfortable, she told me.

When we stopped before the tall professional building in which the specialist had his office, I helped Grandmother out. She took my arm and I led her to the elevators. The one we got into was crowded. Now, as when she was a child, she made herself small. She couldn't see the people all around her; she couldn't even hear them; but she knew they were there, and to her they were potential enemies.

The doctor we were going to see had his offices on the third floor. When the elevator came to a stop, I couldn't get my grandmother to the door through the crowd. The elevator doors closed and the elevator went on up. I asked the girl operating the elevator to give me time to get my grandmother out when we got to the third floor on the trip down. This time, the girl called, "Three! Step back, please. Let the old lady out. Don't crowd her, please!" She said it so loudly and with such good will that my grandmother heard her, stopped, turned in the direction of the voice, and said, "Thank you, my dear."

As we walked down the hall, she said, in a surprised way, "Wasn't that nice of her, though, to do that?"

We entered a crowded waiting room, with only one vacant chair. I sat my grandmother in it and told the girl at the reception desk her name. I had explained on the telephone that it would be hard on the old lady to wait.

"I'm sorry," the receptionist said, combing her hair with the point of a pencil, "you're going to have to wait awhile. The doctor had an emergency, and we're running very late. I'll send you in as soon as I possibly can."

I sat down on one arm of my grandmother's chair and screamed this news at her. Everybody looked at us coldly. My grandmother made it worse by replying, in a little girl's voice, "It's all right, dear. Don't get nervous."

She arranged her scarf at her neck, stroked it, pulled it, loosened it, took it off entirely and laid it on her lap, picked it up and swung it around so that it slapped my face, and finally put it on again. Whenever the door opened, a gust of cold air blew through the room. A little boy kept walking in and out. Each time Grandmother felt the cold air, she looked up expectantly. Once, the little boy went by and deliberately stumbled over her feet. My grandmother smiled and said, "Beautiful child." Then she bit her lip and sighed.

At last, it was our turn. We were di-

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rected to a cubicle where there was a black machine with dials on it. A nurse came in, squeezing past me, and told me she would test the degree of impairment of hearing.

She asked my grandmother, in a lady-like way, to tell her when she heard something. My grandmother did not hear what the nurse said, so I shouted, and they both gave me patient glances. When the nurse had finished her testing, she said "All right," and wrote something down on a card. Then she said to me, "Now, if you'll come into the next room, the doctor will see her."

My grandmother, feeling my hand on her elbow, stood up and said, "Thank you so much, Doctor. You think it will be all right now?"

The nurse said impulsively, in a loud voice, "You bet it will, Grandma. Come on, now."

"She can't see, either," I said, leading my grandmother after the nurse.

The nurse stood holding a door open with her back. "Affliction on affliction," she said, and shook her head. If my grandmother had heard this, she would have sniffed. Nothing that happened to her was an affliction.

In a larger room, with an optician's chair, we waited, my grandmother sitting, as the nurse had indicated, in the optician's chair, clinging to her handbag, her scarf, and her gloves, and looking terrified. I started to explain to her what was happening, but at that moment the doctor came in and said, "How do you do?" The nurse said softly, "She can't see you, Doctor."

"Ah," said the doctor.

He looked into my grandmother's ears with an instrument. She jerked back in surprise when he first touched her, and then said, "Oh, how do you do, Doctor?"

He said loudly, "Just looking at your ears, Mrs. Levine." He looked into the other ear and asked me, "How long has she been deaf?"

"Only about two weeks," I said. "She had a cold."

"You want a hearing aid, is that it?" he asked.

"Does she need one?" I asked, thinking that this was going to be terrible. I knew that Grandmother would never wear a wire hanging down her neck, even in the privacy of the family.

"Well," he murmured, "there's some senile atrophy. But the deafness is caused by a swelling from the cold she's had." He accepted a swab and a tongue depressor from the nurse, pulled down on my grandmother's chin to open her

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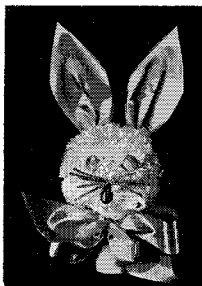
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mouth, and swiftly swabbed her throat. Then he reached for a bulb-shaped instrument and said, "When I tell you, Mrs. Levine, I want you to swallow. Hear me?"

She nodded, with a vague, pleasant look that meant she hadn't the faintest idea what he had said. "He wants you to swallow," I shouted.

"All right," she said, and swallowed.

"Not yet," the doctor shouted. "When I tell you, you swallow. O.K.?"

"Of course," said my grandmother.

He put the tip of the bulb in her ear, shouted "Swallow!," and squirted some powder at the same time that she swallowed. She looked disconcerted, and kneaded her fingers nervously. All her belongings slipped to the floor. She was sure she had done something wrong. Certainly the doctor had not told her simply to swallow.

The doctor put the tip of the bulb to the other ear, told her to swallow, and squirted.

"How's that?" he said, without raising his voice.

"How's that?" my grandmother repeated. "It's wonderful. Doctor, I can hear you! I heard what you said."

"Well, fine!" the doctor exclaimed. Then to me he explained, "The swabbing and the powder acted as shrinking agents to open the Eustachian tubes and decrease the swelling in the middle ear." Beaming at her, he said, "You're going to get better than that, too. You come back on Tuesday and we'll do that again!" The nurse was giggling, and I was giggling, and my grandmother was radiant and laughing with us. Even the doctor was affected. "By golly, Mrs. Levine," he said proudly, "you're going to hear better than you ever did in your life!" He winked to show that he was exaggerating.

I stood up, and the doctor helped my

grandmother to her feet. She clung to his hand—preparing to make a speech, I thought—but she only said, "God bless you, Doctor. You're a good man." She held on to his hand while I picked up her handbag and other things from the floor. The doctor said enthusiastically, "You're a good patient, Mrs. Levine. You come back on Tuesday, now." My grandmother said primly, "You don't have to yell, Doctor. I can hear you."

GOING down in the elevator, my grandmother tapped the girl on the back and said, "I can hear now. Isn't that wonderful?"

The girl said, "Sure is, Granny. Glad to hear it." This set us both laughing again.

Downstairs, my grandmother walked through the crowded foyer as though she could see. We got into a cab at the door and started home. Grandmother sat back and patted my knee. "Talk to me," she said. "Only don't yell. I can hear you."

I said, without raising my voice, "What do you want to talk about?"

"About the doctor. Where did you find him? He has golden hands."

"I called a doctor I know, and he recommended him," I said.

"Jewish man, the doctor?" Grandmother asked.

"Oh, no," I said. "His name is McLean. No, he's not Jewish."

My grandmother was silent. I waited for what she would say next. The cab stopped at a traffic light and then started up again.

My grandmother chuckled. "Look at that," she said. "I can hear the motor. McLean, eh? Wonderful man. God bless him. Golden hands." She sighed. "My father always said it. Never hate a Gentile. You see how true that is?"

—SYLVA GROSSMAN

TOYLAND

The land where children live is full of rage,
Felons and murderers there grow strong and tall,
And all your pitiful love cannot assuage
These Lears in miniature, Macbeths in small.

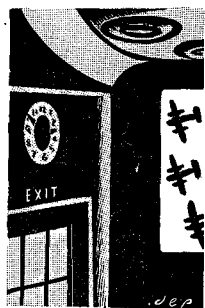
You have conceived, perhaps, a rosy place,
Finding the doll tucked sweetly in its wagon,
Or Gothic world of gallantry and grace,
With nothing evil in it than a dragon.

Your nursery closet bulges with its dead—
A score of slaughtered persons with no mourner.
As like as not, you'd find your own poor head
Tossed in a corner.

—LIONEL WIGGAM

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Klan at Work



"STORM WARNING" is a melodrama that seldom maunders as it goes about explaining the operations of the Ku Klux Klan in a small town, though in other respects it is perhaps not too incisive. The particular branch of the sheeted brotherhood that comes under surveillance here is just as hateful as any other, even though the Kleagle of the outfit keeps insisting that his boys are mostly interested in making the streets safe for ladies who happen to be out walking at night. The heroine of the film is doing just that when she comes upon a gang of Kluxers engaged in lynching a reporter who has been digging up facts about the Klan. Being an out-of-town girl, who has paused in the moonshine-and-mayhem belt to visit her sister, she sees no reason for not testifying against the lynchers until it turns out that one of them is her brother-in-law. With the Klan on one side hinting that no good will come of talking, and a worthy district attorney on the other urging her to tell all, our heroine is at sixes and sevens until her dilemma is resolved in a spasm of horrendous violence.

Although the locale of the picture is supposed to be the South, I gather from the title that the lesson we are all meant to take home is that the Klan spirit is not circumscribed by geography. In any case, the producers seem to have worked toward that point by cutting down on ripe Southern dialect and magnolia atmosphere; the town where the lynching takes place could be any dreary settlement in the United States. Of the principals, Steve Cochran, who plays the murderous brother-in-law, turns in quite an admirable performance as a shifty, dim-witted, cowardly Klansman, alternately in tempests of hate and frenzies of fear. Ginger Rogers does pretty well as the heroine, and Ronald Reagan is all right as the district attorney.

"U. S. S. TEAKETTLE," which was developed from a short story that appeared in this publication, is a fitfully comical account of the efforts of a group of landlubbers to operate an experimental sub-chaser for the Navy. It is ap-

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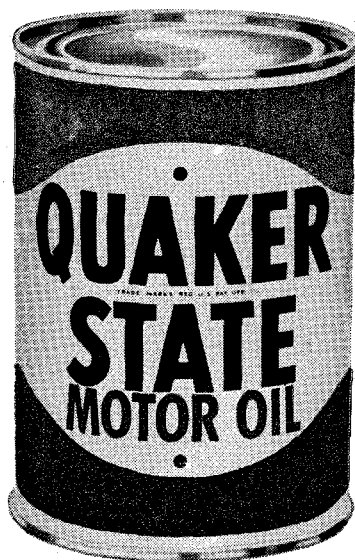
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parently the Navy's notion that if a crew consisting of some of its most recently indoctrinated men can run the new ship, then it is indeed foolproof. The antics of this crew are funny all right, but a good deal of time is wasted on the marital ups and downs of the skipper of the craft and his wife, who is a Wave stationed at the sub-chaser's base. In the role of the skipper, Gary Cooper often makes a hash of the humor of the thing by behaving with a cuteness intolerable in an officer, a gentleman, or a male adult, and Jane Greer, in the role of his wife, seems aware of the fact that she is entirely superfluous. As a hardboiled Navy regular, Millard Mitchel is likely enough, and Eddie Albert, Jack Webb, and Richard Erdman are believable as ensigns who don't know a halyard from a hawser.

IN "Three Guys Named Mike," Jane Wyman, playing an airline hostess, is pursued by Howard Keel, Barry Sullivan, and Van Johnson, who are presented as an airline pilot, an advertising executive, and a research scientist, respectively. They are all named Mike, as you might expect, and they are certainly as whimsical as can be. So, for that matter, is Miss Wyman. But I'm afraid that whimsey isn't enough to keep even a thin little thing like this off the ground. —JOHN MCCARTEN

If you go to beautiful Williamsburg, Virginia, you can still see the statue of a gallant colonial governor, erected by grateful Virginians after his death. Lord Botetourt died there in 1770, and to be a representative of the Crown in those days, and still be as popular as he was, took some doing. Doubtless this fine punch which he was wont to serve his Virginia guests upon occasion played its part:

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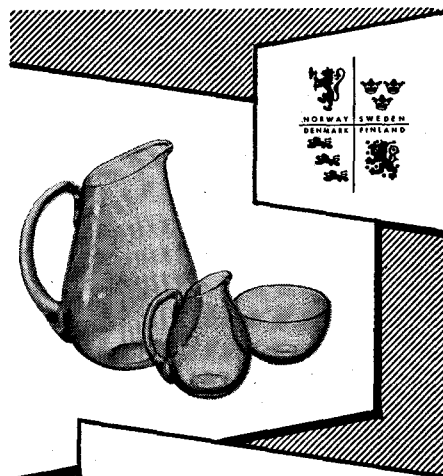
Mix in a large punchbowl with a block of ice, four bottles of Claret (see suggested wines below), one bottle of Almaden Brut California Champagne, a half bottle of brandy and a half bottle of Jamaica rum, a wine glass of Nob Hill Dry Vermouth, a pound of sugar, three or four bottles of club soda, three sliced oranges and a sliced pineapple.—*Frank Schoonmaker's News from the Wine Country.*

Let's see, 1770 was a good year for California champagne, wasn't it?

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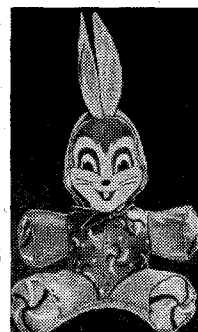
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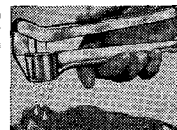
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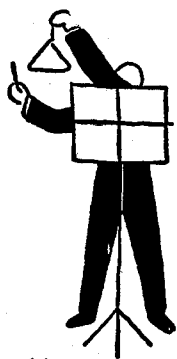


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MUSICAL EVENTS

Blossom Time



LAST Wednesday night, the New York City Ballet, which is currently engaged at the City Center, introduced an ambitious new work, "Lady of the Camellias." It was created by Antony Tudor, one of Ballet Theatre's principal choreographers and head of the dance department of the Metropolitan Opera. "Lady of the Camellias" is the most recent (or was, as of last week) reworking of that sentimental and apparently deathless story originally offered in a novel by the younger Dumas. It is a story that has been retold almost as often as the one about Faust, and, as is true of the older story, it has probably found its most popular representation in opera. Although the characters in the ballet are identified in the program by the names Dumas thought up for them, rather than by the ones Verdi's librettist changed them to, Tudor has followed the operatic outline quite closely. Like the opera, the ballet is divided into four scenes, and the costumes and the backgrounds are much the same in both versions. As a matter of fact, anyone watching "Lady of the Camellias" is likely to develop the impression that he is seeing Verdi's "La Traviata" in a shortened, dumb-show version, and to feel a sense of disappointment at not hearing it. It turns out that not a note of the music accompanying the ballet is from "Traviata;" Tudor, in a clearly deliberate attempt to avoid pointed musical associations with the opera, has gone to the trouble of digging up and piecing together innocuous bits from several of Verdi's least familiar products. He has tried, then, to tell the story of Camille in dance form and at the same time to retain some of the flavor of the opera, without leaning very heavily on it. The trouble is that the antecedent influences prove too strong for the ballet to have a successful independent life of its own. The result is a hybrid, in which the somewhat decadent atmosphere of the romance smothers the dramatic urgency of the original work. The story of Camille, for all its outward fragility, is sturdy hokum, and that's the quality Verdi brought out with such beautiful persuasiveness that the opera has been a fa-

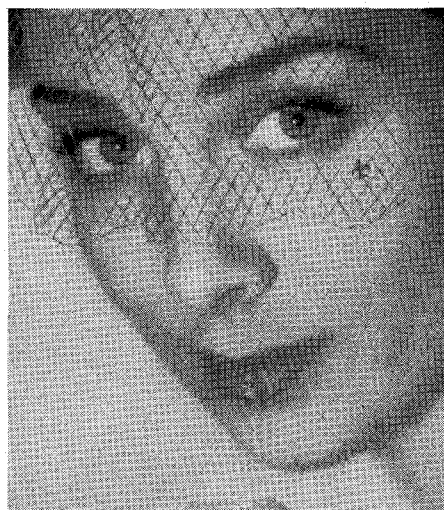
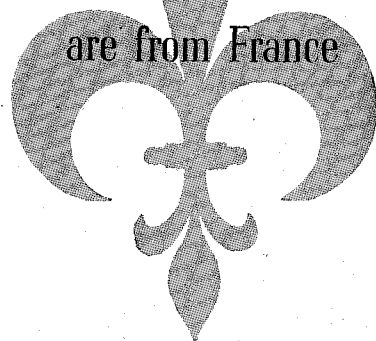
vorite ever since. Tudor has come up with something that by comparison—and, despite his efforts, a comparison is inevitable—seems pretty pallid.

The leading role, that of Marguerite, was danced by Diana Adams, who was, I thought, lovely and a superb embodiment of Dumas's luckless heroine. And Hugh Laing, with his dark, sharp, romantic features, struck me as being a fine choice for the role of Armand.

THE French pianist Robert Casadesus gave a recital last week at Carnegie Hall. He opened his program with Schubert's attractive "Ländler," playing the dance pieces neatly but not too expressively. His subsequent renditions of Beethoven's Sonata in F Minor (the "Appassionata") and Schumann's "Kreisleriana" were, again, played expertly but not in such a way as to capture their essence. This cold quality was particularly evident in the Schumann works, which the composer dedicated to Chopin. Whatever was missing in the first half, however, was made up for after the intermission, when Casadesus ran off two works by Ravel with such remarkable insight that there was an atmosphere of excitement throughout the hall by the time he had finished. The closing selection, "Alborada del Gracioso," was a breathtaking display of the pianist's superior powers, both technical and interpretive. It is a dazzling, beautiful composition and Casadesus obviously relished every page. It was preceded by the "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," a wispy group of impulsive and touching piano pieces that later contributed phrases and bits of imagery to Ravel's more explosive orchestral work, "La Valse." These numbers require playing of great delicacy, for their moods are elusive, and Casadesus made the entire set sound like an extraordinary improvisation.

CONSIDERED as a whole, the opera "Faust" strikes me as a baleful, sanctimonious, and unpleasant bore, but I thoroughly enjoy the long and melodious second act, in Marguerite's garden, and the *kermesse* scene, which closes the first act, and I wish they were all I ever had to see of Gounod's masterpiece. These reflections are the outcome of my having witnessed a couple of new performances last week in a presentation of the opera at the Metropolitan. Richard Tucker sang the title role for the first time, and Delia Rigal was a

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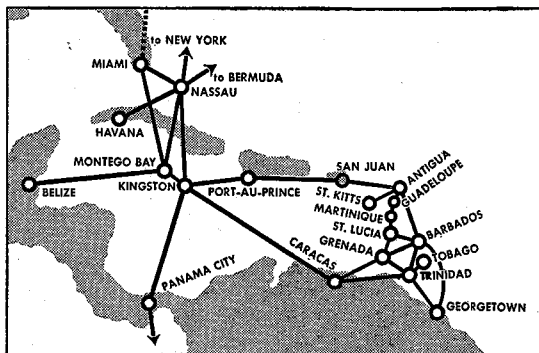
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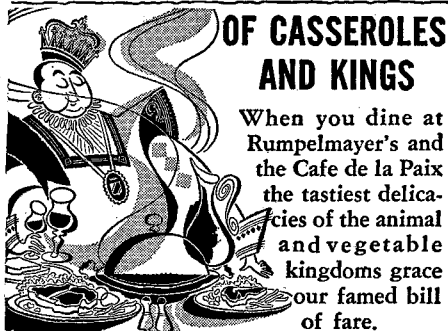


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new Marguerite. Like all the other Fausts I have seen, Tucker lost considerably in stature and interest, I felt, when Mephistopheles succeeded in making his dull bargain with the old boy in the first scene and transformed him into an asinine young blade. Tucker has a bountiful tenor voice, however, and as a rejuvenated Faust he sang his sweet music fervently. Miss Rigal, as those who have seen her in other roles this season can testify, is a stunning, confident performer, and she has an air of sophistication that is the last thing in the world you would expect of Marguerite. I thought it improved the character and appeal of the girl all around, despite the fact that it confused the plot and, in the garden scene, lent the stimulating notion that she, and not the lovesick Faust, was the seducer. Cesare Siepi, by the way, was an admirable Mephistopheles.

—DOUGLAS WATT

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From a listing in *New York City Guide, Federal Writers' Project, 1939*]

RESTAURANTS

AMERICAN

Elizabeth Flynn's, 405 W. 23rd St.; specialties: lobster and roast prime ribs of beef; sidewalk cafe; lunch from 45c, dinner from 80c.

Luchow's, 110 E. 14th St.; noted place; established 1882; German-American cuisine; dinner music; lunch \$1.00, dinner from \$1.50.

Jumble Shop, 8th and MacDougal St.; English specialties; lunch from 35c, dinner from 65c.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St.; famed as literary and stage rendezvous; lunch from \$1.00, dinner from \$1.50.

Brass Rail, 745 7th Ave.; known for sandwiches; lunch from 65c, dinner from \$1.25.

Reuben's, 6 E. 58th St.; celebrities come here for famed sandwiches; open all night; lunch from 75c, dinner \$1.50.

Stouffer's, 540 5th Ave. and 100 E. 42nd St.; known also in Cleveland, Philadelphia, Detroit, and Pittsburgh; lunch from 60c, dinner from 80c.

ENGLISH

Keen's English Chop House, 72 W. 36th St.; old-time theatrical atmosphere; specialty: English mutton chops; lunch from 65c, dinner from \$1.25.

FRENCH

Bonat's, 330 W. 31st St.; large and popular; lunch and dinner from 85c (includes glass of beer or wine, or a cocktail).

Café Chambord, 803 3rd Ave.; Provincial specialties; dinner music; lunch from \$1.00, dinner from \$2.00.

RUSSIAN

Kavkaz, 332 E. 14th St.; no liquor; lunch from 30c, dinner à la carte.

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Belmont Plaza, Glass Hat, Lexington Ave. and 49th St.; dinner from \$1.25.

Waldorf Astoria, Empire Room, Park Ave. and 49th St.; dinner from \$1.75.

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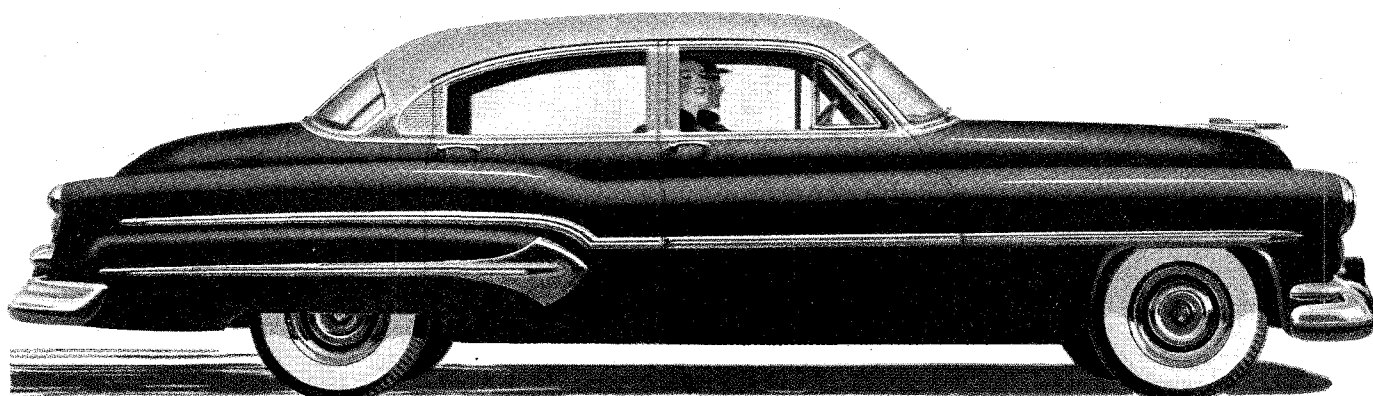
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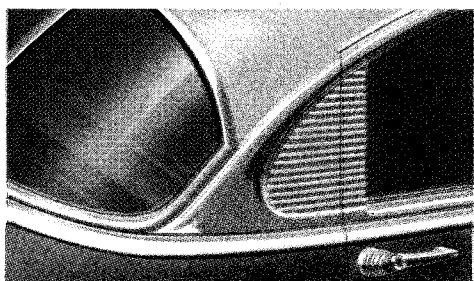
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LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 1

FRENCH politics are usually no laughing matter—at least to the French. Moreover, the magnitude of the French Communist Party's propaganda over the five years of the peace has been considered an especially serious problem in the Republic. Now a semi-private anti-Communist propaganda outfit has sprung up here, to give Parisians something to smile at—grimly. It is called Paix et Liberté. Its medium of propaganda is billboard posters featuring Communism's own words or themes (deliberately used as bait to attract the attention of the Communists themselves), which are given



some twist of ridicule that throws them right back in the Communists' teeth. The most popular poster illustrates a pun on the World Committee of Peace Partisans' Stockholm Peace Appeal, which for a year has been the French Communists' favorite propaganda device, and for which they still unceasingly conduct drives for signatures. On the Paix et Liberté posters, "L'Appel de Stockholm" has been mockingly turned into "La Pelle de Stockholm [The Shovel of Stockholm]—To Bury Our Liberties." And, sure enough, the posters show a booted Russian, shovel in hand, in a graveyard whose headstones bear the names of the Iron Curtain countries. Maybe this does not sound like a laugh hit in New York, but it looks funny enough to Paris citizens weary of Communism's sacrosanct peace claims and particularly of its Picasso peace dove. To counteract that bird, there is the already famous Paix et Liberté poster showing a peace dove caricatured as a tank with a gun under his tail, and called "La Colombe Qui Fait BOUM [The Dove That Goes BANG]."

Paix et Liberté was started last autumn by a young Radical Socialist Party politician, Jean-Paul David, deputy from the Seine-et-Oise, Mayor of the town of Mantes, and secretary of the powerful Rassemblement des Gauches Républicaines intra-party Parliamentary group. He is a country fellow with a thatch of black hair, a strong-jawed Parliamentary kind of face, and a sense of organization and humor. His family runs a milk-products plant in Vire that makes butter, cheese, and yogurt. His Paix et Liberté, which also puts on a

Friday-night radio program in which he calls the Communists for every lie or strategical error committed during the week, is housed in a shabby garden *impasse* off the Rue de l'Université. Here he maintains a staff of five, who clip useful material from the Communist press. The organization has a valuable library of Soviet Russian docu-

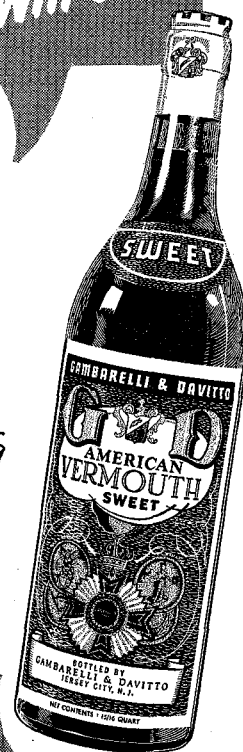
ments, the whereabouts of which is kept secret, for reasons of safety; David says he doesn't want it accidentally set on fire some night. As all the Paix et Liberté posters and handbills boldly reveal the organization's address, he and it are vulnerable to threat and even attack.

David says that his aim in his propaganda is to create confusion among the Communists. French Communist propaganda, he says, has been juggling history, facts, and texts for five years, during which it has "poisoned the French masses because nobody has bothered to answer it. Now I answer it uniquely, with its own material and on its own ground."

For the anniversary of Lenin's death, in January, David plastered Paris with Lenin's portrait and some of his most unpleasant recorded comments on Stalin. For example, Lenin is quoted as saying, "[Stalin] in becoming secretary-general of the Party has concentrated in his hands immense power which I am not convinced he will use prudently. That is why I propose that the Comrades should displace Stalin." When Paris Stalinists saw this on Paris walls, they were fit to be tied. In French villages, David is using a poster citing a Soviet Minister's declaration that a privately owned farm in the midst of a kolkhoz community is "like an island that must sink away." This has horrified French peasants, who certainly do not want to lose sight of their dearly loved private land. Right now, the Champs-Élysées billboards are scarlet with the newest Paix et Liberté concoction, which exhorts, "Libérez Thorez [Free Thorez]." One inference to be drawn from this message is that the French Communist leader Maurice Thorez, who some months ago became ill and went to Russia, presumably for medical treatment, has always been chained to Moscow's orders. But worried rank-and-file comrades have taken the Thorez poster more literally. The

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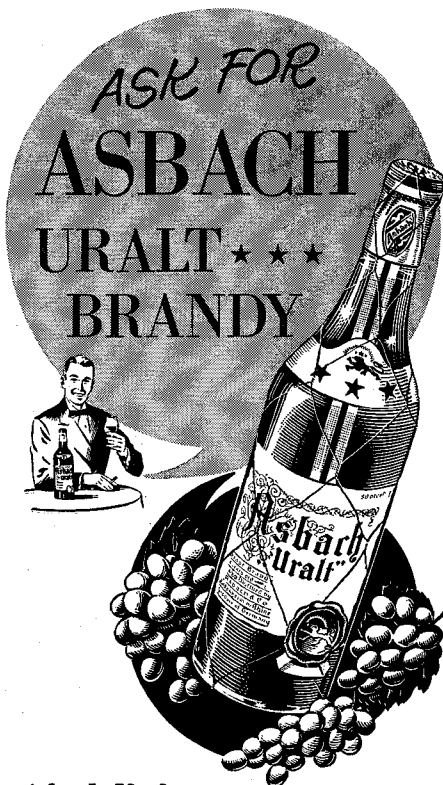


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NEW YORKER

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Communist paper *L'Humanité* felt obliged to run a soothing announcement that their dear leader was convalescing comfortably in Russia. Now François Billoux, a member of the French Party's Politburo, has just suddenly telegraphed all the way from a Communist meeting in Budapest that Thorez is "completely recovered and will soon return to France." Well, what do you know!

French political circles think that David is giving the Red propaganda office its first stinging tit-for-tat fight. Apparently, Premier Pleven helped him with a small handout of government funds when he started last year. Now he also receives voluntary donations from Frenchmen of all classes, who think, *parbleu*, that he has hit on the right idea. Compared to the gigantic Communist propaganda apparatus in France, Paix et Liberté is only a drop in the bucket. But it has succeeded in roiling the bucket's contents.

FOR the past two years, there have been two kinds of theatrical hit in Paris—the kind you go to because you think you'll like it and the kind you go to because you are told, "Oh, you *must* go. Of course you won't enjoy it." Of this second, intellectual, masochistic type, Parisians rank as the winter season's apogee the late André Gide's "Les Caves du Vatican," which is being played in the repertory of the Salle Richelieu of the Comédie-Française. No ordinary theatre fare, it consists of seventeen salmagundi scenic slices carved off that gamy carcass that was Gide's most farcical, and maybe most alarming, novel. The Comédie-Française presentation is, for the most part, a bewildering, not too coherent melodrama, with some confused, hearty laughs. It also contains some novelties. A sound track with the actors' voices recorded on it is used to indicate the characters' interior monologues while they themselves sit silent on the stage, frowning and mugging. In the murder scene on the train, the *lavabo* achieves nearly as much importance as the bathroom in "A Streetcar Named Desire." It is noteworthy that what was considered the great shock in the book, the notorious Gidean *acte gratuit*, which was Gide's version of the murder-without-a-motive—a sort of abstractionist portrait of a crime—carries no shock and no weight on the stage. As one watches the lawless Lafcadio lightly heave the unknown passenger through the compartment door, one remains serene. The funniest scene is

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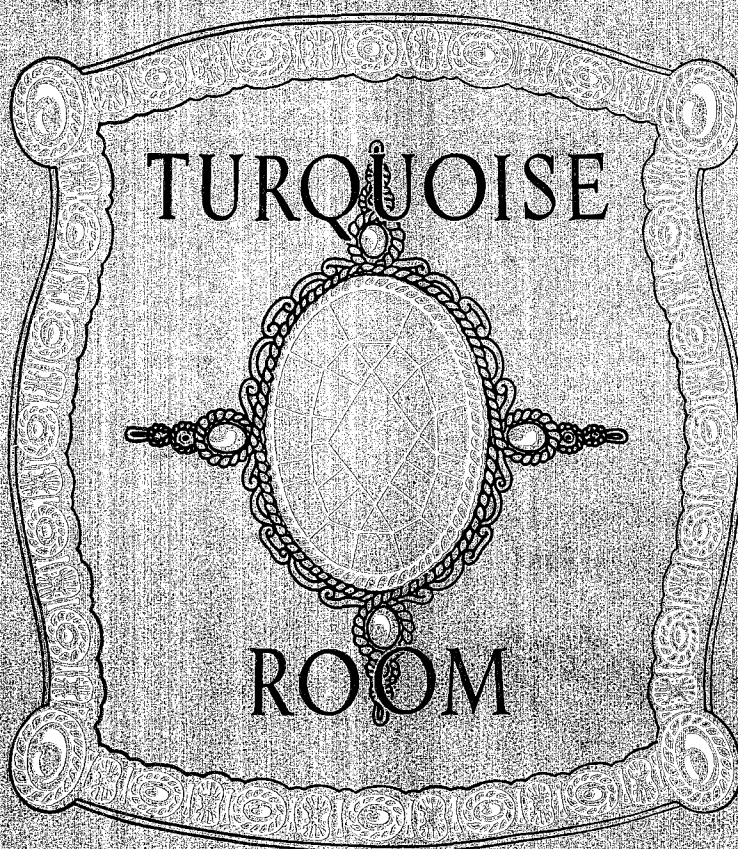
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the discussion between two brothers-in-law in front of St. Peter's, in Rome, of the supposed kidnapping of the Pope. The current play is an odd and occasionally very comical echo of a fantastically modern tale of gangsterism, of a master-criminal mind, of a moll, vivisection, Freemasonry, prostitution, and high society that the French scholar Gide wrote, like a complex low-life prophecy, back before the First World War.

It is unlikely that any actor could make the improbable character of Lafcadio come alive, and the handsome Théâtre Français juvenile who essays the role fails, quite pleasantly. In the intermission of the Thursday-night performance a week ago, the *doyen* of the cast, surrounded by the company, stepped before the curtain and, while the face of the prettiest comedienne rained unaccustomed tears, read from a handwritten sheet an expression of the cast's grief at the death of the play's author. André Gide had been buried that afternoon.

OUR president is about to receive a visit from France's president, in Washington. To be received by President Vincent Auriol at the Elysée Palace is, especially for an unofficial visitor, an impressive experience. The visitor is led across the palace courtyard by a guard in Napoleonic uniform, then conducted by a *huissier*, decked with a silver chain, through a series of former royal rooms that ends, amidst an outburst of tapestries, in the small book- and art-filled presidential study. There, M. Auriol recently informed this correspondent that, although he has always been a Socialist, he may not be called a Socialist president, for French presidents, being arbiters for all parties, must resign from their own party on taking office. He said he hoped he could privately explain to some American congressmen that Socialism is certainly not Communism, which he had heard they had a mistaken notion it was. He then gave a remarkably compact, ten-minute résumé of the structural differences between the American and French republics and between his job and President Truman's.

President Auriol, who was smartly dressed in dark blue, including his socks and tie, speaks with a strong *Toulousain* accent, is short and white-haired, and has a large, alert, intelligent head, obviously crammed with facts and communications. A baker's son, he was born in the Haute-Garonne, became a bachelor of philosophy, a lawyer, and a So-



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cialist organizer, beginning in an unprosperous southern glass factory, where he had his first job. The Socialist employees eventually bought the place and ran it as a coöperative. As its business representative, young Auriol made a trip to Toulouse, where he met a M. Aucourturier, Socialist founder of the Glassworkers Union, friend of the Party hero Jean Léon Jaurès, and, above all, father of a daughter named Michèle. With Vincent and Michèle, it was love at first sight, and the Auriols have had a happy marriage. Today, Mme. Auriol is dignified, rather handsome, and dressed by Jacques Fath. Fath's cupboards were bare one morning during the recent showing of his spring collection, because everything had been sent to the Elysée Palace for Mme. Auriol to choose from for her wardrobe for her visit to America. The Auriols' son Paul is reportedly interested in high finance, is more social than Socialist, and has been his father's Secrétaire Général Adjoint du Cabinet. His wife, Jacqueline, a dashing blond aviatrix, was injured in a crash and lately underwent plastic surgery in the States. She has just returned here with an American license as a helicopter pilot. At teatime, their two children play tidily on the Elysée Palace's famous Savonnerie parlor carpets.

M. Auriol became a deputy in 1914, has been in politics ever since, is sharp as a tack at Parliamentary subtleties, was a delegate (as a finance expert) to the London Conference on German Reparations in 1924 and to the French-American Commission Conference in Washington in 1925, and was Léon Blum's unhappy Minister of Finance in 1936, in the Front Populaire. In 1940, when France fell, Auriol was one of the few deputies who voted against giving power to Marshal Pétain, and he was afterward imprisoned for six months. Though nearly sixty years old, he then joined the Resistance in the Aveyron mountains, under the sobriquet of Dr. André Viaud. He later flew to London to join General de Gaulle, of whom he does not approve today. Auriol was a big political figure after the Liberation; he was president of the First and Second Constituent Assemblies, and had a preponderant hand in writing the Fourth Republic's Constitution. His being elected President of France in 1947 has rather put him temporarily on ice, French presidents still having little to do beyond catching outgoing Premiers when they fall and helping lift up new ones.

President Lebrun, the last President of the Third Republic, was a lachrymose



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type. President Auriol is affable (though he will stand no back chat) and has a countryman's taste for quips. At a recent official first night at one of the national theatres, he said, "I have been expecting to run into my rival," meaning the Comte de Paris, France's Royalist pretender, who had also been honored with a free loge. This winter, at a charity bazaar, when a pretty cinema star in charge of a photography booth asked, "May I take you, M. le Président?" Auriol beamed and answered, Frenchily enough, "At my age, Made-moiselle, I did not hope for so pleasant a proposition."

ALL that Parisians finally understood about Parliament's several mixed-up electoral-reform projects was that their government could fall among, and because of, them. French citizens are groaning in anticipation of March 15th, the last day for paying their income tax. "Ulcerated by the bigamy" of his Radical Socialists in making strange political bedfellows of de Gaullistes, the Radical Socialists' grand old man, Edouard Herriot, has, at the age of seventy-eight, chastely resigned the leadership of his Party. Everybody in Paris walked during this Monday's bus and Métro workers' strike, which was pretty close to total. Prices on practically everything have suddenly leaped alarmingly, including bus and Métro tickets. Everybody is worried and nobody talks of anything else. Compared to 1950 prices, knitting wool is up 65 per cent, workmen's blue jeans 25, kitchen pans 8, paper 60, shoes 15, coffee 55, ladies' hats 20, and pork chops 50. The weather has been dramatic, with tempests, wind, sun, and downpours all taking their turns within the hour, for several hours daily and day after day. Now all is blanketed down by fog. On the hucksters' flower carts on boulevard corners, the first vernal Parma violets are selling cheap and gay at four hundred francs the big bouquet—a fistful of scented purple that shades in with the city's lavender mists. —GENET

Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock at many friends here occurred last overshirt of lace. Her hat was the First Presbyterian Church when Miss Dixie Janice Byram, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Byram of this city, became the bride of Edward Emrich Hershey, son of the late Dr. and Mrs. M. H. Hershey.

—Winter Haven (Fla.) Herald.

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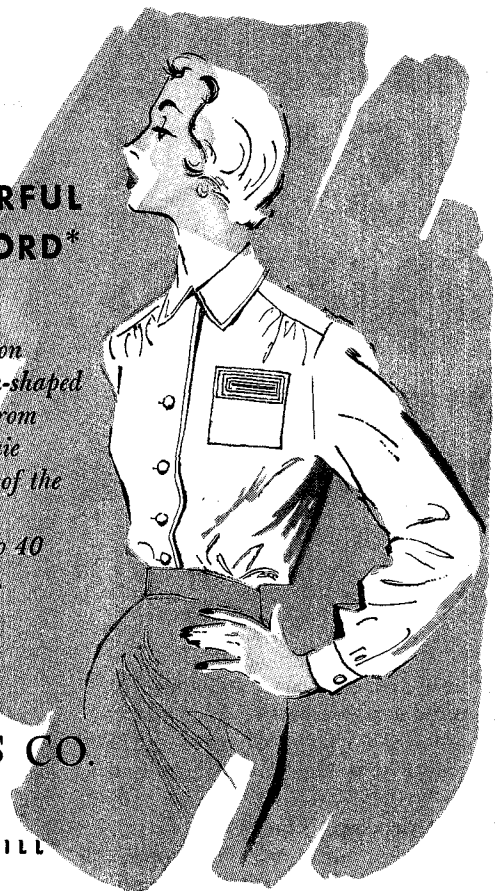
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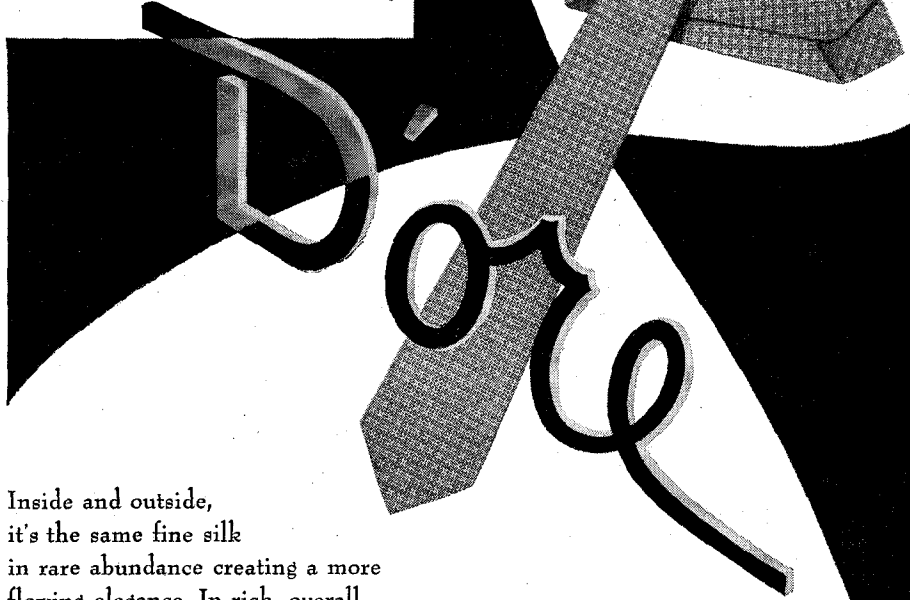


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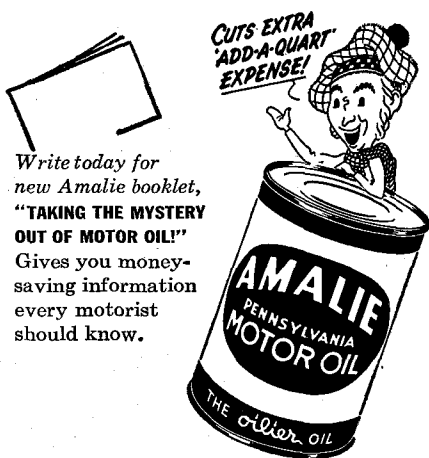
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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
MARCH 1, 1951

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

HAVING patiently but vainly waited long weeks for one of your more zealous amplifiers and correctors to spot the error in Roger Angell's "Flight Through the Dark," in the December 9th issue of your magazine, I feel someone must bring Mr. Angell's hero down out of the air, where he was described as cowering in his Washington hotel room *twenty floors* above the street.

Unless he was a guest in the Washington Monument (five hundred and fifty-five feet and five inches) or the Capitol itself (two hundred and eighty-seven feet five and a half inches), he could not have had sleeping accommodations in any downtown Washington building much above the conventional twelve-story level, since one of the attractions of our skyline is the absence of any towers that dominate their neighbors, a circumstance that reflects both the wisdom of George Washington and the latter-day alertness of the District of Columbia Zoning Commission.

Washington himself laid down detailed regulations in 1791 governing the heights of all structures in the new federal capital. His "terms and conditions" specified, "The wall of no house to be higher than forty feet to the roof in any part of the city; nor shall any be lower than thirty-five feet on any of the avenues." Although these restrictions were not enforced after the Monroe administration, the primitive techniques available to ambitious contractors until the advent of skyscraper design kept the city free of excessively tall buildings, unless one considers three hotels that went up within a few years of the turn of the century as excessively tall. The Raleigh, on Pennsylvania Avenue at Twelfth Street, is a hundred and fifty-five feet high; the Willard, at Pennsylvania and Fourteenth, is a hundred and sixty-seven feet high; and the Cairo, on Q Street, pushes a hundred and forty feet. The fact is the Willard wasn't as high originally as it is now. After a fire in 1925, it was permitted by Congress to double the height of its top-floor ballroom, to help thin out the tobacco smoke, which all the legislators recognized as a nuisance.

In 1910, Congress passed the Heights of Buildings Act, which laid down the

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present basic pattern. For all of Washington, except a certain stretch of the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, the maximum height was set at a hundred and thirty feet, with approved setbacks, and a straight wall couldn't go higher than a hundred and ten feet. The Pennsylvania Avenue exception, which permitted buildings of a hundred and sixty feet, was later repealed, but in the meantime the Munsey Building, which houses the Munsey Trust Company, had gone up, to the full allowable height. The National Press Building, which towers a hundred and forty feet, is a special exception to the modern rule. It was built under a specific Congressional act. The Statler Hotel, Washington's newest major hostelry, has floors numbered up to sixteen but it has no floors numbered three or thirteen, and it comes within the hundred-and-thirty-foot limitation.

Some three miles northwest of the downtown section, the not yet completed Washington Cathedral is perched on Mount St. Alban, the most commanding elevation in the city. Its cornerstone was laid in 1907, and when it is finished, its apex will rise three hundred and twenty-four feet above the hilltop. Measured from sea level, the top of the Cathedral will be a hundred and twenty-five feet higher than the tip of the Monument. No other comparable structure breaks the uniformity of the skyline, however, until one comes to the high tower of the Naval Hospital at nearby Bethesda, Maryland, well out of the District.

Those of us who live in Washington can understand the feelings of Mr. Angell's hero, though. It really *seems* as if we in the capital are a good twenty stories above terra firma these troublesome days.

Sincerely,
G. R. BLAKLEY

NORTH GEORGIA COLLEGE
DAHLONEGA, GA.

FEBRUARY 27, 1951

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

I WAS amused to learn from your issue of February 17th that James Thurber's grandfather was one of the many who were involved in speculation in the Dahlonega gold fields. Mr. Thurber, however, left the implication that anyone who would invest in Georgia gold was on a par with a putative purchaser of the Brooklyn Bridge. I feel it necessary to set the record straight, both in fairness to Georgia and to

THE Minneapolis Star and Tribune



COLUMN

by **CEDRIC ADAMS**

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

THE PANIC EXPERTS are urging such things as trailer first-aid stations and mobile laundries for emergency handling of mental casualties in case of A- or H-bombing. The psychiatrists believe that panic may be prevented before disaster strikes by providing adequate shelters and by education. The mobile laundry units are needed because after a bombing, laundry is generally full of glass splinters and grime and could be contaminated with radio-active materials . . . Veterans will recall the difference in underwear in the various branches of service. Somebody dug up an unusual item about that the other day. It costs the taxpayers \$7,000,000 a year more to have men in the army wear one kind of underwear, men in the navy another and members of the air force a third kind . . . Conservation Note for You Lovelies: You can cut down on snags in your nylons by shaking up some suds in a mason jar, putting your hosiery in the jar and shaking the whole concoction. The hose get a minimum of handling and fingernail or ring snags are virtually eliminated.



YOU KNOW, some of America's best edited newspapers are published in cities so far from the Atlantic seaboard that government and business leaders naturally aren't as familiar with them as they are, for example, with New York and Washington papers. Two of these well edited newspapers, we believe, are the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune. The Sunday Tribune now has more than 610,000 circulation, the daily Star and Tribune (morning and evening combined) more than 480,000. Here are some interesting circulation comparisons:

	Daily	Sunday
New York Times	505,451	1,109,491
New York Herald Tribune	345,423	633,364
Washington Star	225,237	252,463
Washington Post	187,555	192,261
Minneapolis Star and Tribune	481,793	611,183

All figures are averages for 6-months period ending Sept. 30, 1950.



AMERICAN MALES PRACTICE pogonotomy every day in the week. Sounds like a new addition to the Kinsey report, doesn't it? Pogonotomy is the act of shaving, so relax. The Eversharp-Schick people released the pogonology, which is a treatise on shaving. The survey shows that pogonotrophy, popular with grandpa, has virtually vanished from the American scene, and that big fat word means "beard-growing" . . . Speedier dish-drying will be yours if you use a towel in each hand when drying dishes . . . Ever know the origin of the swizzle stick? It's a natural product of the West Indies and is a dried stem of a plant with radiating branches. The forked branchends induce perfect mixture of drinks.



LET'S HAND IT to the kids at Big Falls, Minn. Frequently this winter Big Falls has held the distinction of being the coldest spot in the nation. Several mornings the town has been 50 degrees below zero. And on those blue-cold mornings there wasn't a single absence among the 120 pupils of the school. Many of the students had to walk a mile to the bus line in that temperature. We grow them hardy here in Minnesota . . . Think of the contrast in Hollywood. Out there firemen put little burlap nighties on the fire hydrants to keep them from freezing . . . A new gadget is ready for the super-markets. The device is fastened to grocery carts to help shoppers keep a running total of purchases and avoid embarrassment at the check-out counter.

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The Beautiful Wife, Slugger and I are here where Ernest Hemingway wrote "Farewell to Arms."

"Mil gracias," I superiorly tell the bell-boys. "El gusto es todo mio," I say prettily to the senioritas.

That means "The pleasure is all mine"—or my Spanish teacher was a liar.
—Earl Wilson in the Post.

Well, not exactly a liar...

THE HOMERS' SATURDAY NIGHT

[From the Bethlehem (Pa.) Globe-Times]

The Lehigh Mountain Combine, an association of racing pigeons, held its first annual banquet at the Bethlehem Steel Club, Hellertown, on Saturday evening.

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into Payroll Savings. I buy a \$100
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paying for Jim's education."**



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THE RACE TRACK

A Hundred Big Ones



IT is always a little hard, and perhaps a little foolish, to be peevish about the Santa Anita Handicap. It is a good show. But one does get awfully tired of hearing the prize money called a hundred grand. That use of the word "grand" is pretty old stuff, if I may say so; nowadays the boys around the race track refer to thousand-dollar bills as "big ones." The handiest way to sum up last Saturday's Santa Anita for those who didn't see it or hear the broadcast is to say that Moonrush led all the way. It really wasn't as dull as that, though, because Next Move, who chased Moonrush from the start, caught him in the last furlong and nearly beat him. I hoped she would, too, but it seemed a large order, inasmuch as she was one of the high weights. Something named Sudan was third.

This year's field won't go down in the records as the best that ever ran for a Santa Anita Handicap. Only two of the fourteen runners—Great Circle and All Blue, both of whom finished out of the money—had won their latest starts. Still, the mere fact that a horse goes to the post in this race throws a special glamour around him in California, even if he has had difficulty winning a Class C number. Actually, a lot of the entries hadn't done as much as that. Moonrush, a five-year-old bay gelding by Hunters Moon IV, was bred by Louis B. Mayer and bought as a two-year-old by Gus Luellwitz, of Los Angeles, for \$10,000. Later on, Luellwitz sold an interest in the animal to Miss Anita King, also of Los Angeles. It has been a successful partnership; Moonrush has won ten of his forty-four starts, and \$271,780. All his racing has been done in California, and he seems to run better at Santa Anita than anywhere else. Early in January, he was second to Your Host in the Santa Catalina Handicap, and after that he won the San Pasqual, in which Your Host was injured. He was down the course in the San Antonio last month, and his stable was doubtful about starting him Saturday, because it was feared that the mile and a quarter of the Santa Anita was a shade beyond his powers, but it finally decided to take a chance. The rest was easy—or fairly easy, anyhow. Longden rode

Moonrush, and it was his third Santa Anita victory, by the way; the others were on Noor, last year, and on Thumbs Up, in 1945. As for the betting, Moonrush was as good as 40-1 in the future books and closed around 15-1. He paid \$22.90 in the tote.

UP to a few weeks ago, if any of my Miami outside men had whispered to me that a colt named Yildiz was going to win the Flamingo Stakes, I would have smiled and offered odds a point better than the market. It would have been a sound idea at the time, for Yildiz's form was very moderate last year and he wasn't even considered for a rating in the Experimental Free Handicap. Recently, however, he began putting in such good ticks in the mornings—and in the afternoons, too—that watchers marked him as a dark horse. He certainly was nimble in the Flamingo last weekend, racing down Safety and General Staff (that didn't seem much of a trick to me, though), then holding on well to take first money of \$50,000, a new high for the event, for Mrs. Walter Jeffords, who owns him. Returning travellers are talking a lot about Timely Reward, who finished second in the race after being practically left at the post. No doubt Timely Reward's performance was spectacular, but I have a notion that he passed a bunch of tired horses in the last furlong. Better wait and have a look at the chart of his next race.

—AUDAX MINOR

BY THE HORNS

The French National Assembly lifted today an ineffectual century-old ban on bullfighting.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Though once they gazed askance in France

At matadors in purple pants,
No puritanical laws enthrall
The individualistic Gaul,
So here was a ban he was bound to
heckle

Straight to the *fin* of a tough *siècle*,
And though the *toros* are not for me,
I'm glad to applaud from across the
sea.

Then pardon my French if I shout
hourra!

Encore! Bis! and *Je ne sais quoi*,
When a Noble Experiment, late-or
soon,

Goes down to death in the afternoon.

—DAVID S. STERN

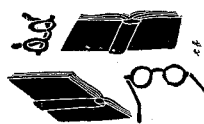


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BOOKS

Anatomy of the Regular Army

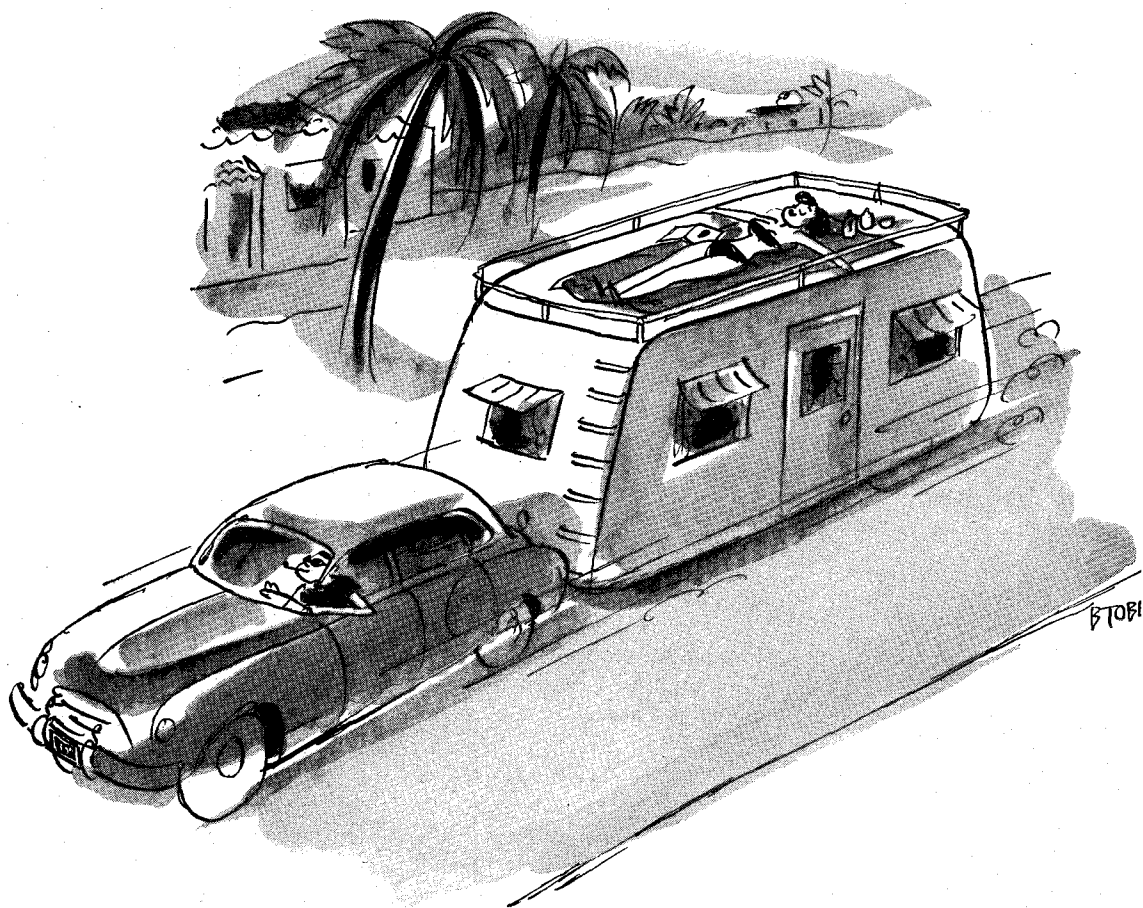
JAMES JONES, author of "From Here to Eternity" (Scribner), gives the effect in this long first novel of having written it with his wrists, elbows, knees, and even, at times, with butting strokes of the crown of his head. It is a slovenly, ferocious book. If it is also the most realistic and forceful novel I've read about life in the Army—the United States, or Regular, Army, in this case, as opposed to the civilian, special-occasion Army of the United States, which most recent war writers have dealt with—it's because the English language is capable of absorbing, and condoning, a good deal of abuse from a man who has something to say and wants very desperately to say it. Mr. Jones has turned his back on normal punctuation. He has made steady use of commaless tandems of adverbs that are apt to set a reader's teeth on edge, like "affably firmly," "brimingly admiringly," and "reluctantly squeamishly." The verb "grinned" appears almost as often in his dialogue as the verb "said." Somehow, from between the tortured lines, you get the impression that while good writing is an institution he respects deeply, he feels that in the circumstances it might interfere with his getting this eight-hundred-and-sixty-page load off his chest. It strikes me that there is something scornful and impatient about descriptive writing such as this: "He drove Mazzioli almost as crazily as he drove himself, expanding explosively, until the clerk who had thought he had suffered everything began to realize he had never even understood the surface meaning of that term and as a defense against such enervating energy languidly started seriously contemplating straight duty with longing for the first time in his career."

The scorn in "From Here to Eternity" is by no means limited to scorn for discipline, short cuts, and clear

thinking—a scorn that in itself leads, inevitably, to too many words. Mr. Jones' contempt spares almost nothing in the world but the enlisted men in the Regular Army (and, among them, only the lowest ratings). It is a youthful passion—the author, who wrote the novel after serving five years in the Army, is still in his twenties—and its tremendous staying power is one of the impressive things about the book. The most impressive thing, I think, is the reporting, vivid and faithful, of Army speech and the details of curricular and extracurricular Army life. What gives Mr. Jones' reporting its sustained bitterness is the fact that the lives of his enlisted men are affected by outsiders—officers, women, homosexuals, policemen civil and military, civilians of all kinds—who corrupt and bedevil what might be, the author plainly believes, a calm and cleanly refuge from the world's follies. Mr. Jones is not unaware that people outside the Army's orbit may also be corrupted and bedevilled. He makes a point of that, whenever he has time. But his special field is the soldier, in peace and in war, and his special grief is for him. The soldier has not been found guilty before enlistment, as the convict has

been before imprisonment. But the soldier, in search of companionship and a straight, simple way of existence, with normal patriotic risks attached, soon finds himself thinking and living by the convict's code of values, with its back-door outlook on the world. Mr. Jones dwells on the kind of fatigue duty that involves collecting the garbage of officers' wives. He dwells on Army law and Army punishment. An entire section of "From Here to Eternity," a particularly powerful one, is devoted to a struggle between inmates and jailers in an Army stockade.

The book's main character, Private Robert E. Lee Prewitt, is a man who bumps harder than most against the brutalities of Army life. That is because he is an idealist of a spectacularly stubborn kind, with a good deal more faith to lose, even after his body and soul have been thoroughly contused, than most men have to begin with. The story of Prewitt, and of the infantry company to which he belongs, takes place on the Hawaiian island of Oahu ("Wahoo," in Army talk), in 1941—a year that was eleven-twelfths peace, for this country, and one-twelfth war. The Japanese raid of December 7th sets



the final climaxes of the novel in motion, but the adventures of Prewitt and his company are just about equally bloody in the peacetime chapters. There are some travellers who sense, in defiance of the *aloha* and *wicki-wacki* schools of thought, a sort of persistent, electric undercurrent of violence in the Honolulu neighborhood, and it may be that this contributes something to the violence of Mr. Jones' tone and plot. In "From Here to Eternity," the luscious grounds of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel are a nightmare through which two enlisted men stumble from a rendezvous with a pair of pederasts at Waikiki; near the chic Halekulani, one of the men is beaten half to death by M.P.s. I doubt, however, whether the novel's mood needed very much help from the setting. The hatred of officers, for instance, shared by the author and Prewitt, is strong enough to be self-sufficient. It extends to noncommissioned officers when they, with their gambling sheds, private messes, and private politics, behave like officers. Prewitt is angrily committed to the idea that human rights should flow freely, and is opposed to any coagulation of that flow in caste, privilege, and repression. The Army, it would seem, is the wrong place for him, but he has to be sure about that if it kills him.

Mr. Jones' people, like Norman Mailer's in "The Naked and the Dead," are not so much characters as types and symbols. Character-drawing may well be a refinement out of reach of broad, cathartic novels like these. Prewitt reminds you less of a man you know than of a walking, well-scarred conscience. Still, he takes hold of the imagination. His love affair with a downtown Honolulu whore is convincing not because the girl, like nearly all whores in books, is beautiful but because, at the times when he loves her most, he is enraged by her ambition to marry a rich man and settle down, which amounts to an appetite for caste and privilege at the soldier's expense. At low-down levels, "From Here to Eternity" is an honest, successful piece of work. At other levels, though still honest, it tends to become maudlin and dreary—as in the story of the amours of a top sergeant and the company commander's wife, and in the portrayal of the characters of two men (one the same top sergeant, the other a confirmed passive resister of discipline) who are subtle and knowledgeable to an unlikely degree. Mr. Jones himself is capable of occasional subtlety, as well as solid, bedrock anger. I liked his description



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If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you. MATTHEW 17:20

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leads past doubt and confusion, is the Bible.

For countless generations, men and women have found in the pages of their Bible the simple truths needed to untangle all the tangled threads of life. It has served as the fountain-head of strength to fill the deep wells of man's courage and endurance.

But they that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not be faint. ISALAH 40:31

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of the Japanese-Hawaiian family that ostracizes Prewitt while allowing him to sleep with their daughter (this was an early shack-job, not the girl mentioned above) in their house. And of the dying reaction of a remarkably barbarous M.P. (stabbed by Prewitt), who cannot understand why anyone should want to hurt him.—**JOHN LARDNER**

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A FLOWER FOR CATHERINE, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). Mr. Swinnerton's people are full of surprises, pleasant and unpleasant. Sometimes their behavior is disillusioning, and then again they do more bravely than one could ever have hoped for. He tells of three middle-aged sisters—one, Catherine, married and quite content; one unmarried and a flourishing novelist; and one, the youngest, mysteriously alone and bitterly unsuccessful in every way. The story unfolds between October and Christmas, most of it in a suburban London house. The writing is clear and calm and occasionally wry—a great pleasure to read.

FAREWELL TO OTTERLEY, by Humphrey Pakington (Norton). A cheerful and entertaining novel about matchmaking and hard times among the English landed gentry. The hard times lend zest, not to say frenzy, to the matchmaking, because so few young people have fortunes these days, but love wins out. Mr. Pakington trots through his story with no outward effort, comforting old hearts with memories and young hearts with one another, and leaves no loose ends lying about and no estates undisposed of.

NEW YORK 22, by Ilka Chase (Doubleday). Miss Chase seems undecided whether to make a villain or a victim out of her chief character, whose name is Georgiana Goodyear. As a result, Georgiana profits, since she acquires more than one side to her nature and comes out a fairly credible woman. The rest of the characters, however, suffer from the reigning mood of indecision and emerge without focus or balance. The action, which spurts without going forward, takes place in New York and Paris, in milieus so smart that the language in which they are described is, fortunately, not important.

SEE HOW THEY RUN, by Don M. Mankiewicz. (Knopf). A lucidly written first novel apparently inspired

by nothing more compulsive than a feeling that there ought to be a novel that shows some familiarity with the facts of horse racing. As to the facts of the sport, Mr. Mankiewicz is an excellent provider. As to the facts of life, he hasn't bothered much. The backgrounds of three of the leading people in the book are neatly sketched in, particularly that of a trainer born in Ireland, but once all three fall into the hands of one of those masterminds of the underworld, an arch-criminal who sees all, knows all, fixes all, the story might as well be Hollywood's.

GENERAL

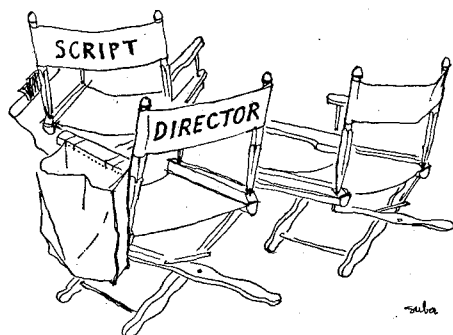
WE OF NAGASAKI, edited by Takashi Nagai (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Eight first-person accounts of the atomic attack on Nagasaki. In his editing, Dr. Nagai, a former professor of medicine and a prominent Catholic layman, has tried to direct attention to what he considers to be by far the most serious, though seldom mentioned, aftereffect of the bombing—the sense of guilt now weighing on the survivors. Most of them, he points out in his concluding chapter, were "if not merely lucky, in a greater or lesser degree selfish, self-centered, guided by instinct and not civilization." The actual accounts, written with extreme simplicity by Dr. Nagai's neighbors and relatives, including his two children, don't offer especially convincing evidence in support of his theory; some of these people were, of course, forced to abandon their relatives or to leave the wounded uncared for, but they behaved, on the whole, with remarkable fortitude and unselfishness. By suggesting that it might have been possible to react in a thoroughly civilized fashion to the most uncivilized of weapons, Dr. Nagai not only undermines the force of the narratives he presents but appears to be advocating the superhuman. Translated by Ichiro Shirato and Herbert B. L. Silverman.

THE PEOPLE'S GENERAL, by David Loth (Scribner). A biography of the Marquis de Lafayette that holds its subject in such sharp focus that the reader gets the curious over-all impression he was the only man alive in his time. Lafayette played a part, sometimes leading and sometimes equivocal, in a great many historical events—the American Revolution, the French Revolution (it was he who ordered the arrest of Louis XVI

after the King's flight from Paris), the rise and downfall of Napoleon, the dethronement of Charles X, and the accession of Louis-Philippe—but it is difficult from this work to judge his proper place in them. It is pretty hard to swallow a historical drama in which Napoleon, Robespierre, Marie-Antoinette, George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin appear as minor characters, as they do here. Mr. Loth does his best, but he lacks the space, and perhaps the ability, to present the scene as a whole; the result is an entertaining, one-dimensional sketch of a highly interesting personality—a journalistic catalogue of arresting and racy facts about a man, but hardly a serious work of history.

MARTHA'S HUSBAND; AN INFORMAL PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, SHOWING THE MAN BEHIND THE MYTH, by Blair Niles (McGraw-Hill). The Man Behind the Myth, to judge by the evidence here, is a great big crashing bore, who was a good general but was sadly imposed on by his family. He was in love, sort of, with a Mrs. Fairfax, a vivacious woman who moved to England before the Revolution, and Mrs. Niles makes a great to-do about this on slim evidence. As for Martha Washington, the less said the better.

THE WORLD OF WILLA CATHER, by Mildred R. Bennett (Dodd, Mead). A reconstruction of life in Red Cloud, Nebraska, in the eighteen-eighties and -nineties, when Willa Cather, a young girl later described as "a flesh and blood dictograph, [with] eyes in every pore," was storing up raw material for her future novels. Mrs. Bennett, herself a resident of Red Cloud, has done an excellent job of research, as far as the physical aspects of the town and its pioneering spirit are concerned. In dealing with its inhabitants, however, she rides roughshod over the novelist's own statement that all her characters were "composites of three or four persons," and ascribes, very arbitrarily indeed, a role in one or another of the novels



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to practically everyone Miss Cather so much as nodded to in passing. Illustrated with fifty photographs, many of them hitherto unpublished.

MAN AND THE STATE, by Jacques Maritain (University of Chicago Press). A book that grew out of a series of lectures the author delivered at the University of Chicago. In this work, he examines the idea of a democratic charter by which free men might live in peace, and arrives, finally, at a statement of his own political philosophy and his concept of a world state. Before getting around to these matters, though, Professor Maritain redefines such terms as "the people," "the nation," "the state," and "the body politic"—all of which, he says, are variously understood and about which there must be an agreement of meaning before any discussion of them can bear fruit. This exercise is rather exhausting to the reader, as is any attempt to pin down broad abstractions and give them specific denotations. But anyone who has the patience and the concentration to push on in the face of what the author apologetically calls the "austerity of my analysis" will find in the end that his argument is controlled by reason and impelled by a hunger for truth.

THE LETTERS OF EZRA POUND, 1907-1941, edited by D. D. Paige, with a preface by Mark Van Doren (Harcourt, Brace). The valuable and exciting part of Pound's career—the years when he was acting as a combination of gadfly and impresario for English and American poets and editors—is fully reflected in the extraordinary letters he wrote in Paris and London between 1908 and 1924. The record of a crucial literary turning point in two cultures comes through with all its complications, warmth, and ferment intact. Pound's later decline seems to have started with his taking up residence in Rapallo; here, his virtues begin to be transformed into their opposite eccentricities, and he becomes bigoted, hidebound, and autocratic. The editor has performed a real service, however, in preserving the letters of these later, transitional years, which explain so much of Pound's excessive and ultimately tragic character, as well as the letters of his creative youth. Professor Van Doren's preface is generous and enlightening.

AN EXAMINATION OF EZRA POUND: A COLLECTION OF ESSAYS, edited by Peter Russell (New Directions). Pound's character and his achieve-

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ments in various literary fields are described and analyzed by a group of British and American writers, scholars, and critics, "in honour of his sixty-fifth birthday." The essays, ranging from brief personal sketches to long exegetical treatises, are by friends and other contemporaries—Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, and Edith Sitwell—and by a group of younger Poundian specialists—Charles Madge, Hugh Gordon Porteus, John Drummond, and so on. A selective list of Pound's publications and a line drawing of Pound by Wyndham Lewis are included.

THE PORTABLE COLERIDGE, with an introduction by I. A. Richards, its editor (Viking). Dr. Richards has devoted years to the task of bringing a self-buried Coleridge to light, and in this volume he has succeeded, by skillful editing, in placing before the reader proof of the existence in Coleridge of a mind unrivalled for originality and acumen in his time, a mind that gave off ideas still vitally relevant to our own. Neglected shorter poems, excerpts from notebooks and letters, and literary criticism and philosophy, cut in the right places, add up to a solid and fascinating whole.

A POET'S NOTEBOOK, by Edith Sitwell (Little, Brown). Dr. Sitwell is at her most serious and erudite in these comments upon her reading. She gives most of her attention to Shakespeare, concerning whom she is impressionistic; she treats Chaucer, Dunbar, Skelton, Gower, Christopher Smart, and Baudelaire from her later, semi-mystical point of view, with her intense and distinctive powers of emotion and of vocabulary in full operation. Some of her scattered findings and literary ideals are interesting; some do not rise above the "Oh, how true that is!" level.

NEW BEARINGS IN ENGLISH POETRY: A STUDY OF THE CONTEMPORARY SITUATION, by F. R. Leavis (George W. Stewart). This book, published in England in 1932, was one of the first scholarly critical surveys of what modern poetry is, and why. Its value has not diminished with time, and Dr. Leavis's analysis and appreciation of the poetry of Eliot, Pound, and Hopkins are as fresh and apposite today as they were twenty years ago.

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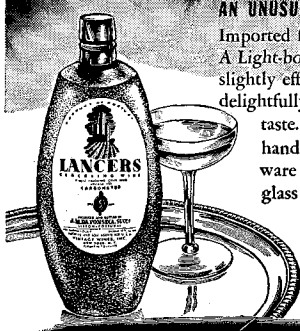
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(676 pages) book is the poetic record of a man who for more than thirty years has operated as a popular minstrel of the American machine age, without skipping crude facts about machines or those who tend them. Sandburg has, however, so dyed his facts with Whitmanian optimism and Scandinavian mysticism that much of his recording of American town, village, city, prairie, and plain is pure moonshine. It is, though, moonshine based on a sound semi-folk tradition, with shrewd common sense, fun, and music thrown in.

THE PLEASURES OF POPE, with a foreword by Peter Quennell, its editor (Pantheon). Modern taste runs stubbornly counter to the preoccupations, the form, and even the wit of the Augustans. Mr. Quennell, in this beautifully produced volume, describes Pope's quality with such clarity and earnestness and makes such an interesting selection from his work, however, that even the most ardent heroic-couplet hater should find some enjoyment here.

THE MUSES' LIBRARY: COLLECTED POEMS OF SIR THOMAS WYATT, edited by Kenneth Muir; ENGLAND'S HELICON, edited by Hugh Macdonald; THE COLLECTED POEMS OF CHRISTOPHER SMART (two volumes), edited by Norman Callan; SELECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM BARNES, edited by Geoffrey Grigson; PLAYS AND POEMS OF THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, edited by H. W. Donner (Harvard). This new series, not to be confused with an older one of the same name, is devoted to poetry and poets who have a particular appeal, for one reason or another, to our day, and with whom scholarly appreciation has recently caught up. The editors, all sympathetic specialists, contribute long critical introductions to their subjects; the format is small and attractive. Notes, bibliographies, portraits, and other illustrative material are included in each volume.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LOOK BACK ON MURDER, by Doris Miles Disney (Doubleday). A young widow bent only on minding her own business suddenly sees one man shoot another on the steps of an old New England house. As so often happens in these cases, the corpse has vanished by the time she gets around to summoning the police, and, naturally, she can find no witnesses to

support her story. It requires a year's time, and the murder of a state historian who knew too much about the location of a hidden treasure, to put the authorities on the right track, but in the end everything works out very well, thanks largely to certain discoveries made by an idiot boy. Miss Disney has done better stories than this, but it is a reasonably satisfactory and adroit piece of work.

STRANGLER'S SERENADE, by William Irish (Rinehart). Champ Prescott, a New York detective on vacation in a small New England town, feels called upon to help the local authorities solve a series of murders, starting off with that of a middle-aged man who was found hanging in his landlady's attic. They're all stranglings, and they might have been diagnosed as unrelated by an inexperienced person, since the victims seem to have had nothing in common. Prescott, however, is no man to take things for granted, and in the end he works out the connection between them and exposes the killer. Solid enough in plot but madly over-written.

ACCIDENT BY DESIGN, by E. C. R. Lorac (Doubleday). Gerald Vanstead, an alcoholic, and his wife, a bore he picked up in Australia, are killed when the brakes on his car fail to hold, but nobody really suspects dirty work until their son also dies, the victim, apparently, of eating poisonous berries. This last circumstance, combined with a fire that burns up whatever clues there might have been, sets Chief Inspector MacDonald of Scotland Yard to work, and eventually, with the assistance of a farmer and his wife, he is able to demonstrate who had the best motive for eliminating the heirs to one of the few remaining great British estates. Mr. Lorac's style might be described as pedestrian, but his plot is lively and ingenious.

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